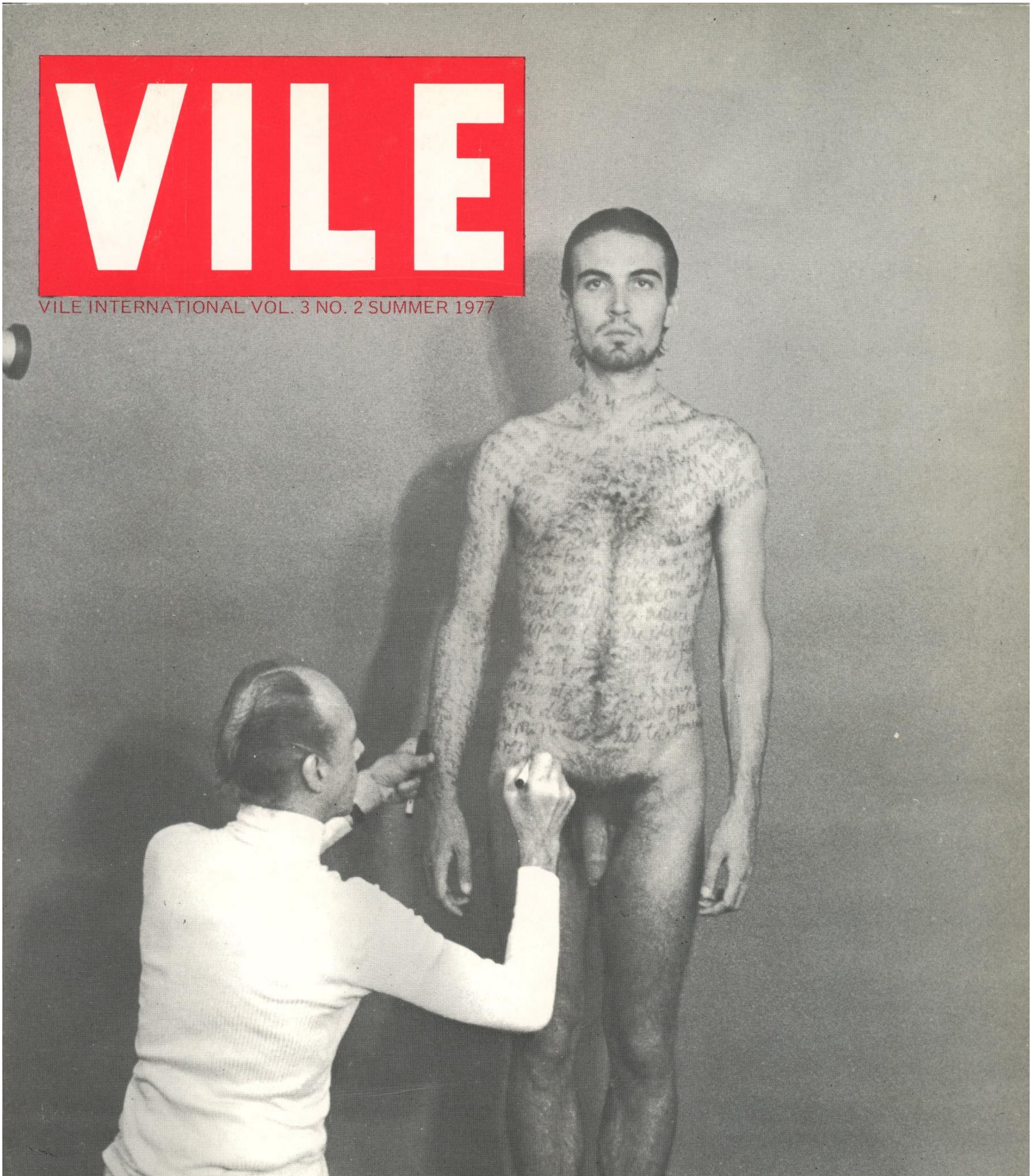
VILE

VILE INTERNATIONAL VOL. 3 NO. 2 SUMMER 1977



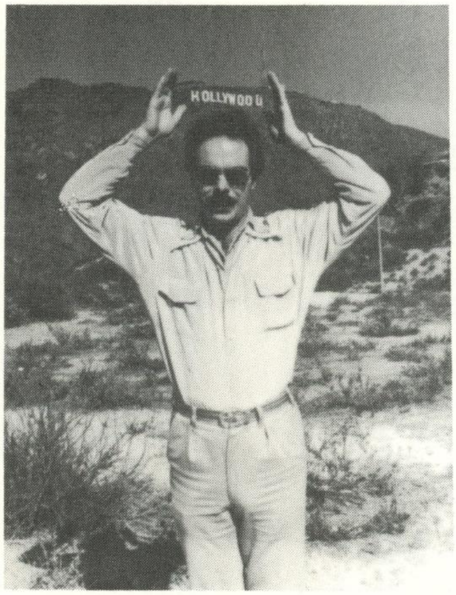




EDITORIAL

CONCEPT REALIZED

Here we are at the 5th issue of VILE, my fourth, and finally an issue which satisfies my original conception of the magazine—a merging of literary and artistic works into a parody of everybody's favorite alternate art magazine—FILE.



ARTIST'S PROOF EDITION

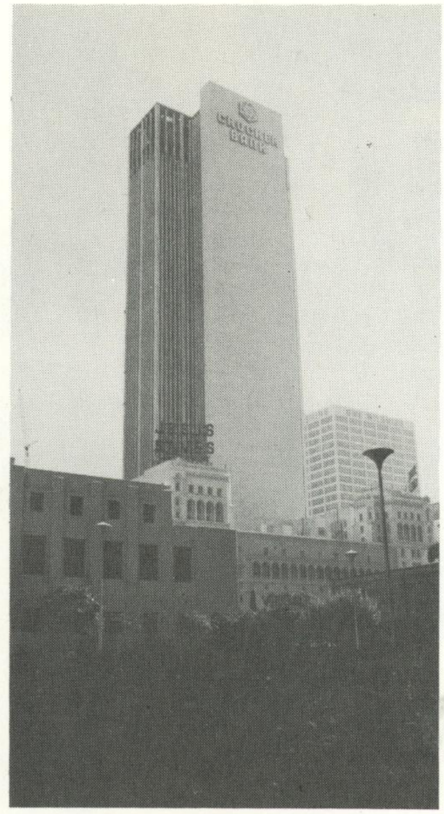
This is an Artist's Proof edition, as it is my hope that this issue will be reprinted as part of a book, "What's With This Dada"—see page 37 for the prospective cover by Gabor Toth. If a publisher is secured for this book, it would include this issue of VILE, along with articles by several art historians concerning the art phenomena covered in this issue. To date, arrangements have been made to use essays by Ken Friedman, Kenneth Coots-Smith and Klaus Groh originally written for Harley Lond's Dada/Crazy Art issue of Intermedia. Also I have agreements from Herve Fischer and Carl Loeffler to write articles if the book gets a publisher. Your suggestions for other writers and prospective publishers would be greatly appreciated.

In the meantime, all contributors are asked to carefully proof-read their works and notify me of any and all errors, so that if the book gets a publisher, everything in the issue can be corrected to your specifications. This is NOT an invitation for major rewrites, but for a catching of typos, errors in spelling or specific information.

ALTERNATE ART FORM

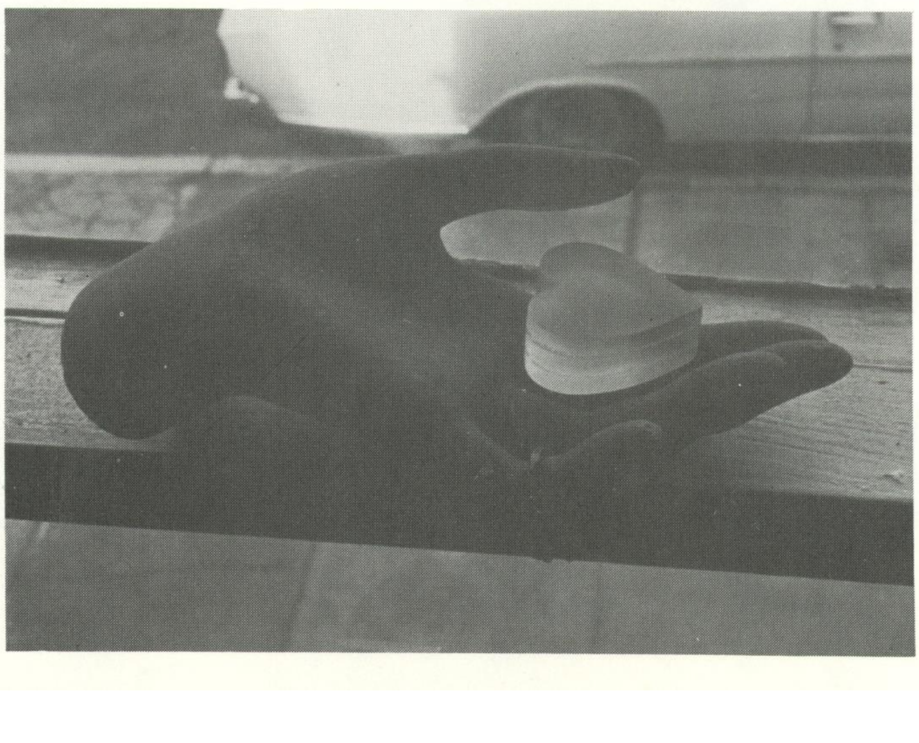
VILE is a product of Mail Art, which is an alternate art form. We hear a great deal these days about "alternate life-styles"—generally meaning a way of life that is different from the main-stream 'American Way of Life.' If you lead an alternate life-style, your consumption of material goods is down, your recycling of material 'wastes' is up. You buy 2nd hand clothes and household goods and you have seen past the necessity for electric can openers, knives and other 'luxury appliances.' In short, you have become aware of the environment and its limited resources—you know that money and material goods don't buy you love or happiness.

Mail-Art is an alternative to commercial gallery art. The artists involved are more interested in the processes and communications involved than they are in the sale of a specific piece of work—and the works themselves are low in terms of sale value. Most artists involved in Mail Art are also involved on a local level, wherever they live, in putting on art events or performances, organizing shows of Mail Art, putting out small publications concerning their activities. They are more interested in and excited about contact from like-minded artists around the world than they are in producing saleable works. They are people who have, perhaps recognized that the processes of doing are more exciting than products produced.



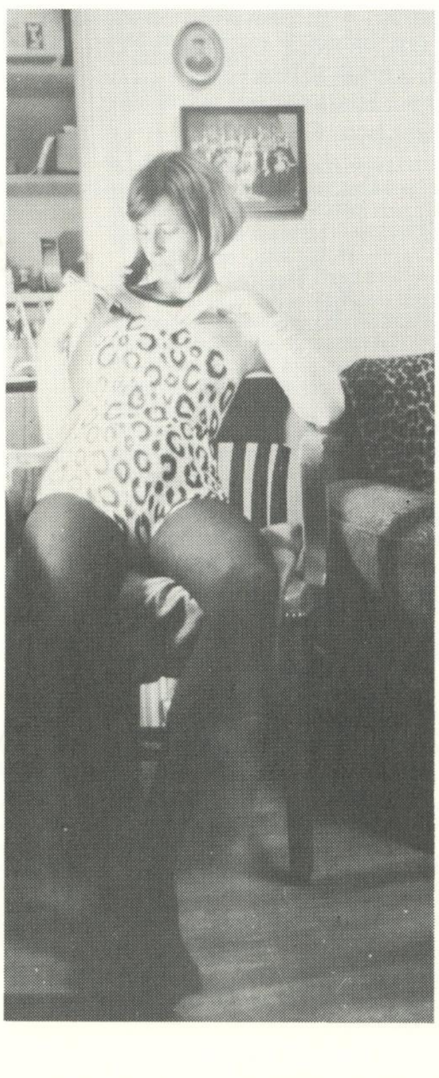
ALTERNATE VALUES

It seems a pity, but true none-the-less, that if you're talking about Art with a capital A, it will be a very serious matter. If you're smiling and enjoying yourself and what you do, it can't possibly be Art—Art is a Serious Business—at least if you're ever to make any money at it. Mail Artists are people who have elected to put their time, money, energy into



creative projects of their own invention, regardless of any financial reward for doing so. Their art/skill comes from the quality of attention that goes into a project to bring it to completion—which may be the same degree and intensity of attention that a more traditional artist puts into his paintings or sculpture—but produces a different sort of product because the aim of the activity is different. The Mail-artist aims at direct communication via the mails, while the traditional artist presumably aims at communication via his painting or sculpture—hoping it will sell and communicate plenty of $$$ to his pocket.

VILE magazine reflects the activities and values of the Mail-Art network. The parody of FILE-LIFE is the underlying funny-bone of VILE, along with its reports on the more lighthearted and nonsensical art activities being perpetrated by these 'alternate' artists. This is not to say that everything in VILE is funny or even lighthearted—quite the contrary—there is plenty of heavy fiction and poetry in this issue—the humor is in the presentation and juxtapositioning of contrasting elements.

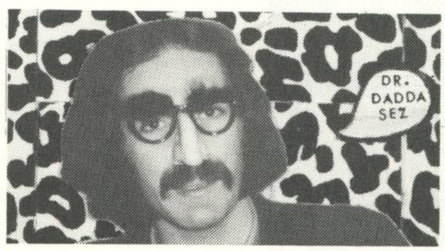


WHERE IN THE WORLD DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

Two-thirds of the material in this issue comes from the USA, predominantly the fiction and poetry contributions, which are not from the Mail-Art network, but from my connection with COSMEP (Committee of Small Editors & Publishers), and from listings in Len Fulton's International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses. The Mail-Art comes about half and half from the USA and abroad—16 countries from Europe, South America and Australia—revealing an increasing number of persons involved in this activity. While we are very pleased with this phenomena, we are also curious to know what the connection was—where or from whom the new correspondent heard about VILE.

CONTENTS ORGANIZED BY SUBJECT GROUPINGS

In contrast to past issues, in which the contents have been listed in page order, or alphabetically by artists, this issue's contents have been organized by subject-groupings, so the reader can see quickly what sort of material is offered. The breakdown of art into works, events, performances and features stories is fairly straight-forward, but perhaps the difference between an event and a performance is not immediately apparent. For the purpose of these listings, an event is a type of performance in which the players interact with the audience—and, the crucial factor—one in which the audience was not expecting to be an audience; while in a performance, the audience arrives with the expectation of seeing a performance.

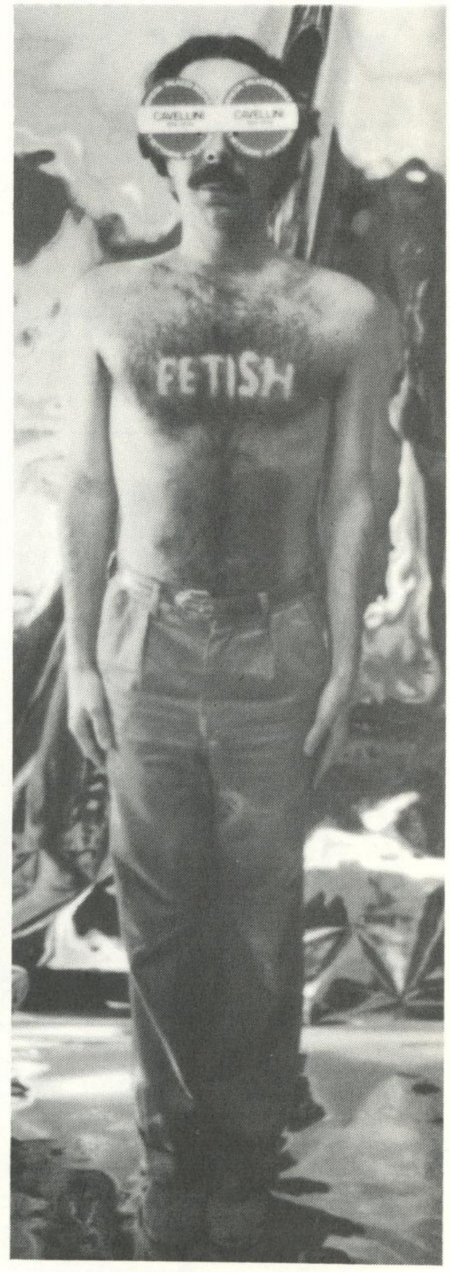


NUMBER JUMBLE

The numbering system for VILE is one of the more dada aspects of this publication, and while I can here offer straight information on which issue came when and so fifth, I will not attempt to explain how these numbers came about. Number 1 WAS number one. Next into print was No. 4. Then came Vol. 3 No. 1. Then No. 2/3, Bill's VILE International Double Issue, also numbered Vol. 1 No. 2/Vol. 2 No. 1. That's four issues to date, the current is No. 5, AKA Vol. 3 No. 2. What Bill will call his next issue is anybody's guess.

SCULPTURE SUBJECTS SOUGHT

In closing I would like to air my request for hairy-chested men, willing to have their chest hair cut and shaved into various designs, for my ongoing body-sculpture series. Photo-documentation is the only reward I can offer at this stage. If interested, write to Anna Banana, c/o Banana Productions.



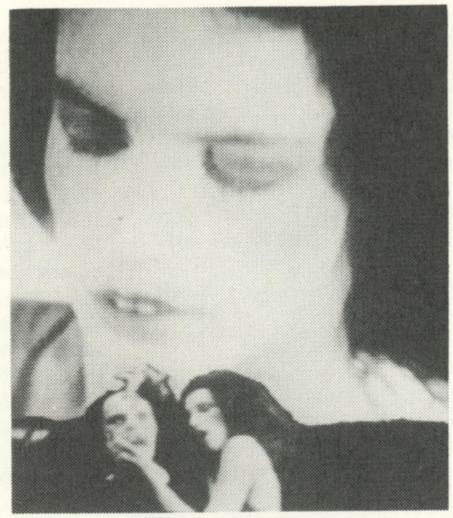
ARTIST'S PROOF

/1000



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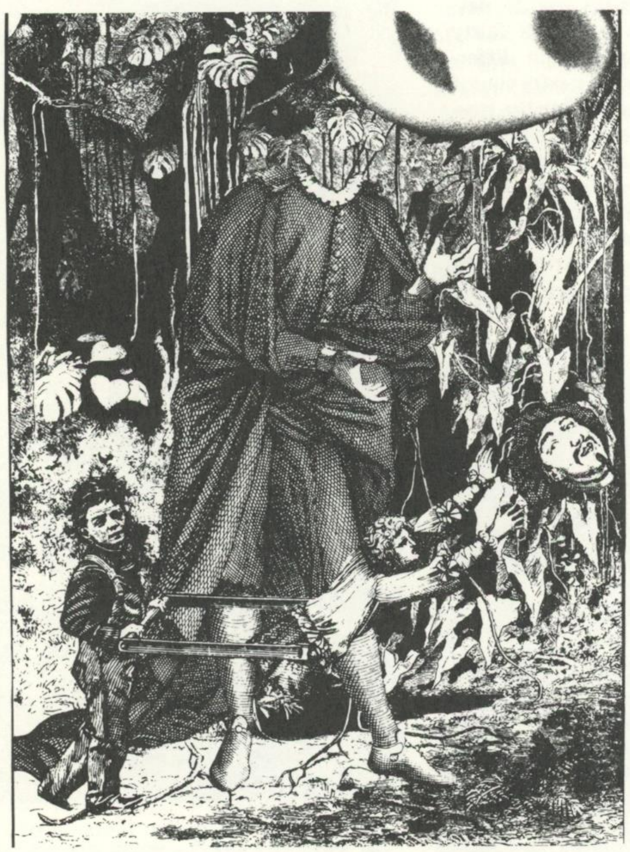
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5th Edition · Summer 1977

CONTENTS



VILE INTERNATIONAL VOL. 3 NO. 2

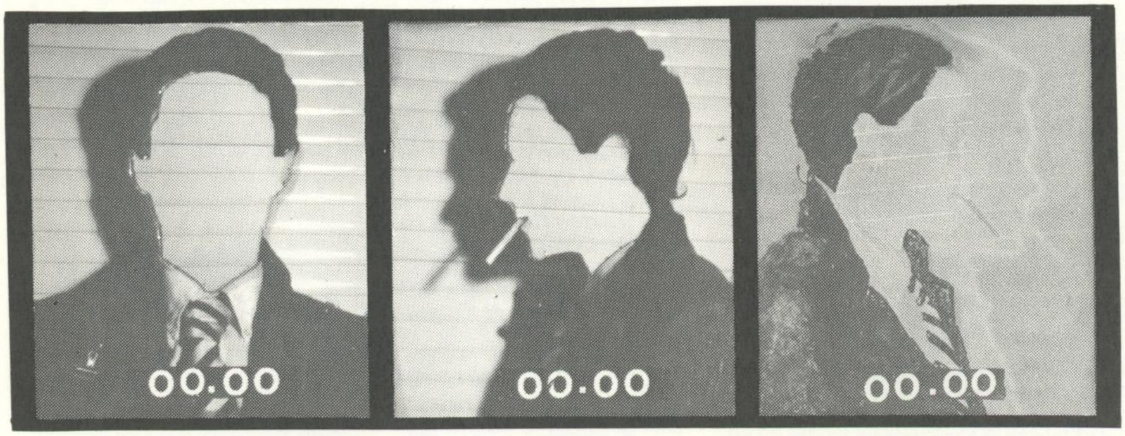
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Downtown Art Detective Agentcy

D.A.D.A...'S PUBLIC ENEMA No. 1

»ε No 19 › ε «» protected widely throughout the world

Name: Mr. Reeee **Aliases:** Mr. Invisible



Photographs Taken 1973 Photograph Taken 1984

IMAGE MASS MURDER

The Mr. Reeee Report

D.A.D.A.'s top intelligence agent turns image
Mass Murder to become Public Enema No. 1

SPECIAL REPORT ON THE.

Who, what, when, where, why, or, when, where why, who, what, or
what, when, where, why, who, or where, why,
....of Mr. Reeee, alias Mr Invisible.

Mr. Reeee was once a well liked individual, coming from a most respectable family, well educated and tastefully dressed, in fact, he could pass as your average young American without giving away the fact that he has engaged in almost all fields of Art. During auditioning, Mr. Reee demonstrated an amazing ability for memorizing names, dates, events and places. This, along with his personality and professional control enabled him to successfully pass through D.A.D.A.'s careful screening procedures, and be selected and scripted to become a top intelligence agent. He was soon moulded for the part by a series of rehearsal sessions. These sessions consisted of different investigation techniques centering on the art of surveillance and easy-chair listening in, they eventually covered the entire aesthetic spectrum, making Mr. Reee capable of interdisciplinary investigations.

The curtain rises as Mr. Reee began operation detection in 1973, posing as a mild mannered painter, equipped with the necessary props, disguises and all expenses paid. His assignment was to infiltrate, establish contacts, and by photographic evidence and confidential service help to shine a light on the international underworld restoring art and disorder for the enjoyment of all.

Mr. Ree found it easy to slip in and out of the shadowy underworlds as he travelled from city to city throughout North America, setting up studio fronts. From these he was able to infiltrate various art scenes, witnessing and documenting artists in action. By assuming different personalities and identities, he tapped into the mail networks and taped telephone calls. Gathering evidence and information, lhe lubricated D.A.D.A.'s well oiled machine with detailed reports. These reports were sent to D.A.D.A.'s central bureau and carefully examined for clues that could lead to her, his or their mark in history

Mr. Ree's excellent reports were coming in regularly and then shortly after being transferred from New York City to San Francisco in May 1976, a considerable difference appeared. His reports became



sloppy, careless, lost content and soon resembled the average junk mail. They continued to alter, becoming confused, indecipherable, pieces of abstraction and then to nothing more than hardened blood stains, which were his last reports.

Mr. Reee had disappeared. Immediately agents were sent to investigate, their reports were shocking, blood flowed from the pages, as they detailed the overwhelming display of visual violence that has splattered the city sidewalks. Witnesses were questioned, answering, "it's all a mystery to me, I heard moans, screams, and then laughter, but all I saw was a well tailored suit running down the street leaving fragments of blood-stained tissue mushed and splatted on the sidewalk."

Similar answers were given by all mentioning the well-tailored suit, which was quickly identified as Mr. Reee, alias Mr. Invisible. He was trained but never psychoanalyzed, he certainly fit the definition of a psychopath perfectly What twisted evils of artistic deficiency had taken Mr. Reee tragically astray? Had he become unable to see through the shadowy illusions of illegitimate Art, or was it those lonely days on the road, living like a hit-man in his jail-like hotel existence that gradually cracked the surface tension of his highly disciplined field of work, revealing the soft and hard edges of his inner thoughts; eventually causing him to suffer a Sensibility Breakdown?

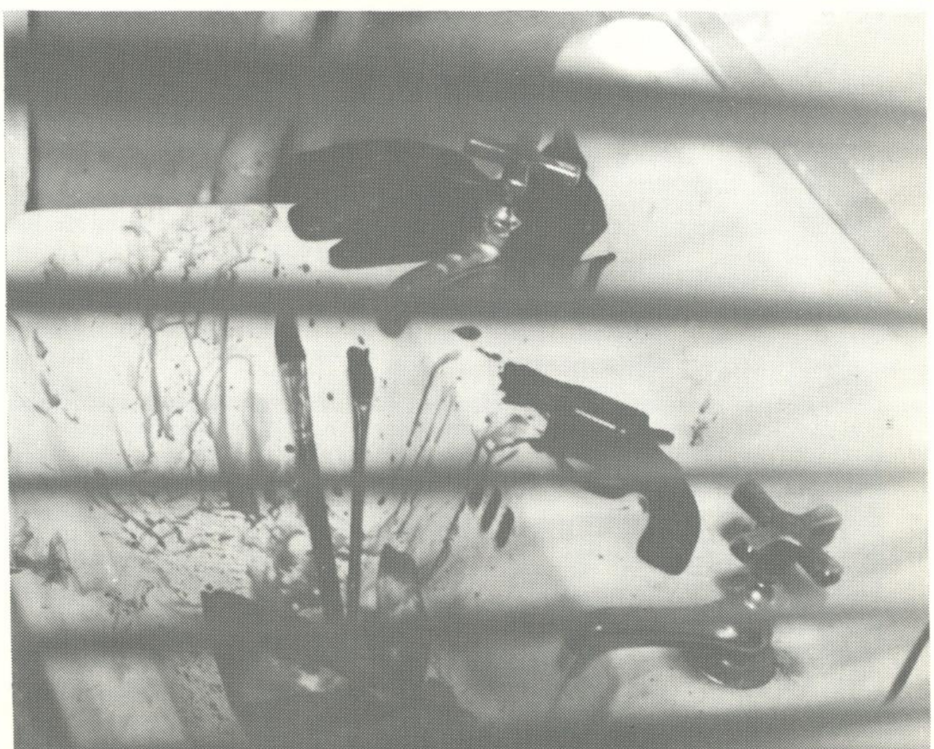
Reports came in by the dozens, all of them outlining the bloody dead that was continually splattering the city sidewalks. What first appeared as an ingeniously complicated satire on the cruelty to sidewalks, or an impression of abstract dis order, was in actual fact, a repetitious self taught image—Mass Murder. Never before had an image Mass Murderer taken so many lives. Mr. Reee made it to the top of D.A.D.A.'s ten most wanted, to become Public Enema No. 1. This bloody psychopath was sure to become immortal in the anus of history

By devising an ingenious network of color schemes that could trace through Mr. Reee's darkened planes of illusion, I lead the search, with the assistance of a few carefully selected top agents from D.A.D.A.'s intelligence division, Alex Softly 00.003, Terry Youaskedforit 00.0013, and Zing V 00.002, known for their impecably tasteful grooming. It was almost a masterpiece of interception as they demonstrated their smooth and professional control in the face of law and art. Their steady surveillance of crime art in action, documented for history by the swift click of the shutter, and the silent sweep of scan lines. It was a new era in art detection, but we soon managed to apprehend one of Mr. Reee's accomplices who, after a routine interrogation, confessed singing sweetly dadadadadadadada.... that spilled the paint which spread an even coat of evidence, that clearly outlined the existence and structure of an international anti-art syndicate, a counter machine.

Apparently, by its evasive undefined cock shows, offering protection and sexual opportunity undreamed of by the average single artist, Mr. Reee began to appreciate the advantages of the shadowy underwear and soon gained immoral support. Mr. Reee was clever, highly disciplined and with considerable wit and intelligence, soon organized these supportive accessories into a highly disciplined group of conceptual guerrillas.

Considering the seriousness and scale of Reee's advancements, appropriate action was instantly taken as D.A.D.A. launched one of its most massive campaigns in history Knowing tha anyone could have potential D.A.D.A. tightened securities and covered operations. Everyone was suspected and put under surveillance as Big D.A.D.A. watched for clues through the blinds of evasion and listened through the vents of gossip. Wanted posters were posted throughout the USA and Canadada in the hope of finding out "where Art though," Mr. Reee and directories emphasizing the vital importance of interception and smashing of Reee's highly sophisticated movement of terror. It also asked anyone who was able to distinguish art from mere acts of guerrilla conceptualism to serve as guardians and defenders of chaos in this time of crises.

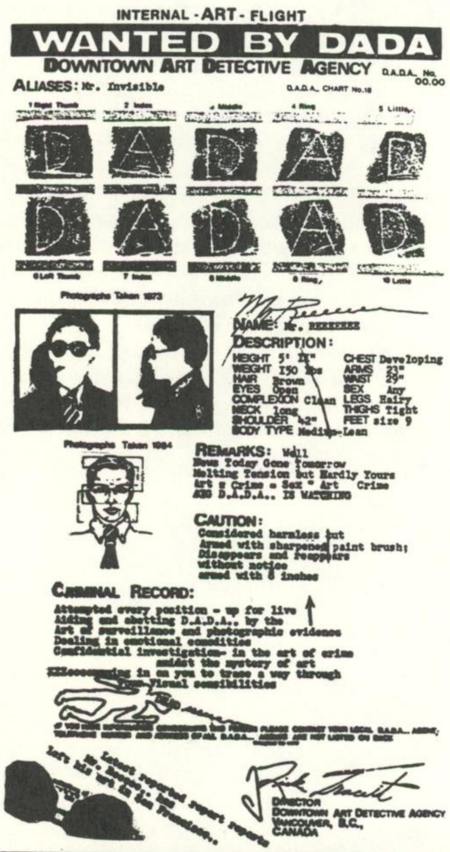
It all seemed very good for D.A.D.A.'s public relations, but failed to stop Reee, however, it did prove that as Reee's blood curdling reputation grew, so did the num-



MR. REEE REPORT *Cont. from pg. 2*

ber of fabricated dead splatter the city sidewalks. This could only mean that Mr. Reee was . . . .

Things were getting a little out of proportion, as Reee's body art motivated murders were done with no moral regard for human anatomy. Many bodies were mushed and drawn into total abstractions of bloody color schemes. And even though persistent attention to blood type and composition of splattered outlines helped to identify the victims, D.A.D.A.'s greatest detectives couldn't put the pieces together again. Reports and more reports came in. Witnesses refused to talk and victims mysteriously vanished—victims mysteriously vanishing? Was Mr. Reee a deprived sadist? Where did he keep the bodies? Did he engage in preverted acts with the corpses out of lack of respect for the defenseless dead, or because he loved his work? Is there sex after death? Is there art after death? Is there sex after art?



Mr. Ree was definitely a deprived sadist by one anonymous victim, now unable of ever having children lived to report her startling story. "Mr. Reee threw me to the sidewalk screaming, "You'll look beautiful when you're dead!" Two others held me down and with disgusting enthusiasm pulled down his pants revealing a 44 automatic. I knew he wasn't just glad to see me. Blood spurted over me, as he pumped bullets through my flesh, laughing hysterically, "Home is where the grave is, baby!" Then he disappeared.

Another anonymous report, this time by a witness who reported: Mr. Reee's methods were direct and miserably violent. Laughingly Reee screamed, "Get this through your head." as he hammered an 8" pipe against the man's head. Enjoying immensely the cruel, brutal death he was administering, he continued smashing the man's head until bloody fragments of skull, bone and brain tissue were scattered over the sidewalk. The other two accomplices began clapping as Reee finished his performance, by pushing a sharpened paint brush through the man's innocent heart. Arms raised in victory, the three left the body swimming in its own blood.

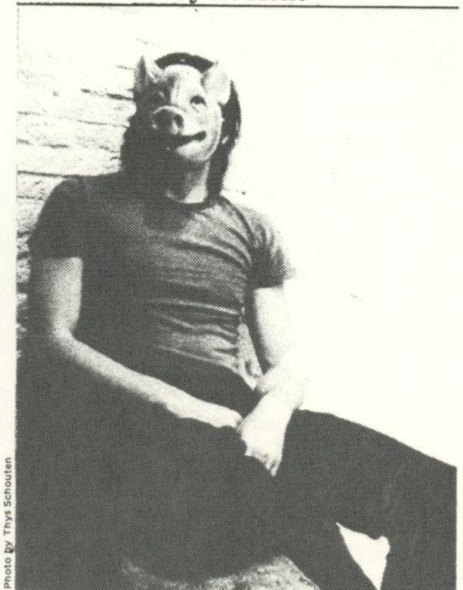
Could these reports have been a means of evading the scan lines of detection as Mr. Reee left his Art in San Francisco, while his wave of blood splashed up the west coast to Portland, Seattle, Vancouver B.C. and . . ? Armed with sharpened paint brushes and palet knives and under the direction and choreography of Mr. Reeee, this group of ambitiously theatrical commando artists, by attempting to bring their twisted and warped moral standards into art, they made city sidewalks run with blood, as they emerged into an allegoric expedition of terror that was to shoot deep into the veins of cities. Leaving a nation of Americans and Canadians horrified and amused, this movement of terror was just beginning.

This could only mean that the Mr. Reee Report was also just beginning. If you have any information concerning Mr. Ree or anything else, your participatory investigation is appreciatively received by:

—R. Dick Trace it, Director,
Downtown Art Detective Agency,
40 East Cordova Street, Vancouver,
B.C., CANADADA

GUNTHER PORK SUCCUMBS

—by C. Kent



Gunther Port at De Appel, Amsterdam 1976.

AMSTERDAM (MAD ENT., INC.) Members of Amsterdam's art world have been shocked with the announcement of Gunther Pork's death on October 6. The body of the performer was found in the WC of an apartment where he was attending a party for Mad Enterprizes Inc., associates. An overdose of heroine was confirmed as the cause of death. According to inside sources, Pork had been using heroin for several months prior to his death. Police have detained other members of the October 6 reunion for questioning.

Gunther Pork was born in Austria in 1942. He achieved minor success in theatrical productions in his homeland before joining Mad Enterprizes Inc. in 1974. In the past two years, Pork appeared in live performances and video productions with this group.

C. KENT ASSUMES POST
AMSTERDAM (MAD ENT., INC.)-

C. Kent has been named as the new editor of Fandangos, the international newspaper based in the Netherlands. The staff shuffle follows as another development in Raul Marroquin's (Mad Ent., Inc.) production of "Superman's Last Adventure."

D.A.D.A. I.D.E.A.

D.A.D.A. UPDATE
INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT OF ETERNAL ART

Dear Anna, Top Banana,

I would like to inform you that the joke is over as the Downtown Art Detective Agency takes apart the IDEA by becoming the Investigation Department of Eternal Art.

Mr. Reee and his family are still at large as deaths continue to splatter the Westcoast. It was January 23/77 when Los Angeles was first hit. By January 27, only four days later, a reported total of 45 deaths have been sketched over LA's sidewalks. The Investigation Department posted wanted posters, The Los Angeles Times printed a story that quoted an Art Critic saying the sketches have an expressive, disturbing energy, and ABC NEWS in Los Angeles broadcast a national news story asking the who, what, when, where and why's of Mr. Reeee's Westcoast image of MASS MURDER. Although no answers were given, it did express the fact that the Investigation Department is conducting a search. Until further report, keep your eyes peeled and your banana loaded.

Yours Reeely,
R. Dick Trace it
Director, I.D.E.A.
Investigation Department of Eternal Art
40 East Cordova Street
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dear AB

If at all possible, I should like to be included in VILE 5. I find the scripture passage Philippians 4:8 to be suitable and meaningful commentary as to the nonsense that we have been up to these recent years and is at the same time the most radical gesture that I can come up with. Perhaps it would be appropriate on the last page or inside back cover?

PHILIPPIANS 4:8

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

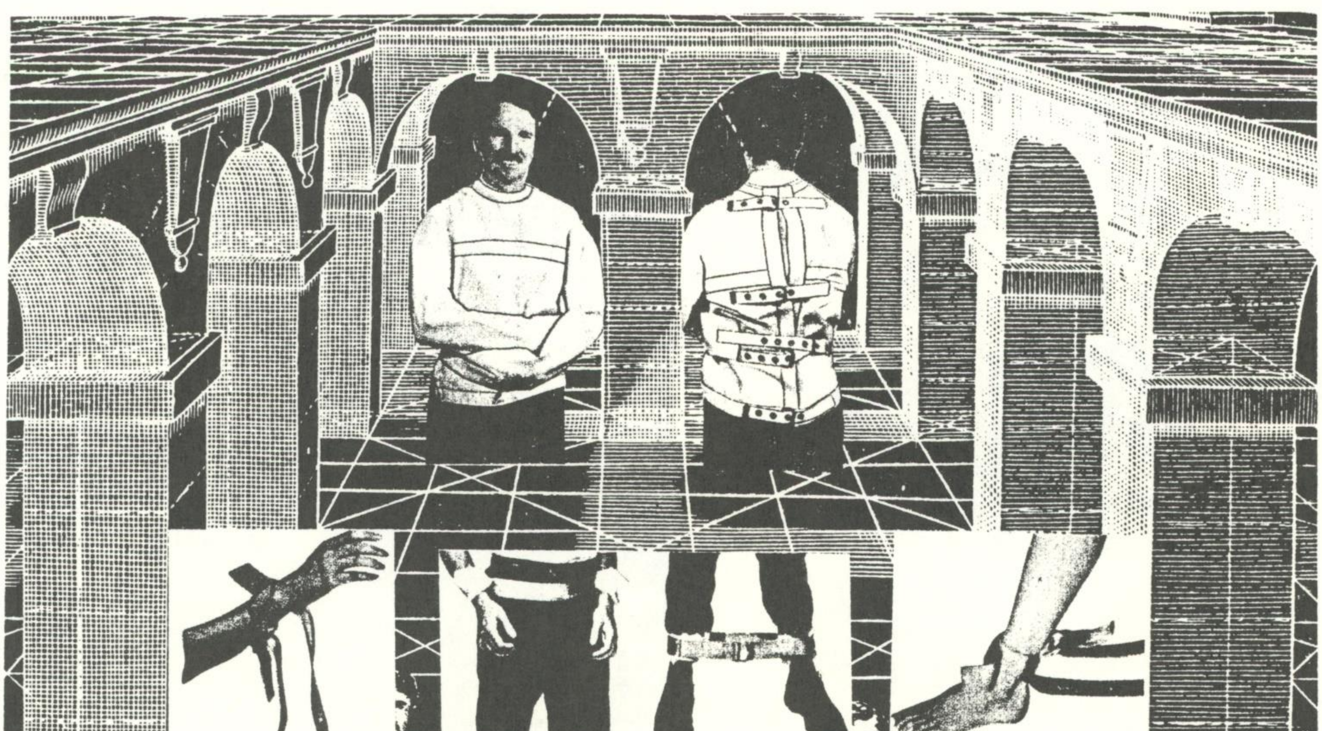
from Richard C. North Carolina.

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CORRECTION

CORRECTION: In the introduction to our last issue, Elpidio Gonazlez was mentioned as the director of CAYC. The ACTUAL DIRECTOR of CAYC is Jorge Glusberg, and we appologize for this error. Gonzalez is the street where CAYC is located in Buenos Aires!



Logical Constraints

by Charlton Burch

FRAGMENTS FROM A

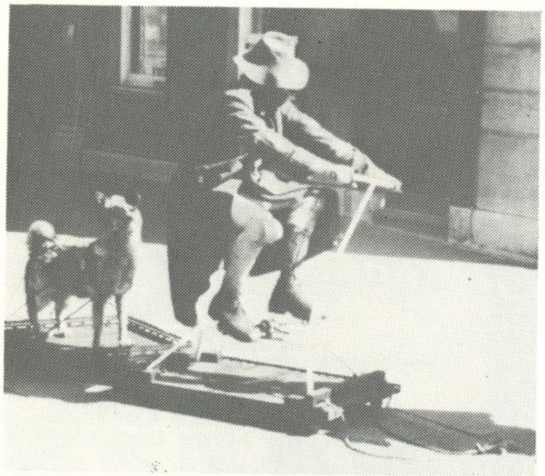
JOHN BULL

PUNCTURE REPAIR KIT

by Michael Scott

PERFORMANCE IN BATH (U.K.) AUGUST '76

Reports filtering through from the deserted parking lots of Shepperton Film Studios indicate that, movie giant Eric Just—or just "Eric" as he is known in international film circles—has chosen Bath as the location to shoot the final footage of his current epic, "The Trial," a film which has been in and out of the can for the past 2 or 3 years. Eric has admitted that production costs forced him to cancel plans for an earlier film, "Dinner in Venice," which was finally abandoned after shooting was begun in Liverpool. For his current film, the San Francisco dockland gangwarfare sequences, together with the storming of the Russian Winter Palace, will now be shot in Bath between August 15-21

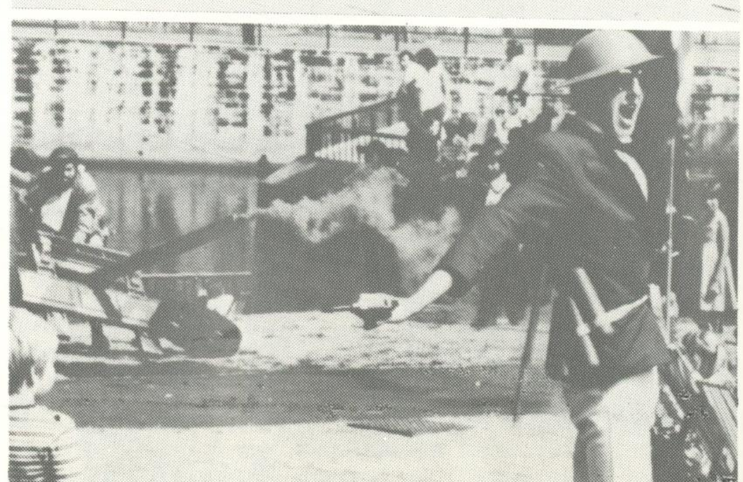












Eris has been fortunate in getting Movitone Smallholdings' brightest hope, Peter Slim, as lead actor in "The Trial." The Bath public will remember Peter for his famous Western trilogy –"The Magnificent Gunfighter" (1958). "The Magnificent Gunfighter Rides Again" (1959) and "The Return of the Magnificent Gunfighter on Ice" (1960-sound).

Peter has recently been filming in Scotland for I.C.I.'s "Fear and Loathing in the Holy Land," as well as starring and directing in his own controversial new movie, "A Star is Barred."

Also on location in Bath, is that revered Bavarian stuntman, "Tutty," best known for his brief appearance in "Earthquake" and only recently has recovered from a serious back injury while decorating his aunties kitchen.

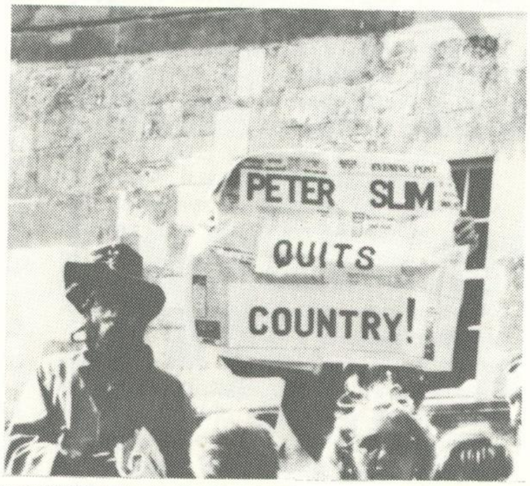


For "The Trial," Eric has put together one of the most formidable crews in the British Motion Picture Industry today. Cameraman "Lens' Tremble–said to have the most creative key grip in the business, has worked extensively with fashion films.

Brian Charred–special effects operator has had lots of experience with models and was the explosives experts on the sets of "Hello Dolly" and "Oliver."

Freddy Frink–continuity man–formally with the Nixon administration.



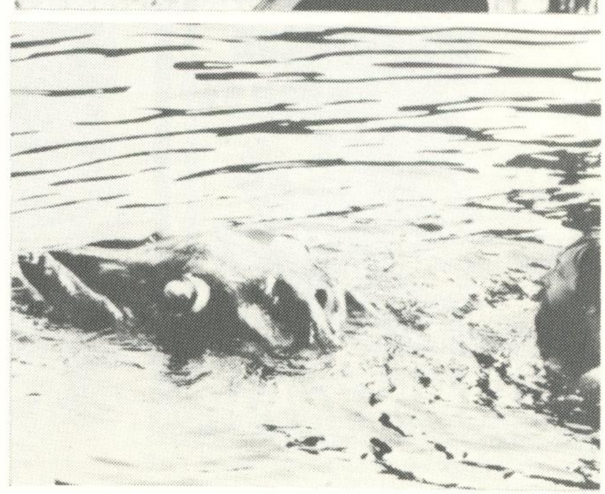












A BICENTENNIAL PROPOSAL

—by John Ross
Deranged Anarchist League.

For reasons foreign to my own vision, this planet has somehow permitted the United States of This America to trespass on its premises for closing in on two hundred years now. Yup, it's the BiCentennial Whoopie! We're gonna have a party! Lets hear it for the Founding Fathers. A round of applause for the True Patriots —the flagwavers and slave owners, indian killers and bounty chasers, the hog butchers, land rapers, mountain muggers, treechoppers, flesh-peddlers, horsetraders, false preachers, faith healers, buffalo hunters, claims-jumpers, bad neighbors, poker players, soothsayers, harpooners, cornponers, cowpokers, goldrushers, dopepushers, folksingers, commie haters, political fakers, wardhealers, wallstreeters, thieving bankers, paper hangers, union bosses, gangbusters, catburglers, kidnappers, warmongers, crazed taxpayers, mad scientists and decent law abiding citizens who have made this One Nation Indivisable under God & Gunsmoke, prosper from sea to shining sea

Rather than hide its head at this sad history of carnage, racism, wrenching progress and gnawing trivia, the City of Arcata has elected to expend $15,000 to honor the Glorious Event. As is always the case when secret revenues pop out of magic opera hats, the citizenry must squabble amongst itself as to how these sudden funds are going to be pieced around. Arcata is no exception to the rule.

Some of the proposals are admirable enough to command attention. a community cultural center, sunken garbage cans in the plaza, the refurbishing of the Womens' Christian Temperance Union Fountain, new spitoons in the barbershops, a playground in the park I, of course, have one more iron to add to the conflagration

Why should the City of Arcata not purchase fifteen grand of explosives high enough to blow the shit out of old William McKinley and replace his ass in the epicenter of the Plaza with a worthier structure. One Nominee: Leon Czelgesz, the Deranged Anarchist who 74 years ago today (Sept. 6, 1901, to be precise), swisscheezed The Grand Old Imperialist into Eternity to the strains of a Bach sonata inside the Temple of Music at the Buffalo New York International Exposition of Arts and Sciences. All Hail Leon Czelgesz.

William McKinley, the 25th President of the U.S. of A. was a halfbaked midwestern political puppet manipulated into high office by one Mark Hanna, tycoon, robber, baron, playboy, philanderer and arch enemy of the working man. During his five years in office, Hanna stagemanaged McKinley into a couple of foreign bean, and christianized 'American'Samoa. Under the guidance of his greasy menter, William McKinley cannonized himself as the Father of American Imperialism, became the trusted pal of the most corrupt Trusts, could always be counted on to bust the Troublemakers, made pompous speeches ripe with bad gas, farted a lot and smoked lousy cigars

Thanks to the gladhand of one George Zehndner, a millionaire patrior who resided in these parts, this old bufoon now commands the Plaza as his private grazing ground. The BiCentennial presents us with a golden opportunity to have him offed. Let's expend the alloted funds on an appropriate bundle of dynamite and blow the poor fool on up the road to McKinleyville, which he really deserves after all

And with the shrapnel, my fellow Arcatans, we could build a monument to a true American, that gently deranged anarchist, Leon Czelgesz, he who made it all possible with one blast from his perfidiously bandaged hand.

Or on the other hand—the unbandaged one, that is-we could at least replace the dead prez with the Duke Ellington Memorial Bandstand

DIEGO BARBOZA



The Armadillo's Box—East Park, Caracas, Veneauela, 1974 by Diego Barboza.

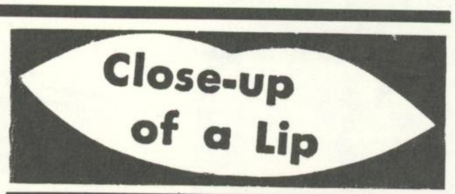


"Expressions—The Centiped" in Hyde Park, Speaker's Corner, London 1971. Diego Barboza



"Expressions-30 Girls covered by colored nets" Piccadilly Circus, London 1970. Diego Barboza.





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TRUST ME YOU FOOL

—by Strange de Jim.

I return the calls of the intrepid few and tell them about "Strange (de Jim) Experiences" I am offering to stretch their imaginations for a fee. I will ask them, I explain, questions about themselves. Their answers will allow me to design an "experience" which will be unusual, enjoyable and safe. The only thing I will tell them about the "experience" is that it won't involve sex or violence (no matter how hard they beg). Do they want to do it?

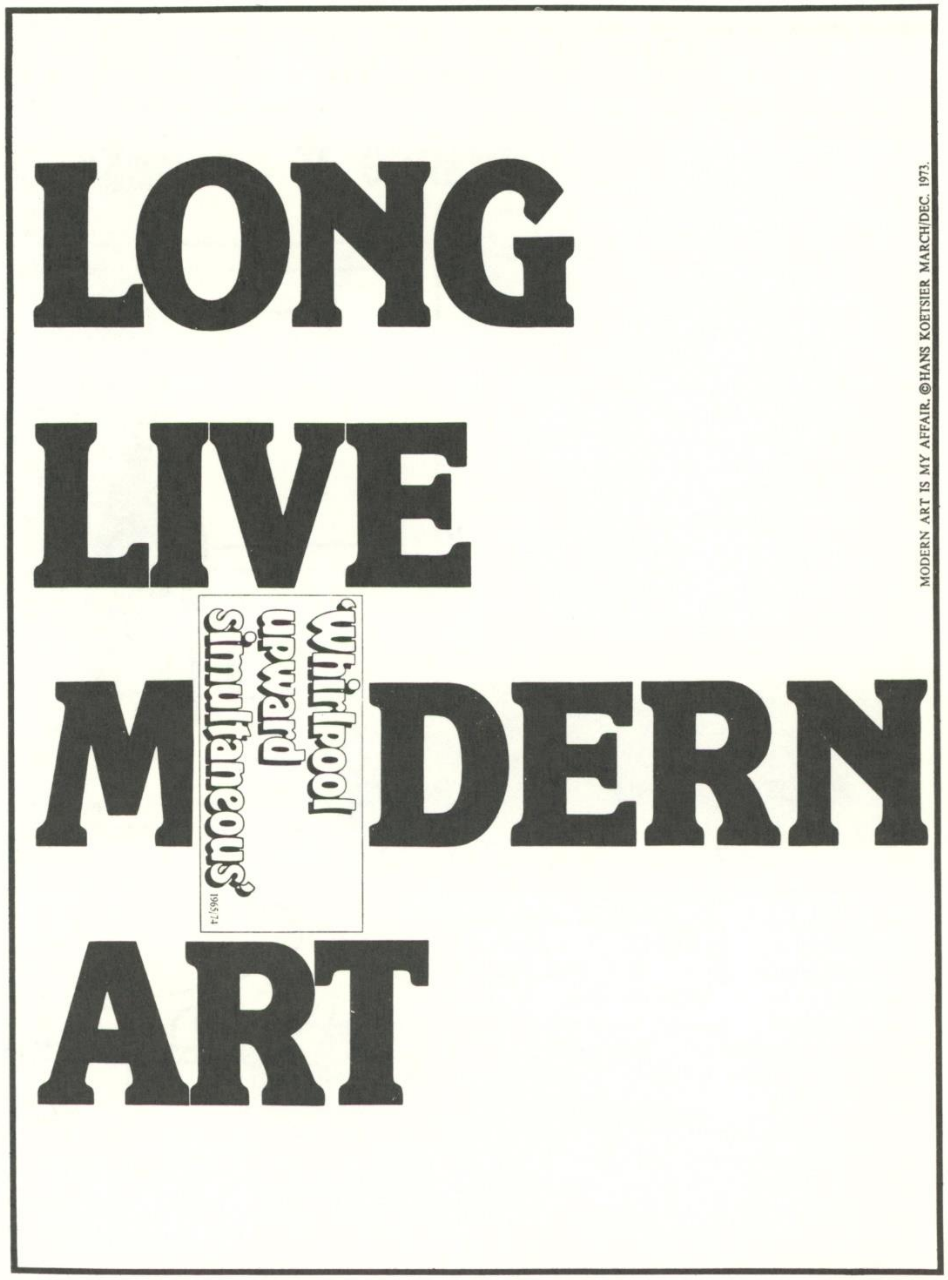
They now have two related decisions to make. Do they want to entrust themselves to me? Do they want to entrust their money to me? Surprisingly (or not), until I learned how to play with it, it was the latter question which occupied most of the potential client's attention. It was not that wasting a little money would deflate their bank account; it was that feeling cheated would deflate their egos.

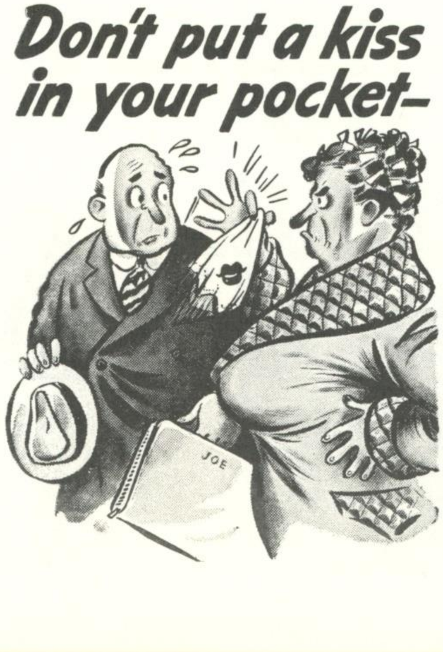
It was interesting to me that several of the people (all former strangers to me) to whom I gave free "experiences" when I was in the test marketing phase, declared them to be high points in their lives. This didn't happen with my first few paying customers. They were satisfied, but not as satisfied as the free customers. It seems that when you are preoccupied with getting your money's worth, it may prevent you from getting your money's worth. Likewise, on my side, it may be that I was concentrating too hard on giving them their money's worth to give them their money's worth.

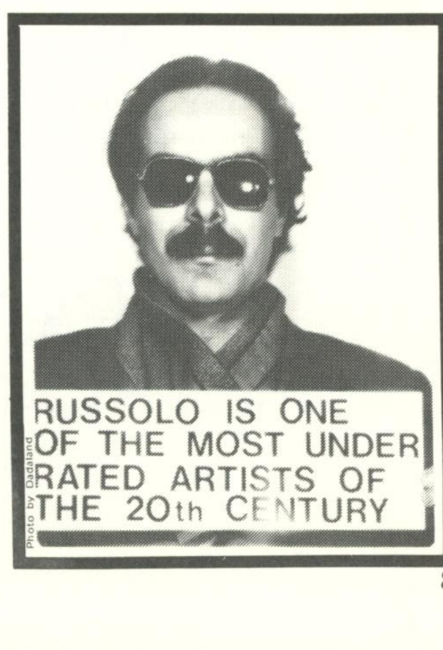
Then there was the experience itself. Here was a chance for adventure, excitement, pleasure. It would be something to brag to their friends about, something to tell their grandchildren (or maybe their parole officer). I was writing stories about the "experiences." They might even get to see their name or picture in a newspaper or magazine.

On the other hand, what if they ended up in an awkward, embarrassing or dangerous situation? They didn't want to find themselves in the middle of something they couldn't handle. A couple of people told me afterwards that the main thing for them wasn't the "experience" itself but the fact that they'd had the courage to show up in the first place.

It was a complex process. As a non-innocent bystander I watched the struggle with interest. Each person made his or her own decision. What's yours? Phone (415)673-6023, Ext. 184 or write to Strange de Jim, Dept. 888, P.O. Box 99076, San Francisco, CA 94109.



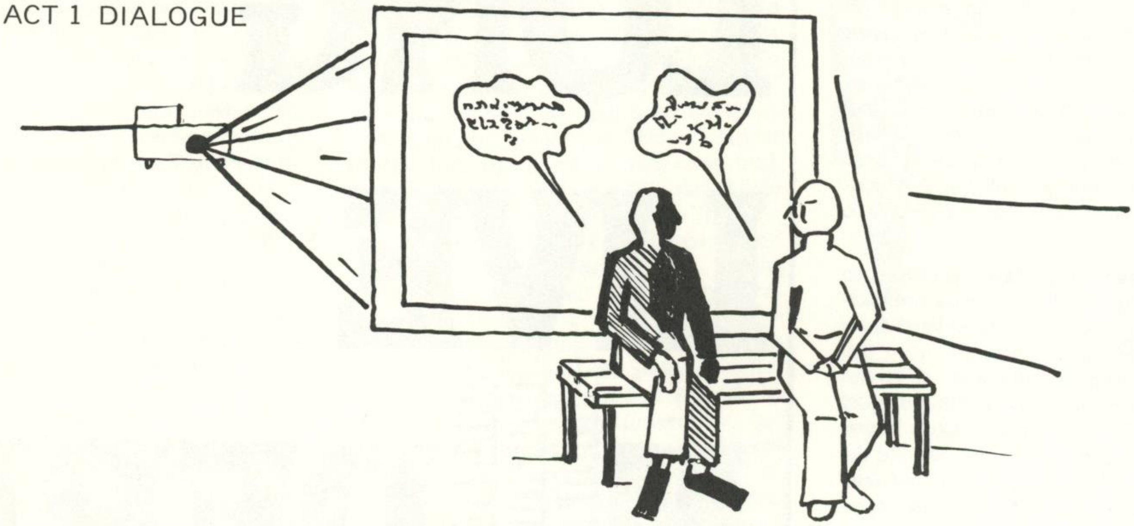




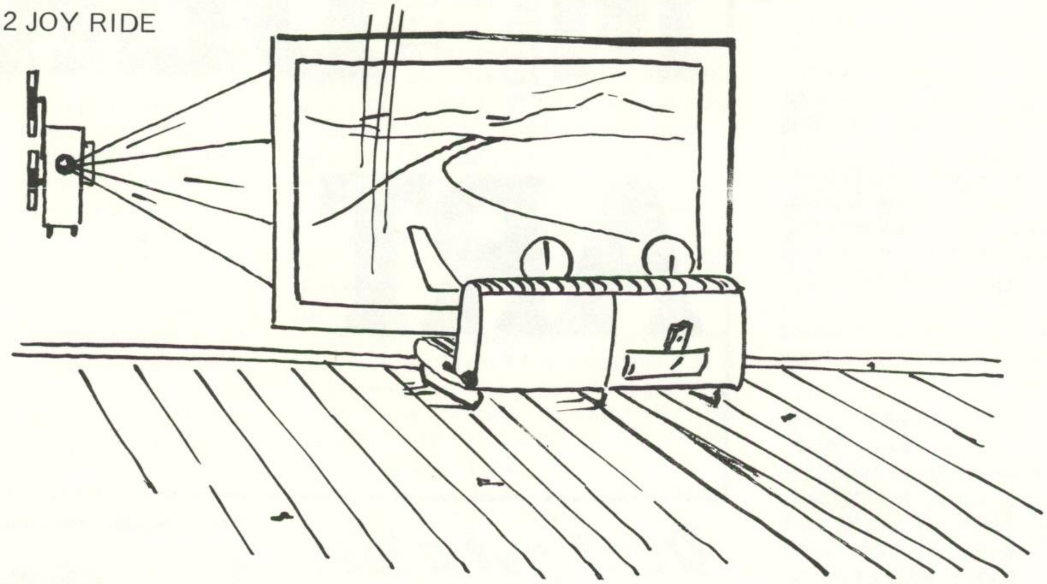
RAUL MARROQUIN - MAD ENTERPRIZES INC.

Performance at the Appel - June 1976

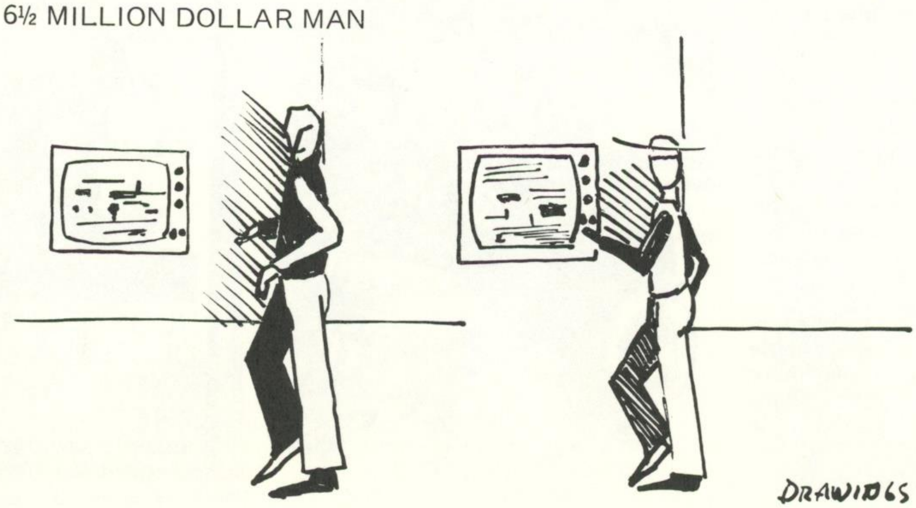
ACT 1 DIALOGUE



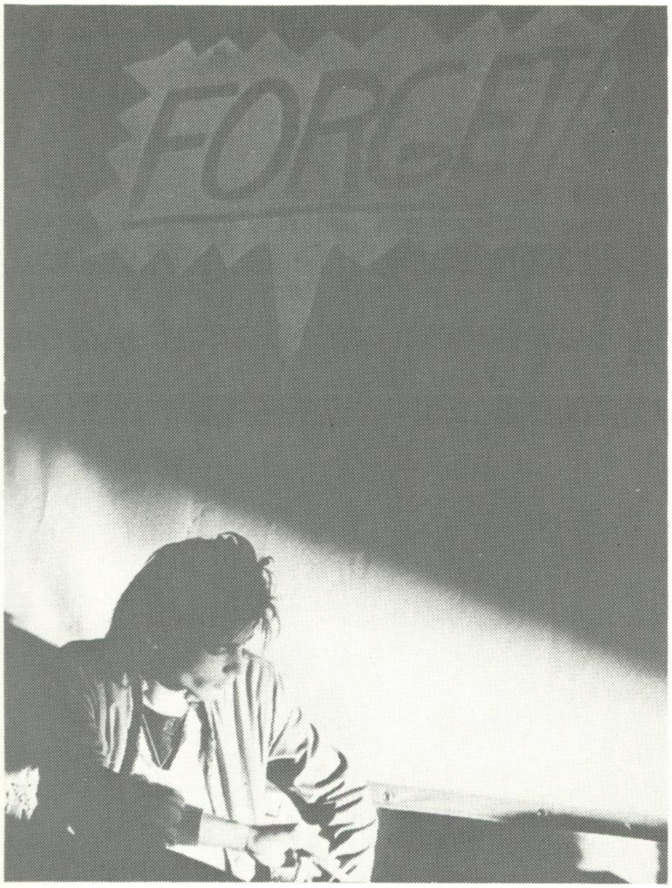
ACT 2 JOY RIDE

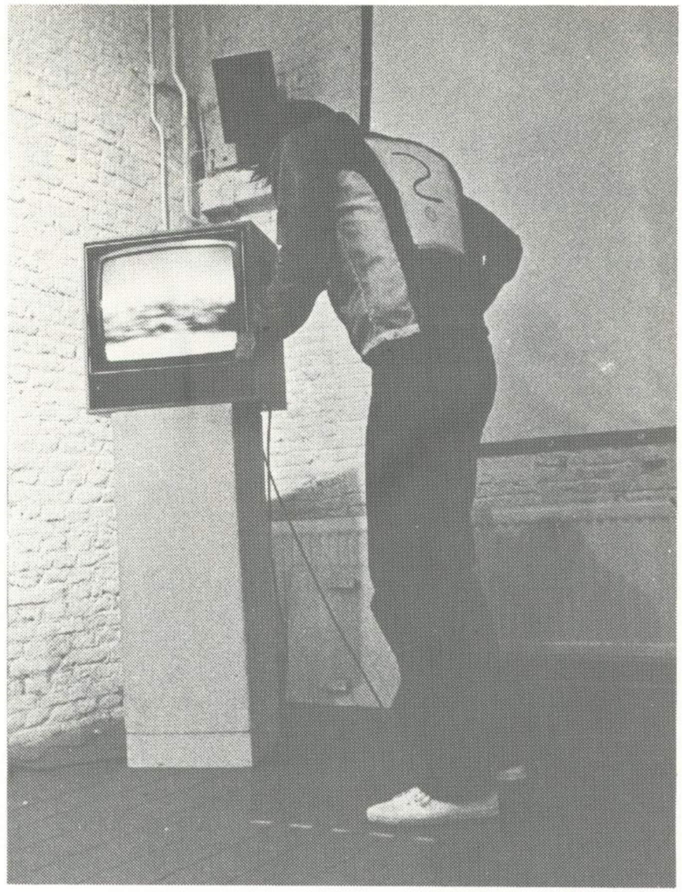


ACT 3 6½ MILLION DOLLAR MAN



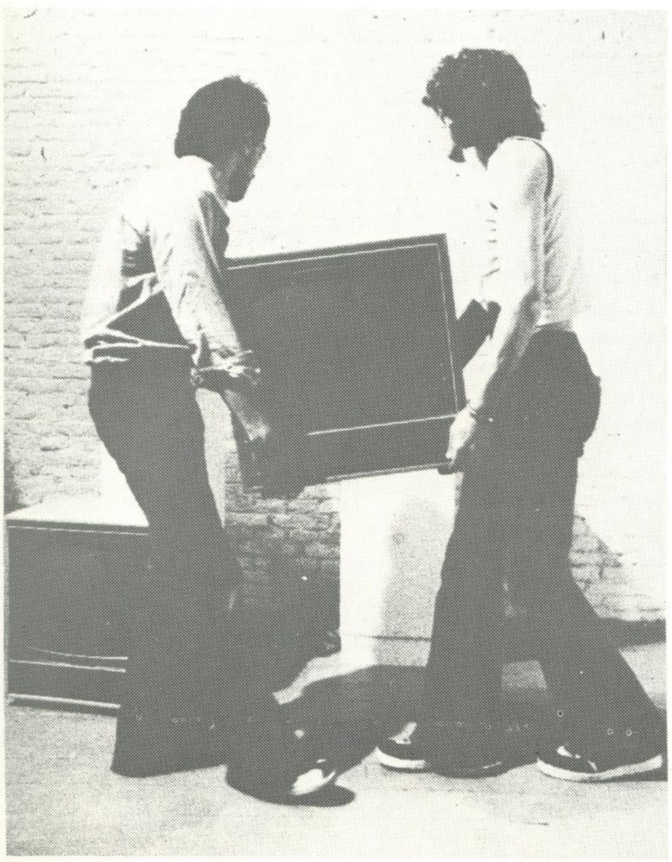
DRAWINGS by WARD JANSSEN.

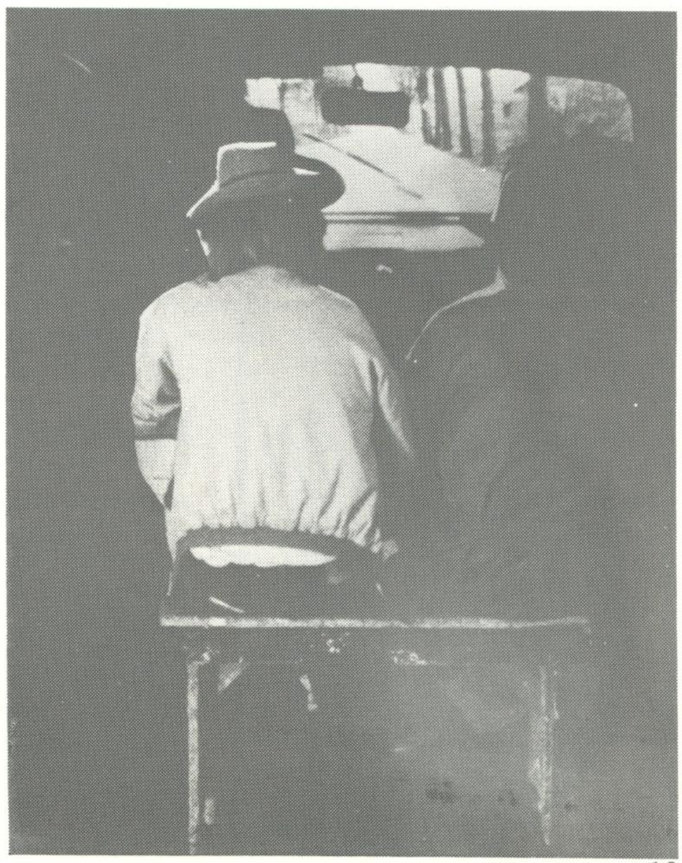


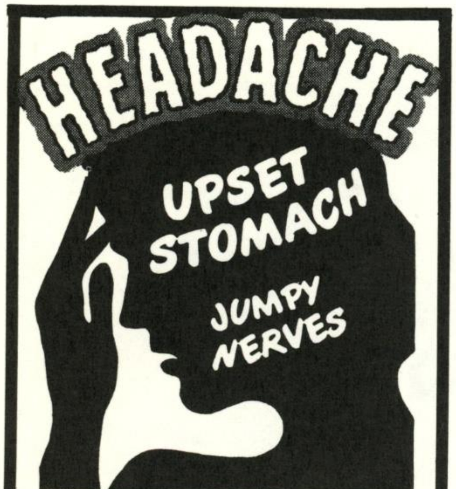


ABOVE: Nol Smeets performing DIALOGUE at Hollandse Week, De Appel, Amsterdam, June '76. BELOW: Raul Marroquin and cameraman Joshua Janssen prepare the video installation for the 6½ MILLION DOLLAR MAN.

ABOVE: Nol Smeets performing 6½ MILLION DOLLAR MAN. BELOW: JOY RIDE with Andy Dandy and Nol Smeets, both for Hollandse Week, De Appel, Amsterdam, June 1976. All photos of this event by Thys Schoutten.







PSYCHOHARMONICS —Ian Krieger

I can't remember which room
you spoke in, the couch is plain,
but the window does not match.
It has all fused together,
no point of reference to catch
like the night you scratched
my skin and asked for the lights on.
These after thoughts are a trap
sprung by the strong hands of jealousy,
my hands which moved
around your throat.
No, my hands did not move at all,
it was your hands so cold and ringless
that dragged the chair from the corner,
that undid your hair.
Was it that night that the hot
water of the shower drew us
so close to pain that you screamed.
When you played the music loud
and mentioned whips for the first time.
Where you taught me how pain
could hear all the voices not there.
Or was it when you denied
any knowledge of the scars
that appeared and vanished,
or the woman in your bed
and a drunk boy at the piano.
It all has fused into pictures of Hitler,
and the survivors so thin with amnesia
capturing their faces.
All the forgotten tortures,
all the torturers whose lives
erupt in the midst of mine.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



Walk false married in the Streets of Madrid, February 15, 1976 by M.H. De Ossorno.

M.H. DE OSSORNO

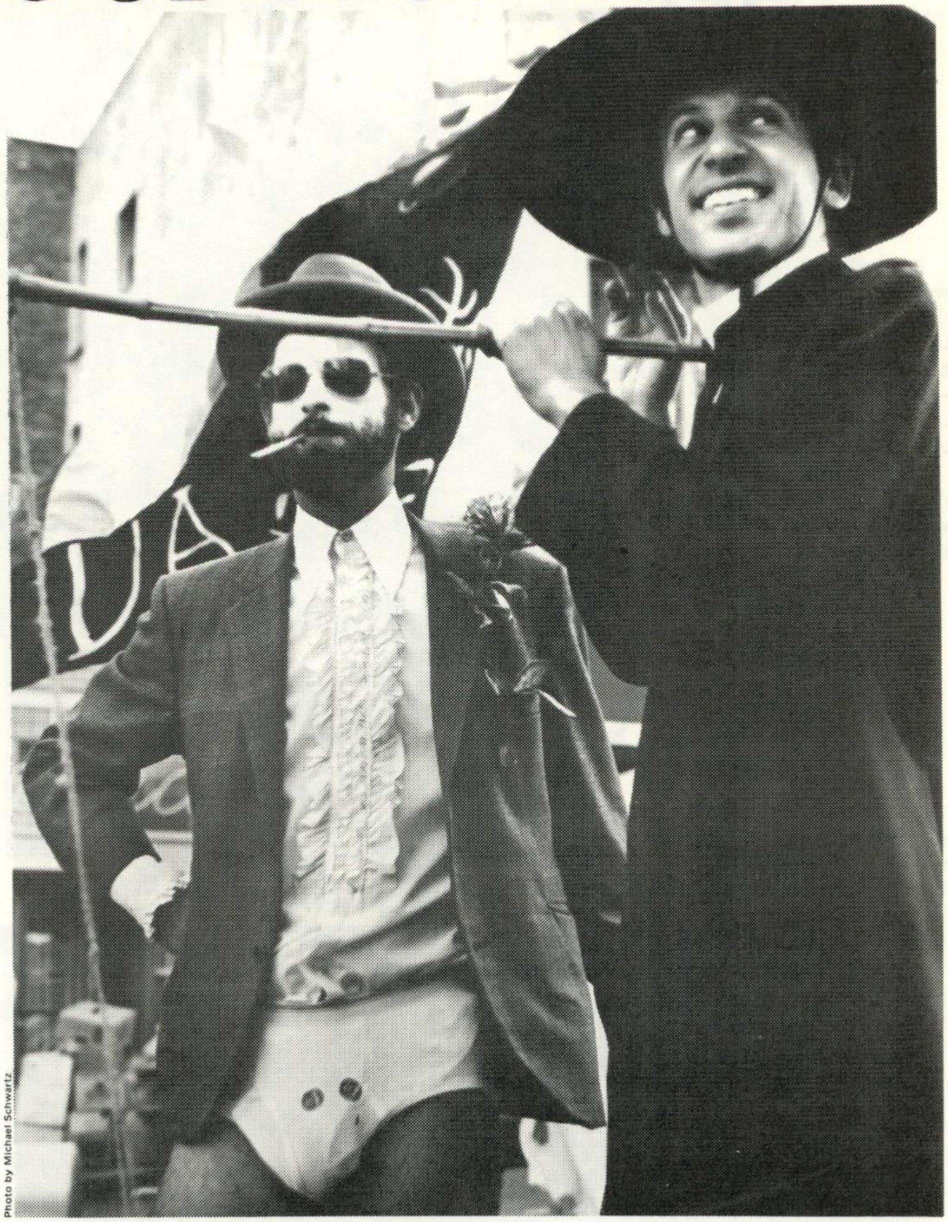


Upon the floor with letters of paper, the sentence "POEM TO STEP" by M.H. De Ossorno.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES...





Banana Productions 3rd annual COLUMBUS DAY PARADE entry participants Jacob ? and Ron Illardo, right. Above, leaders Tarzana B. Nana and Dadaland, sporting his new "Hand of the Spirit" costume, confer about the rate of distribution of the 20 cases of bananas passed out along the parade route.

This years entry matched previous years, with 40-50 colorfully costumed loonies, boo boos, coo coos and other assorted Bay Area Dadaists, making for nice contrast with all the highly drilled, uniformed marching bands and units of all sizes and ages.

In spite of maintaining a good supply of bananas for the judges stand, we did not receive the usual trophy for "Novelty Units" we had been awarded for our previous two entries. Regardless, a good time was had by all and we might even do it again next year.

PHOTOGRAPH

Photographic concepts after Lew Thomas

—by Geoffrey Cook

Project a prepared colored slide of a Doggie Diner onto a performing area. An actor will enter the performing area and measure off an 8' x 10' area with masking tape. (During this time there will be a tape recording made of the background noise—audience, etc.). After the masking is completed, a second actor (who can, also, help the first actor in his masking if he so desires) will take a photograph of the masked-off section of the performing area with a poloroid camera. When this photograph is ready, it will be centered in the masked-off area and pinned up. The two actors will walk off the performing area—both going to opposite sides. The tape will stop recording and be re-wound in such a manner that a noise will be created on the playback system. The tape will be played back at a very low level—to create a drone. The actors will engage—off "stage" and out of sight of the audience—in this dialogue:

1st: Doggie Diner Death.
2nd: Duck Bread! Duck Bread!

This will be repeated over and over again until the tape (which is acting as a drone) has completely run out—in other words, the first part of the performance will determine the length of the second part.

Photograph was first performed at La Mamelle on November 21/76 by Geoffrey Cook and Dadaland.

FICTION

Circumstances Contributing to My Delinquency

—by Michael Kennedy

Yesterday when I arrived home there was a taxicab parked in front of the building. The driver, an elderly man with a long flowing white beard, called my name and motioned for me to follow him. His voice was full of urgency He was dressed in a conservative business suit and carried a small spider monkey on his shoulder.

I sat in the backseat as the old man drove. The monkey sat next to him, consulting roadmaps, switching the dial on the car stereo.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he countered.

"Could you give me an explanation?"

"Can't you wait?"

"How would you like a pygmy?"

"Would you like a bottle of stout?"

"What did I say?"

"Do you like working in the laundry?"

"I hate it!"

We drove to a large Victorian mansion on the north-west side of the city The remaining buildings on the street were deserted and vandalized. Stray dogs wandered through the empty yards. The ground seemed scorched by warfare.

A woman stood in the doorway as if expecting our arrival. I noticed a 2nd floor room was illuminated by candle-light. The driver opened the car door and as the woman descended the stairs and approached it was evident she was the President's wife. She was young looking and wore a very beautiful Pucci dress.

She spoke with the old man in a foreign language. I followed them both inside as they continued talking. The monkey walked along side the old man, wearing a sombrero and carrying a fake barbell.

The President's wife led us into a large room with a fireplace, off the main hallway She lit several sets of candles. A waiter appeared with a tray of 4 brandy glasses.

"Jesse Bear is a funny name." she remarked.

"What's that?" I asked.

"We must be quiet."

"Do you say a lot of things you don't mean?"

"May I call you Mary?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Are you sure you're not drunk?"

"This is contemptible!"

"The President is a shit!"

After we finished sipping brandy the President's wife offered to take us on a tour of the house. The old man and I accompanied her as she provided a history of each room's significance. Occasionally the President's wife hummed a melody which the old man recognized as "Faded Love"

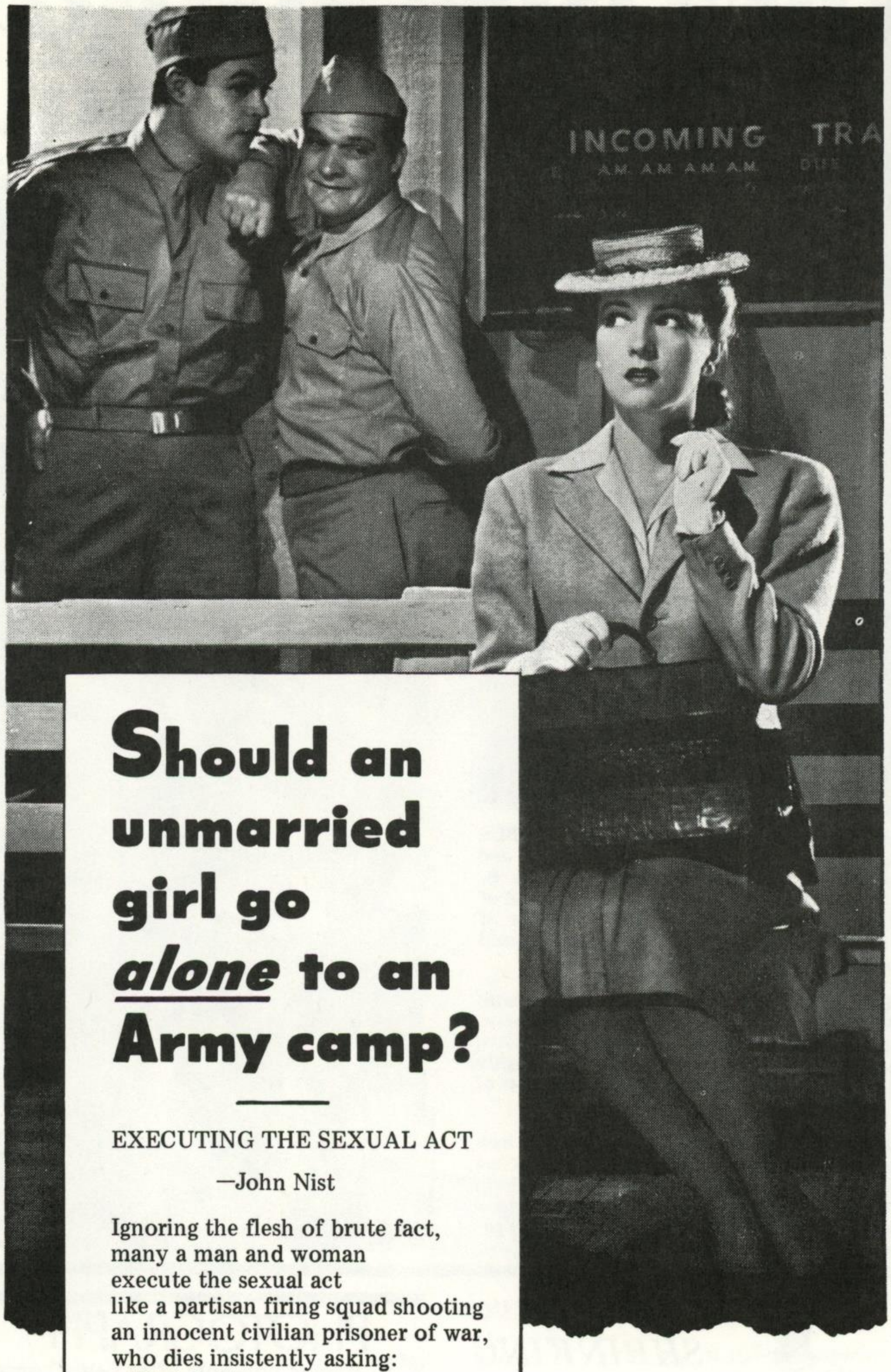
When we reached her bedroom on the second floor a nude woman was standing at an altar aurrounded by candles. Both the President's wife and the old man appeared comfortable in the presence of the nude woman.

"Disrobe and offer homage to the Goddess Hecate!" we were urged. I stood staring while the President's wife and the old man removed their clothes.

"I conjure in the name of Satan, and Hecate, and all the powers of darkness..."

In the flickering candlelight I could see the priestess turn toward me and extend an inverted crucifix. An urgent elbow reminded me I had neglected to undress.

Reaching under the altar, the Priestess found a small object and elevated it over her head. It was a life-size replica of an erect human penis. The President's wife reclined on the floor in front of the Pries-



EXECUTING THE SEXUAL ACT

—John Nist

Ignoring the flesh of brute fact,
many a man and woman
execute the sexual act
like a partisan firing squad shooting
an innocent civilian prisoner of war,
who dies insistently asking:
—What for?

CIRCUMSTANCES CONTRIBUTING
Continued from page 13

tess. The Priestess lowered the offering into her body, causing the President's wife to squirm and utter pure animal moans.

The sound of primitive drum music poured out of hidden speakers. A dwarf approached the Priestess from the side of the room and handed her a silver bowl. She elevated the bowl in the same manner she had with the last object. Then she lowered the bowl and slowly poured a sticky white substance over the President's wife. It was male semen.

The Priestess invited the old man to participate in the service. "Come and eat of the Master's body!" she urged.

The monkey kissed the President's wife full on the lips. She offered no resistence. His furry hands moved very slowly to her breasts and caressed them lovingly as her breathing became slightly desperate. She embraced the monkey passionately, with feverish eyes, adoring his beautiful rhythm. Greedily, the monkey burried his face in her dark pubic hair.

I watched as they made love. □

Improvements like Taphax are rare indeed

Doctor perfects method of sanitary protection without

CASTRATION HOMICIDE

—John Nist

To tempt the justice
of the fornicating gods
she said:
—You ought to have a testicle cut off!
And so within the time it takes to cough
for the army doctor fingering your cods
he grabbed a razor sharper than a bayonet
—and slit her throat
instead.

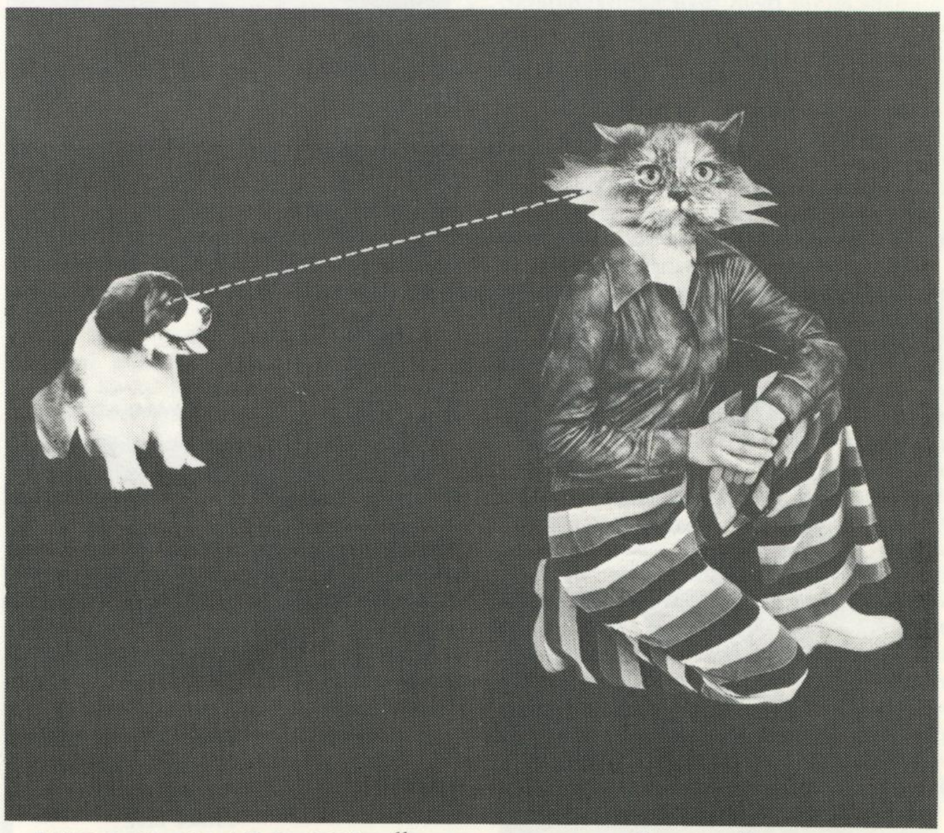
and when they finally brought his case
to trial
he didn't lose his head
in order to save face,
for there was no denial.
—Of course I did it, and I'd do it again!

So when the twelve young men
delivered up the vote
that set him absolutely free,
he danced about the court in idiotic glee
—and thumbed his penis at the dead.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES



IRENE DOGMATIC'S "ROSE TATTOO"



MIROSLAV KLIVAR'S "BEAST DADA" - cont'd. overleaf

BEAST DADA

—Miroslav Klivar



The object of my "BEAST DADA" is a project of communication between different types of beasts. The communication process always takes place between two subjects—an animal beast and a human beast. They each exhibit a different character. Animal beasts are known to humans either from their natural habitat, or from zoological gardens, or from home environment. The beast which in my opinion exhibits a similar versatility of character is WOMAN in her infinite variety Woman is a dog, or a cat, or a beast of prey in general. The graphic symbol of the communication process going on between the two counterparts is an interrupted straight line from the eye of one beast to the eye of the other beast.

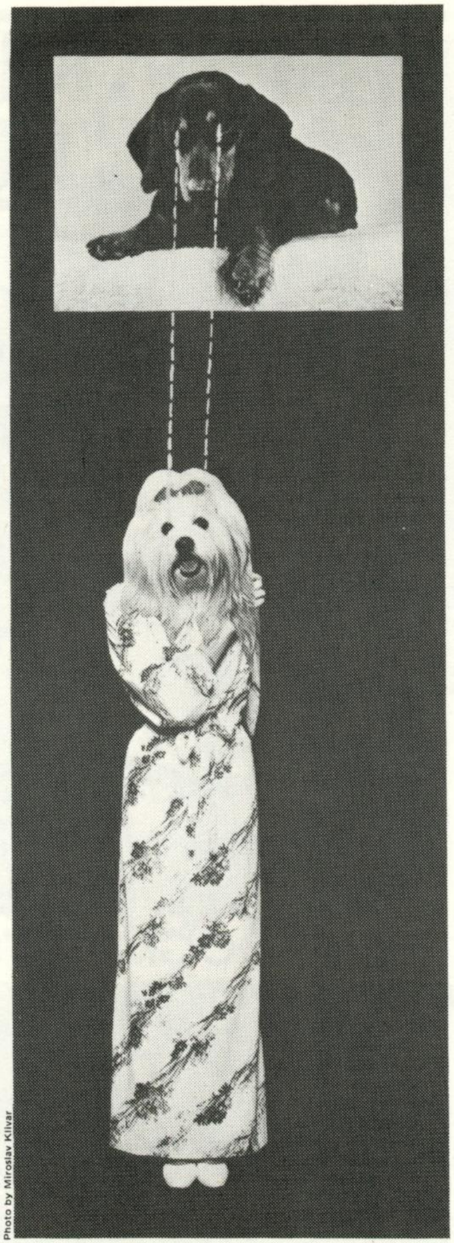


Photo by Miroslav Klivar

FICTION

The Annual Gag

—Don Rice

"I too will have the antipasto. Four soup, uh, Stracciatella, and for the entree I would like Ravioli Con le Carni Diverse.'

Geoff handed the menu to the red-jacketed waiter.

"Yes, sir. Would any of you care for an appetizer?"

"I certainly would. What about the rest of you?" The other three agreed. "Very good. We'll follow your suggestion."

"I would recommend Fegatini di Pollo al Proscuitto, sir."

"So be it."

"Very good, sir. Shall I send the wine steward over?"

"Please."

The waiter bowed slightly and walked away

Paul spoke: "Geoff, I applaud your choice for this year's dinner. In fact, I think it's better than that French Restaurant in San Francisco, don't you, Sue?" He turned to his wife.

"If we're judging by the prices it has to be. I never dreamt that anybody could charge so much for a plate of spaghetti."

The wine steward stopped at their table. "You wish to order wine?"

"Yes, please. We'd like a bottle of wine with our appetizer and antipasto and then another wine with the entree." He looked at the steward expectantly

"I would suggest an aperitif, say, a white vermouth for now and a light red wine, perhaps a Lambrusco, with the entree."

"Whatever you say "

After they had been served their appetizers and wine, Geoff raised his glass.

"Is it appropriate to offer a toast with vermouth?" The others picked up their glasses.

"I guess it must be. Here's to the Big Apple, site of the 10th annual dinner of the Greater Albany Gourmet Society "

They all drank. Then Marilyn spoke: "Ten years. It sure doesn't seem that long does it?"

Sue smiled at her. "Well, Marilyn, you have a nine-year-old girl."

"I know, but it still seems like such a long time to have passed by so quickly "

Paul was nodding his head. "She's It does seem incredible that we are actually meeting for the tenth time. If someone were to ask me how long ago it was that our little society was accidentally founded and I had to answer off the top of my head, I'd probably say it's been five years. Incidentally, Geoff, did you choose an Italian restaurant on purpose?"

"Of course. Since it all started with spaghetti and meatballs at Giorgione's I thought that an Italian meal could be the

only possibility for our tenth anniversary

Marilyn was smiling. "Remember why we went out that night? Graduation was over and we thought that it might be the last chance that all four of us would ever have to dine together. In a way I've always regretted that we happened to choose Giorgione's. Washington Avenue must not seem the same without it."

"Marilyn, don't give it a second thought. I was in Albany last year and just for the hell of it I drove down by the university Washington Avenue, it is true, is not the same, but Giorgione's closing had nothing to do with it."

"You know," Sue said, "I still feel a little guilty about that. I mean, those were nice people that ran that place. It seems a shame that they had to close. Don't you ever feel that way, Geoff?"

"Not at all. It was an accident."

"And the eight restaurants since? Nine including this one—and they haven't been the least bit accidental."

"No guilt. Everyone who works here is quite talented; the waiters, the chef, the maitre'de. By this time next week they'll all be working somewhere else. The change will be good for them. The owners will go bankrupt and probably make out on the deal. Then they'll start a new restaurant. So what's there to feel guilty about?"

Sue shrugged. "Nothing, I guess."

The conversation turned to jobs and travel and schools and other topics that are the concern of young, successful middle-class couples dining with old friends.

They ate and talked their way through the appetizer, antipasto and soup. The entrees were served. Ravioli Con le Carni Diverse for Geoff. Marilyn had Pasta Rustican di Roma and Paul and Sue both had Spaghetti Alla Carbonara. They ate enthusiastically

After they had literally wiped their plates clean with bread and the waiter had cleared the table, Geoff ordered desserts: Semifreddo di Zabaglione, a very rich gelatin confection composed of eggs, whipped cream and white wine. Then, with the meal finished, they settled back to enjoy cigarettes with their tiny cups of expresso.

Geoff surveyed the others with anticipation: "I trust that no-one brought any money?"

Paul shook his head. "Not a dime—nor any credit cards."

"Neither did we. That means we ARE committed, doesn't it? Marilyn, are you ready?"

"I guess so. I'm scared as usual, to the point where my stomach is churning."

"Terrific!"

"Let me finish my cigarette first."

"We'll wait."

They sat without talking, Marilyn nervously puffing on her cigarette, smoking it down to the filter. Finally she had to put it out.

"Well, where shall I start?"

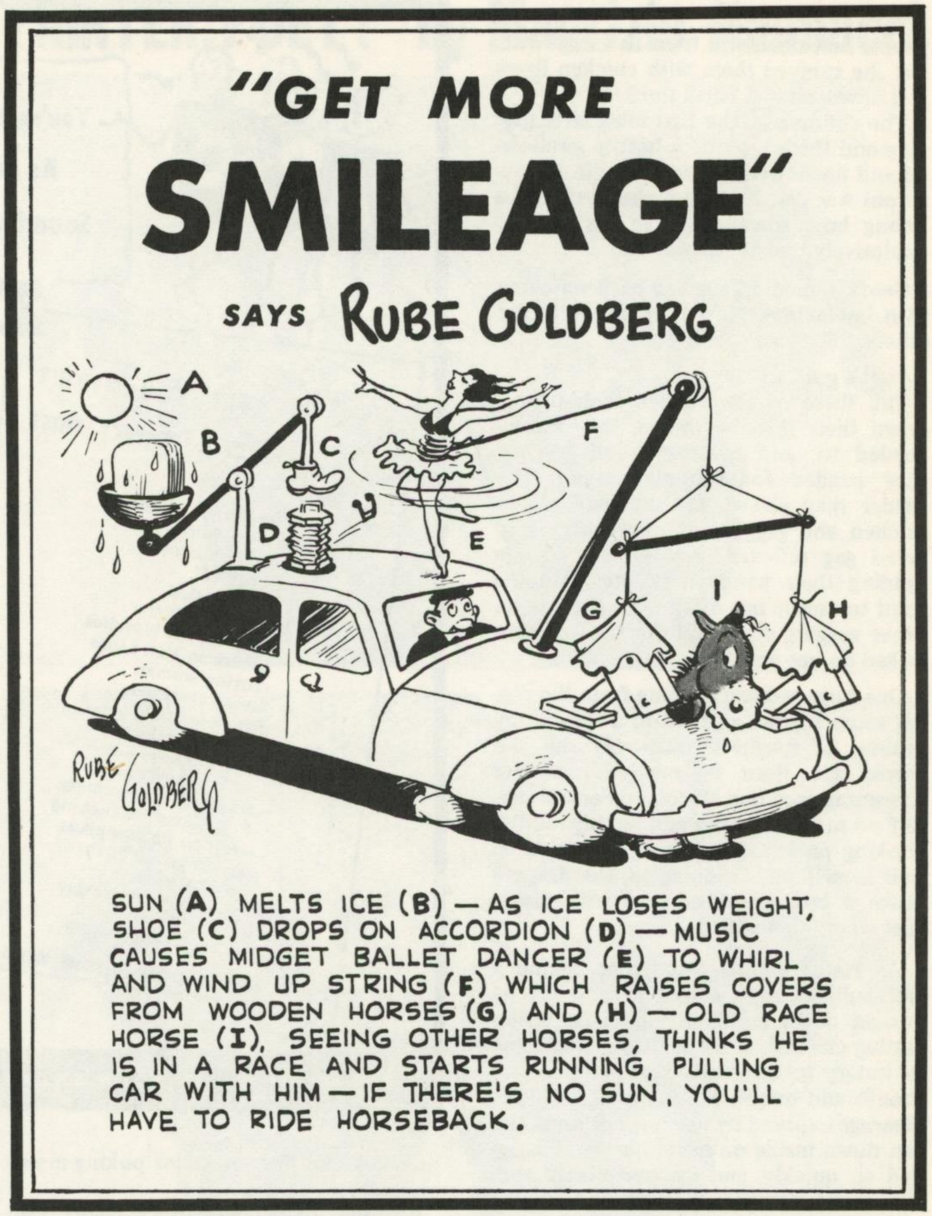
Paul nodded to the table behind her. "That looks like a good group. Eight people including a couple of kids and it looks like they're just finishing dessert."

"Okay Here goes."

Marilyn stood and walked to the table. As she approached the people sitting there, she stuck her finger down her throat. She barely reached the older man sitting at the head of the table before her mouth filled with the coffee and dessert that she had just eaten. With a horrible retching sound she puked down the front of the man's shirt and jacket. The sight and smell convulsed her stomach and she reeled as if she were delirious. She thought of that first time in Giorgione's. Too much beer, too much wine, too many cigarettes—and far too much spaghetti. She hadn't made it to the front door. What a way to start a tradition! What a tradition to start!

A young woman seated at the table stared at her with open-mouthed shock. Marilyn aimed for the open mouth and spewed forth chewed and partly digested cabbage and zucchini colored red by the tomatoes. Full in the face. Pasty bits of white kidney bean flesh and bacon caught in ghe woman's hair as the puke splashed over her face and into her mouth. This caused her to gag horribly She stood and tried to wipe Marilyn's vomit from her face with a napkin as she spit pieces of cabbage from her mouth. Then she turned and ran for the ladies' room but never made it ten feet before throwing up spaghetti in a smelly red mess on the floor, some of it splashing on the shoes and pants of a group of men seated at the next table.

Marilyn, meanwhile, had gone to another table, retching and gagging. The



 Cont. from pg. 16



people screamed and tried to escape her, but she sprayed them with chicken livers and olives, all in a bilish fluid.

The children at the first table were gagging and throwing up. A hastily swallowed and unchewed two-inch length of macaroni was dangling from the nostril of a young boy, forced through his nose so explosively had he thrown up.

Geoff, Sue and Paul had been watching with fascination. Now Paul turned to the others. "Shall we join her?"

"Let's go!"

The three of them stuck their fingers down their throats, though they hardly needed to, and as they stood gagging, they headed for different tables. The harder they puked and the louder they retched and gagged, the more they triggered gag reflexes from others. People holding their hands over their mouths tried to escape but often ran right into another gagging diner and the two of them puked on one another.

One huge woman running from the dining room slipped and fell in a huge slimy puddle of spaghetti puke. As she slid across the floor it smeared over her screaming face and she could control herself no more. Gagging and puking loudly, choking on her own vomit, she tried to pull herself up. In doing so, she dragged down a table cloth covered with dishes that were filled with food.

As Geoff leaned over from behind a well-built woman seated at a table, he gushed down her front the now bitter-tasting chewed up prosciutto and chicken in watery tomato sauce that had filled his mouth and bulged his cheeks. It filled the cleavage exposed by her low-cut dress and ran down inside on her stomach. She gagged so quickly and uncontrollably that she amost completely covered both the table and her dining companion with the green stain of Zuppa di Riso e Spinaci that she had just finished. He, now unable to control himself, stood up and puked forth his soup, and the two of them nearly refilled the bowls and half-empty water glasses with broth and pieces of chewed spinach.

Paul and Sue were working their way down to the exit, making horrible gagging noises and spraying customers to either side with their foul-smelling mixture of wine, coffee, dessert, soup and spaghetti while the smells of nearly everyone else's stomach contents reeked all about them.

The place was in utter chaos. Those who had escaped the puking at their own tables were pursued by Marilyn, Paul, Geoff and Sue, who made sure they got puked on. What had been a hundred or so diners quietly sitting in subdued light, enjoying expensive and deliciously prepared Italian food, was transformed into a howling vomiting crowd of puking monsters.

The four of them—Marilyn, Geoff, Paul and Sue—made their way out the front door, not bothering, of course, to stop at the cashier's counter. They ran down the sidewalk, their eyes filled with tears as they alternately laughed and gagged. Then they stopped at the corner, still gagging involuntarily and intermittantly as they wiped their faces with handkerchiefs.

"Marilyn, you were magnificent as usual. I loved the way you got that one woman right in the open mouth. What an aim."

"I have ten years' experience, don't forget."

"Look." Paul was pointing back down the sidewalk to the restaurant. People were streaming out, many of them covered with puke and still gagging. This started a new, if considerably less forceful chain-reaction among passers-by "We done ourselves proud, kids." He beamed at the others.

Geoff was wiping some vomit from his lapels and tie. "Yes, we did. But now I think I'd like to get back to the hotel and change into something a little less odiferour."

Paul held out his hand. "Geoff, it's been great—I think one of our most successful efforts, don't you?"

"I do. I do indeed. And I'm looking forward to just as fine a time next year. You are going to be the host. Any ideas yet?"

"Paul told me about a really fantastic Chinese restaurant he discovered in Boston last year while he was attending a conference there."

"You'll love it, Geoff, I promise."

"I believe you." They smiled at one another as only good friends can. Well—until the next annual dinner of the Greater Albany Gourmet Society GAGS, for short. Write when you get a chance and give us the details."

"I'll do it. See you next year."

They all shook hands. Geoff and Marilyn hailed a taxi to take them back to their hotel. Paul and Sue did likewise.□

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

DEAR BANANA NOSES
There is no more dada and you know it.
Besides everyone is confused about it anyway and no one cares.

I try to explain that dada today is working in a bank and no one believes me. Maybe you don't believe me too.

Correct History is undeniable. The first appearance of the word Dada is unknown. You know that.

So if you think this is literary you're right. I could care less.

By the way though, I'd trade it for your wife.

—PIPCO
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA.

Dear AB Jan. 25/76.
Thank you very much for VILE and your two letters. I also have seen the TV show with Anna Banana here in Germany which I liked too. How do you do? I hope you have all the time you need for your projects. Me, I always have difficulties. (ed. comment—me too!)

Now the Dossier No. 7 published by INSTITUT D'ETUDE ET DE RECHERCHE EN INFORMATION VISUELLE/ LAUSANNE has come out. The title: ECOLOGY/ECOLOGISME. There in I have a very big contribution and I am very lucky about it. Unfortunately it costs $9 and is a bi-language issue. If you are interested to be informed about my last works it would be good to have. I can send it to you.

The other materials I will send you in the beginning of summer-time, for I hope to have more time then.

Meanwhile Hans Werner Kalkmann
West Germany

Dear A.B. and D.L. Sept. 6/76
First of all, the good news: VILE is sickening, stupid and sacrilegious and I'm not just saying that to make you feel good. Now the bad news: I can't review VILE in STILL at this time. STILL can only afford 12 pages, comes out only once a month and I have so many stories I want to do. However, I will try to get a small blurb about VILE in the next issue of STILL. Bob Candiotti
—Santa Rosa, CA.

Dear Anna Banana May 6/76
I am returning the sample copy with the invoice. The library does not subscribe to children's periodicals.

Sincerely,
Dr. James H. Fraser
Library Director
(An "old-fashioned" Dadaist)
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Madison, New Jersey

'PAINTER, POET?' by Maurizio Nannucci





Dear Anna London, Jan. 23/76
Thanx for the lovely copy of VILE and your really great newsy letter about everybody and the productions of the magazine itself. Genesis and I have been having a think this morning about who might sell VILE, and have come up with the attached list.

Yes, do suggest to Bill that he xerox the table of contents and let me know more about how many pages, cover price, publication date, etc. That would be nice. Give our love to Monte Cazazza 'cos I'm never sure how to get hold of him and thus haven't been in contact for some time.

Ask Ray Johnson if you can see the 100 Swanqueen Countdown cards. Has he asked you for his letters back? He didn't ask me to send his back to him, but mailed all mine back to me last week. I wrote and asked what is going on—but ain't had a reply yet. Getting C. Nyle, I reckon.

Do you correspond with Bob & Rhett Delford Brown? or Mike Belt? They are nice. Also got a copy of FANZINI today from John Jack. Very Bizarre. He's having distribution problems, too. We are living in poverty here—like Germany in the 30s—but we'll carry on, I suppose.

Genesis, Cosey and Sleazy did a performance at the Architectural Association this week and freaked out all the students with blood, gore and other forms of self-mutilation. Oh, well, I'd better get back to work for our mean old publisher who don't understand why we can't survive on the pittance he pays us.

Much love to all, Colin Neylor

Mama Grittle's Old

NEW'S LETTER

IN TWØ PARTS



In November of 1976, the city of Sydney will be holding its second Biennale. I am presently conceiving of two projects to coincide with that occasion—and am looking for your participation.

The first is a kind of international YELLOW PAGES. So that you may be included in this listing, please send your name, address, and occupation (literal or poetically licentious).

"Advertisements" may also be included. An "Advertisement box" can be of the following sizes. (5½ cm. x 5½ cm.) or 5½ cm x 11½ cm.) or (11½cm. x 11½ cm.) or (11½ cm. x 17½ cm.).

These sizes may be used vertically or horizontally, but do not increase the sizes. Borders should also be included within these dimensions, and identification should be within the borders.

If you are using photographs or tone drawings, bromides must be made, - that is to say, they must be screen-processed into dots by a printer—if you are doing this, ask the printer to use an 80 line screen. Line drawings and verbal information do not need any special treat ment and can be used by us directly Photos taken from publications have already been screened and can also be used without special treatment.

There is no charge for having yourself listed, or for putting in an "advertisement box," but, to offset mailing costs, please enclose $1 so that we may send you your copy

The 2nd project is the SYDNEY SECRET EXCHANGE. Please send secrets in envelopes. A secret will be returned to you for every secret you send. The exchange of secrets will include a general public of visitors to the Biennale. There are no handling costs for participating in the Secret Exchange.

Your responses should be addressed to either·
tentatively titled.
YELLOW PAGES,
The Biennale of Sydney,
P.O. Box 470,
North Sydney, 2060,
Australia.
OR
Sydney Secret Exchange
The Biennale of Sydney,
P.O. Box 470
North Sydney, 2060
Australia.

I am hoping you will spread the world like peanut butter.

NOV 11

Raisin Date

Lots of Louwre

Terry Reid

Terry Reid's

MASK SHOW

at the

Mildura Arts Center



Photos by Sunraysia & Wentworth Camera Clubs

Barry Shepherd drinking through a snorkel at masked festivities night of the MASK/SHOW

Late in 1975, plans began to be laid by Terry Reid, Gwen Stainton and Geoff Tennant to develop an exhibition that would break through the barriers of tradition and do something new.

The MASK/SHOW seemed to be the theme that could accomplish this. If everyone was invited to do something (in fact anything they wished) with masks, then everyone could join in.

What began as a small idea snowballed into something huge. People kept asking "What is the MASK/SHOW? Is it a ball, an exhibition or a concert?" The show was all of those things and more. When performers in Sunraysia heart about the MASK/SHOW they promised to do everything from fan dances to mime.

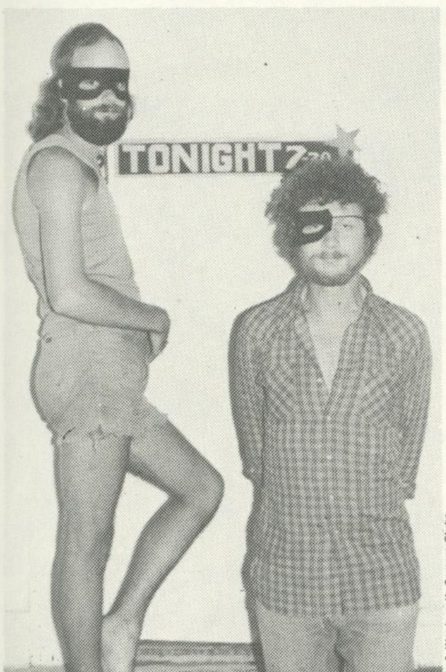


Photo by Sunraysia & Wentworth Camera Clubs

Mask and Half-Mask, Tennant and Reid.

The interesting thing about the masked productions was that they were not formally introduced, nor were they presented on a stage. No one knew who was a performer or when a performance was to happen. A guest would be having a chat with someone when a performance began, and find themselves surrounded by a play.

In many respects, the MASK/SHOW is a new idea in exhibitions. Most exhibitions in communities such as Mildura are package-deals that come from the Big Smoke. People may or may not go to the exhibit, depending on their interests, but when they go, they always go as an audience rather than as participants.

As well, invitations were sent throughout the world. The response was overwhelming. Masks flooded in from twenty distant countries, including Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Germany, Italy as well as many from South America and the U.S.A.

The mask worn by Tarzana B. Nana, (overleaf) was one of about 25 masks created in 3 weekends of paper-mache mask-making sessions at Dadaland, as participation in the MASK/SHOW spread across the ocean waves.

The reason for choosing a theme of masks is that it can catch the interest of anybody. Everyone has had experience with masks—as a kid, as an adult at parties or balls, or on the job as a welder, a nurse, while spray painting or scuba diving, to mention a few.

The point to reflect upon is that the words "MASK" and "SHOW" are opposites. That contradiction might reveal a lot—people wear masks to hide their faces, but the masks they wear can show a great deal about their character.

The show was presented March 5 through 29, 1976, with masked festivities taking place on March 12.

Extra copies of the glossey, 68-page catalog to this show are available at $4 for surface mail, $7 for air mail, from the Mildura Arts Center, P.O. Box 748, Mildura 3500, Australia.

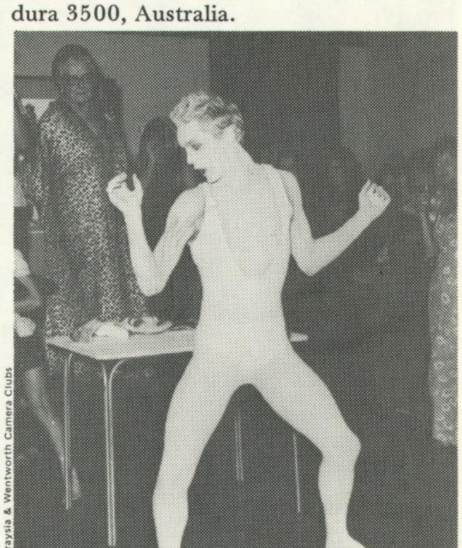


Photo by Sunraysia & Wentworth Camera Clubs

Ralph Eberline in search of an identity during masked festivities night at the MASK/SHOW.

• MILDURA • AUSTRALIA •



A Man and his Dog   Terry Reid/Noell Lucas

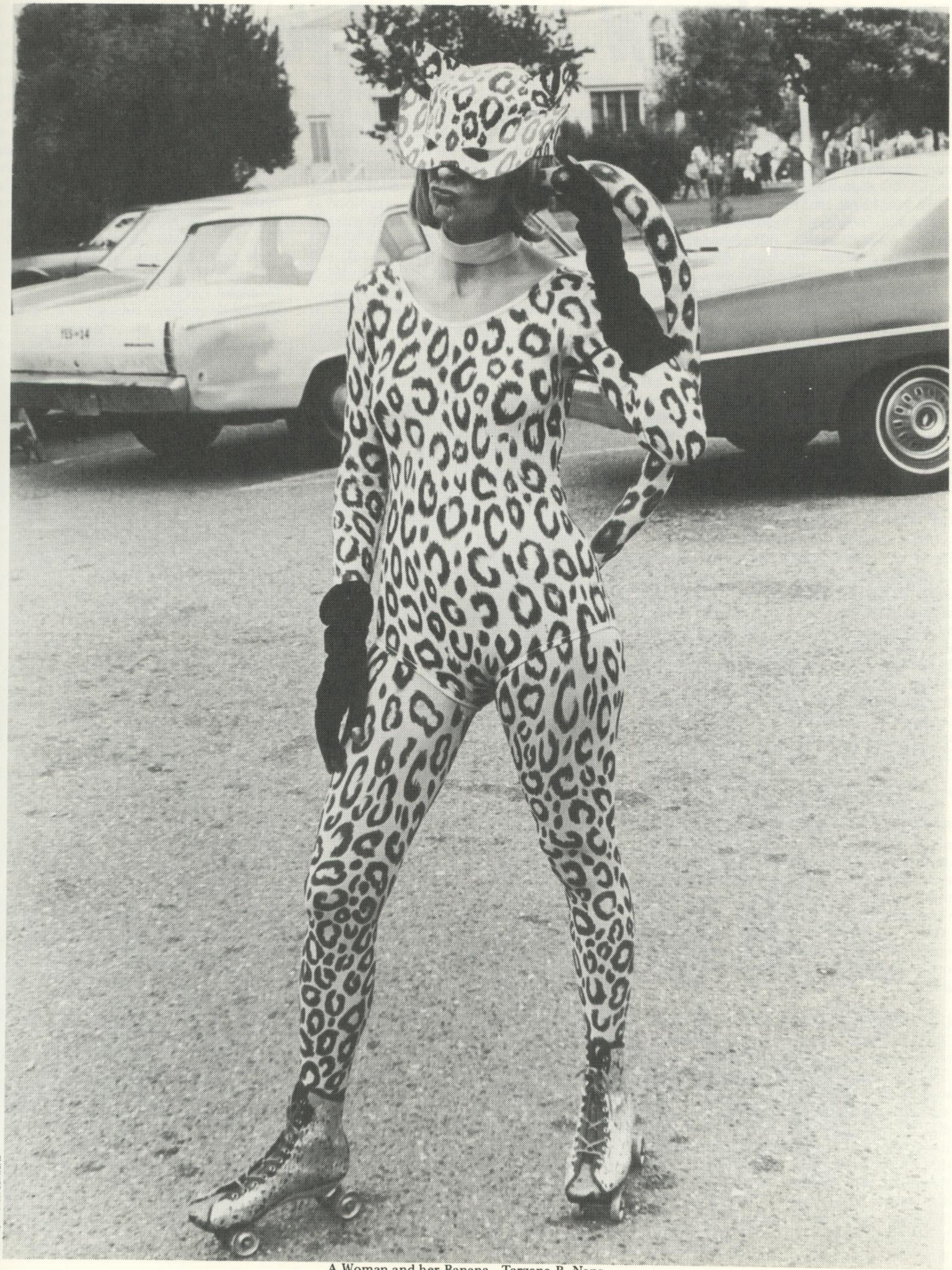


Photo by Michael Schwartz

A Woman and her Banana   Tarzana B. Nana

REGEN/RAIN by Wolf Vostell

Psychoasthetische Ereignisse zur "VENUS VON URBINO" von Tizian als decoll/age Happening im Stadtgebiet von Berlin am Sonntag, dem 12. September 1976 von 11 bis 19 Uhr.

Fur die freiwillige, individuelle Realisierung von Personen, mit Filmkamera, Lastwagen, Wasser, Briketts, Villenvororten, Krankenhausern und Telefonsystem.

Veranstaltet durch den NBK als Auftragskomposition fur das Festival KAHV —KAPROW ACTIVITY HAPPENING VOSTELL, Happening in Amerika und Europa vom 10. bis 13.9.1976 in Berlin.

IDEE UND PLAN·
Nach einer Besprechung und Werkanalyse von REGEN am 10.9.76 bilden sich 3 Gruppen von Personen, die am 12.9.76 an drei verschiedenen Stellen Berlins sich zur gleichen Zeit befinden und handeln.

GRUPPE A. SCHONEBERG 11-13 Uhr
Diese Gruppe soll nur aus weiblichen Personen bestehen. Ein 8 Meter langer Lastwagen ist mit 6 Brausen (auf jeder Seite 3) ausgestattet. Auf der Stirnseite der Ladeflache ist ein Berg von Briketts aufgebaut und auf der gegen-uberliegenden Seite eine Pyramide von groben Blechdosen (144 Stuck) Unter den laufenden Wasserbrausen zerschneiden die Personen so langsam wie moglich gegenseitig ihre Bekleidung mit Scheren. Sie unterbrechen dieses Verhalten in einem Zeitraum von 3 Minuten und waschen einzelne brikettstucke mit groben Bursten.

Das Kohlewasser und die zerstuckelten Kleidungsreste werden immer direkt nach den Handlungen in Blechdosen gefullt. Jeder Agierenden fotografiert einen anderen Agierenden mit einer Polaroid-Kamera. Das Foto wird ebenfalls auf der Blechurne angebracht, und soblad ein Anruf der Gruppen ABC eintrifft, wird entweder die Geburten-oder Sterbezahl oder das Wort NICHTS neben dem Foto auf der Dose vermerkt.

GRUPPE B: ZEHLENDORF 11-13 Uhr
Diese Gruppe soll nur aus mannlichen Mitgliedern bestehen. In dem Villenvorort Dahlem bilden sich Gruppen von 2 Personen, die liebenswurdig an einem Haus klingeln. Sie bieten dann demjenigen, der die Tur offnet, ein EI als Geschenk an. Bei Ablehnung des Geschenkes befestigen sich beide Personen mit Pflaster ein Baumblatt auf den nackten Arm oder auf das nackte Bein, bei der Annahme des Geschenkes wechselt jeder seine Schuhe, bei Indifferenz der Situation und der Antwort des Beschenkten waschen sich die Agierenden ihr Gesicht in feuchten Tuchern, die sie ebenfalls wie die Schuhe mit sich fuhren. Alle Ereignisse sollen sich ohne kunstliche Dramatik ereignen, es soll so wenig wie moglich gesprochen werden.



Photo by David Vostell

GRUPPE C: DAHLEM 11-13 Uhr
Diese Gruppe sollte aus mannlichen und weiblichen Auffuhrenden bestehen. Hier handeln die Personen nach Absprache gemeinsam. Sie telefonieren mit den Berliner Krankenhausern und erkundigen sich, wieviele Menschen bis zum jeweiligen Zeitpunkt gestoren oder geboren sind

Den Verlauf jedes Telefonats, Uhrzeit, Ort etc. wird von den Agierenden protokolliert. Bei einer Ablehnung der Auskunft durch eine Krankenanstalt pflanzen die Teilnehmer sofort eine Baumpflanze (Taxusbaum) fur den KUNSTLER-WALD, wobei jeder, der den Baum einpflanzt, ihm gleichzeitig einen Namen geben darf. Bei Erteilung einer Auskunft geben sie die Anzahlt telefonisch an die Gruppe en Schoneberg durch. Bei Indifferenz der Befragten geben sie das Wort NICHTS telefonisch weiter.

GRUPPE A: 14 bis 15 Uhr
Die Gruppe A reist von Schoneberg nach Zehlendorf und wiederholt die Arbeit der Gruppe B.

GRUPPE B 14 bis 15 Uhr
Die Gruppe B reist von Zehlendorf nach Dahlem und wiederholt die Arbeit der Gruppe C.

GRUPPE C : 14 bis a5 Uhr
Die Gruppe C fahrt von Dahlem nach Schoneberg und wiederholt die Arbeit der Gruppe A.

GRUPPE A 16 bis 17 Uhr
Die Gruppe A fahrt von Zehlendorf nach Dahlem und setzt die Arbeit der Gruppe B fort.

GRUPPE B : 16 bis 17 Uhr
Die Gruppe B fahrt von Dahlem nach Schoneberg und setzt die Arbeit der Gruppe C fort.

GRUPPE C : 16 bis 17 Uhr
Die Gruppe C fahrt von Schoneberg nach Zehlendorf und setzt dort die Arbeit der Gruppe A fort.

GRUPEN A B C 18 Uhr
Um 18 Uhr treffen sich alle Happening-Teilnehmer zu einem Erfahrungsaustausch im NBK.

THEORIE UND BEGRUNDUNG VON "REGEN"
Folgerichtig nach Marcel Duchamp, der die gefundenen Objekte als Kunst entdeckt hat, mache ich das eigene HANDELN und DENKEN als asthetischen Prozeb und damit als Kunstwerk bewubt.

Gewaltloses Agieren und Denken im Raum der Zeit sind psychoasthetische Werke, Skulpturen, die vergehen aus menschlichen Energien, -wichtig zur Fortschreitung der Selbstwerdung jedes Individuums.

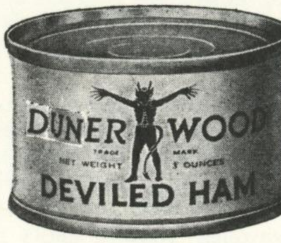
Tizian hat seine Zeitgenossen in besonders angenenhmen Verhaltensweisen portratiert, siehe die VENUS VON URBINO-obwohl damals neben der Schonheit auch Grausamkeit existierte, so auch HEUTE!

Jeder einzelen Mensch heute ist ein multidimensionales EREIGNIS. Dieses interphanomenale Menschenbild im ausgehenden 20. Jahrhundert mochte ich dem linearen Weltbild von Tizian gegenuberstellen. Durch Handlungen, die Fragezeichen und Ratsel sind, die Fragen stellen nach dem wesen unserens SEINS. Unter Einbeziehung von Natur-und Kommunikationsprozessen sol REGEN auch ein Stuck siebenstundiger Malerei sein. In der nachfolgenden Dokumentationsausstellung uber REGEN werden alle Objekte des Gebrauchs in den Aktionen, sowie alle Aufzeichnungen und Partituren neben Bildvorlagen von Gemalden von Tizian gegenubergestellt.

Berlin, im August 1976.



Photo by David Vostell



ATTENTION
you "ham-lovers"

WEEB GAINS THE UPPER HAND
—by Charles Webb

The way my butt might blunder into
a needle in a haystack,
my eyesight slides around the bus
and comes up with a man
picking his nose
I focus:spiffy young executive,
hump-backed proboscis.

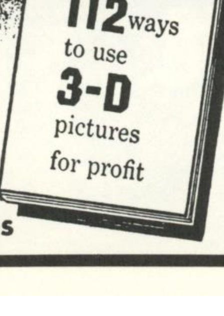
His finger digs, twists, lingers,
pops out balancing a black boulder.
Rat-like, his eyes dart here and there.
Then, casual, as if to aid
profound meditations,
he slips the finger into mouth.

He licks his lips, smiles,
feels too late my eyes all over him.
He flushes. Thoughts squirm
across his face. "Did he see?
Naw. Coincidence. Smart Aleck!
Fruit! What does he know?"

"Everything!" my smirk assures.
Pleased to grind a mental boot
into his cringing psyche,
I lick my finger, wave it at him
while my eyes crow
"Hi. Eat boogers dontcha."

"Grin and spread it thin!"

DUNER WOOD



A ROMANTIC TALE
B & ME by Rene White

Imagine if you will, a salty, sultry summer night in southern Indiana. It is 1971. Never Can Say Goodbye is playing on the radio, along with Wild Horses and Brown Sugar. B and Rene lay drinking wine in a meadow on a typical college campus, in the moonlite, transfixed by time. Their conversation goes something like this:

B: The only think I care about this summer is getting a tan.

R: You already have a tan.

R. I want to get BLACK.

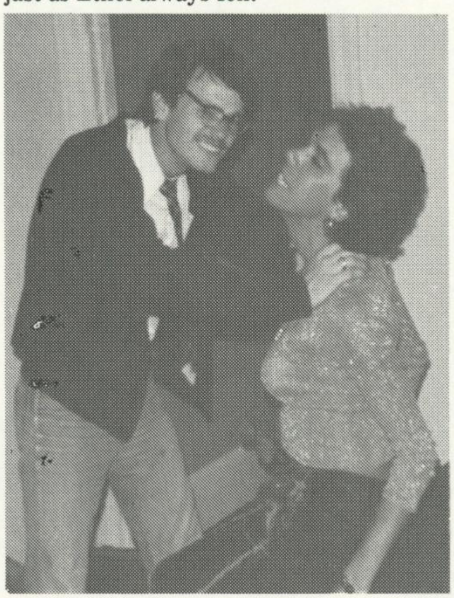
R. I think paleness is sexy

B: You would, you anemic asshole.

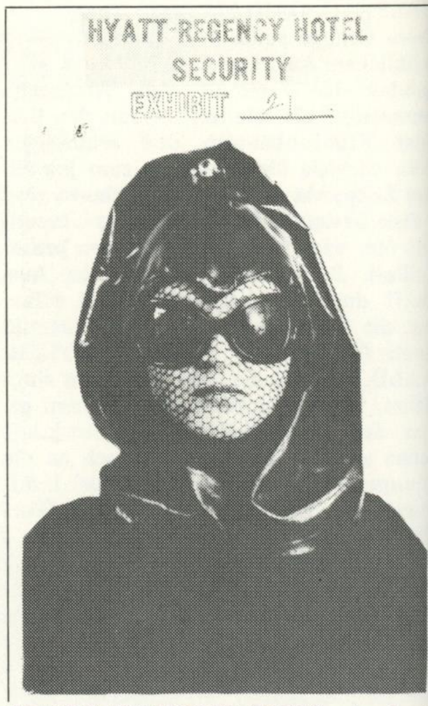
Love is strange and it is very strange between Rene and B.

No one is quite so tiny as B. The little hands, those teeny perfectly-formed exquisite hands, raking through the long sun-bleached hair in a gesture that was to become familiar to Rene. That hair that would soon be white, then chopped brutally short, then dyed green (quite accidently, without even an unconcious motive), then rakish, then severely sculpted. And now talk of henna? Lucy Ricardo?

Yes, it is appropriate, for if B is Lucy then Rene is Ethel. Falling for every scheme, through Rene's better judgement and more subdued nature always says no. No! No! No! B, that's stupid and meddlesome and devious. But Rene always falls, just as Ethel always fell.



What it is that ties Rene to B, that ravaged desperate drag queen. Well, what prompted Ethel? Perhaps Ethel enjoyed the humiliation and grief she suffered at the hands of Lucy Perhaps Rene is just sick and needs to be beaten. Beat me B. And when Rene is beaten, humiliated, utterly disgraced, degraded and disgusted, Rene can only say, "You make me happy —you complete me "



STARS IN YOUR EYES—A photo from a public appearance by Violet Ray in the lobby of the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Friday July 2/76. Soundtrack. Metello by E. Morricone. Jackie/Plus or Minus by Saand. Flashers, Lucy Domega, Mr. Tomorrow, Violet Ray, Gail Skybolt, Madame Fafoofnik, Jim Slotnick, Dr. Bru Glu and Maura Maura. Tourists & Rumor-Mongers, Cyc Clones, Angelo, Escala Dos. The Lone Assassin, J Vache.


Photo by Tip Top

Your editor, taking a moment out from commercial modelling, to be herself with friends.

B & ME Cont. from pg. 25

Some time was to elapse. Yes, B and Rene were fast friends, but circumstances separated them for a time. B was busy making the Schwartz myth. Rene was pursuing the quiet quest of the heart. But the seeds of the relationship had been planted, and silently it germinated in the deep recesses of B and me.

It happened one summer that B and Rene were both living in Fort Wayne Indiana, where they were both born (as well as Carole Lombarde and Marilyn Maxwell.) One night B's friend Tina came to Fort Wayne from Mechanicsville Ohio. Rene and B decided to treat Tina to a real night on the town, so they took her to Tu Lusa's Theatre Bar, which offered a Drag Show. The three of them sat together in the dark, smokey bar, tingling with the excitement of drag. They were within arms-reach of the performers. They drank three bottles of champagne (B's idea). B expressed his deep-seated desire to do Desolation Row in drag, a desire that is as yet unfulfilled. The most popular female impersonator that evening was Tania, who had hips and breasts like a real woman. After a particularly moving performance (was it Stay With Me?), as Tania was taking his bows, B shouted, "Lose some weight."

That was a very important moment for Rene. It was a moment of suffering and humiliation, and deep in his heart, Rene wished it had been him up on that stage, hearing those words.

It was then that Rene realized how deeply he loved B.

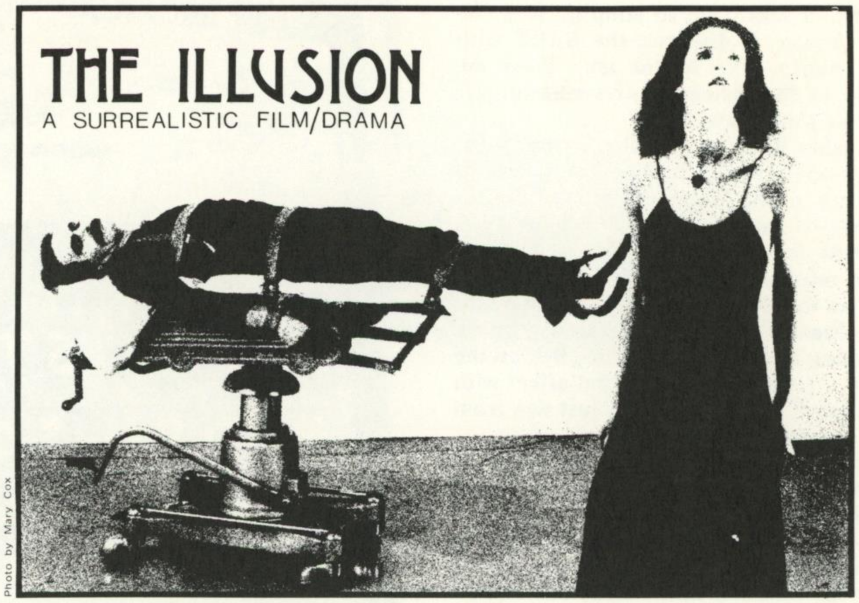
The rest is a sad slur of dates, names places, all of them flying in and out of Rene's consciousness, but one reality remained thru it all, the shining image of B, making each and every encounter somehow insignificant in comparison. Rene wanders the streets, haunts the bars, sweats thru the baths, stands at the urinals, but every face is just a grotesque, distorted replica of the image of B. All love falls short. Rene simply can't feel anymore. What has B done to Rene. No one can make Rene suffer the way B does.

And sometimes B is there. For a time, they are together in San Francisco. They get up in George and Martha drag and enact Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf. Its like old times. B hurls endless insults at the completely vunerable Rene. Rene just blubbers drunkenly, vodka running down the corners of his mouth.

As Tacky Jackie once said, "That's it B, if they don't fight back, kill 'em."

Rene has never felt the need to fight back. Why bite the hand that beats you?

Summer of '75. It was a summer to remember. B shows San Francisco to Rene. The Midnite Sun, Toad Hall, Andy's Donuts, Castro, Polk. As they are waiting for a streetcar one evening, a limousine pulls



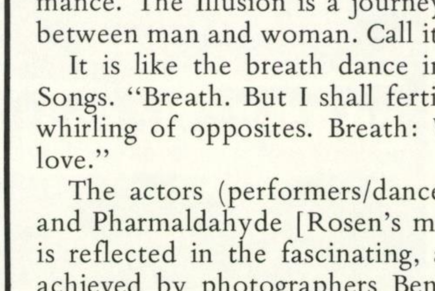
"Already a classic among the inner circles of the Neo." Tony D'Arpino/Odalsque

When I first saw Hesh Rosen's "The Illusion" I was reminded of Cocteau's "Beauty and the Beast." The Illusion (a surrealistic film/drama) is already a classic among the inner circles of the neo. Time expands like a flower (Black Rose Theatre) in a phantasmagoria of hermaphroditic mask and mime that combines film with live performance. The Illusion is a journey into the subliminal voice contracts between man and woman. Call it poetry Alchemical Cinema.

It is like the breath dance in Suare's translation of The Song of Songs. "Breath. But I shall fertilize your duality: In you will be the whirling of opposites. Breath: Which will transmute that gold into love."

The actors (performers/dancers) are Crimson Rose, Bill Gaglione and Pharmaldahyde [Rosen's moveable sculpture] The use of masks is reflected in the fascinating, and at times monstrous film effects achieved by photographers Benji Young, Red Croopnich and Denis Breit. Live music was composed and performed by Richard Alspaugh with voices by Ester Aviva. Lighting was designed by John Green. The cast includes Sharon Middleton, Lisa Stranger, John Le Fan, Magda Zyfer, Lynn Rogers and G.O. John.

The Illusion first opened in San Francisco on May 14, 1976 at La Mamelle Museum. It has also played at Dreamland and at Studio Eremos. The 19 min. 19 second video of the Illusion was shown at Video October [video art in a theatre] at the Capricorn Asunder Gallery in San Francisco; at the VII International Open Encounter on Video in Barcelona Spain in Feb. '77, and at "Open Process" a video show at Walters Gallery in Australia, also in 1977



"Hows hall I
love you? L
etme c unt
thew ays."
—Aram Boyajian

BACK ISSUES OF VILE
No. 1 Out of print
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No. 2/3 (4th issue—double international issue) $3/copy
Send your check or money order to:
Banana Productions, 1183 Church St.
San Francisco, CA, USA 94114

 Cont. from pg. 26

over and asks them to jump in. It is Mayor Alioto. B discusses the BART with Mr. Alioto. The Mayor says there are kinks in the system. B says reassuringly, "These things take time."

B takes Rene to Sausalito on the ferry They enjoy vodka martinis on the breezey sun deck. Walk around the quaint streets of Sausalito, have quiche in a restaurant where Mick Jagger once dined, then returned home on the ferry Standing on the deck, in the romantic moonlit San Franciscan night, they stare into the foaming frothing wake trailing behind the ferry "I wish I could get that affect with my hair," says B. Rene was just sick from the quiche and all the liqueor.

It is this quality in B, the ability to see beauty and style in the simplest things, that fascinates Rene.

B has always had problems with his bowels. He has always been very vunerable to sickness. Since Rene has known him, he has had hepatitis twice, gonnorea three times, mononucleosis once, and endless other diseases too numerous to mention. There was one particularly moving scene when Rene visited B in the quarantined ward of the hospital and B seemed so fragile and fading, looking so much like Greta Garbo in the final scene of Camille.

There was the time B shit in his car after taking Rene home. And there was the time B and Rene walked together down Castro Street with a sample of B's shit for the doctor (worms). B has endless shit stories, better told by B.

Rene has always warned B about drugs, because Rene hates drugs. B took "psychedelic" drugs before Rene met him, but then there was valium, seconols, qualudes, cocaine, you name it, B took it. Washing it down with Southern Comfort. Rene says, "Remember Dorothy Kilgallen!" Rene doesn't like to see B destroying that already flimsy physique.

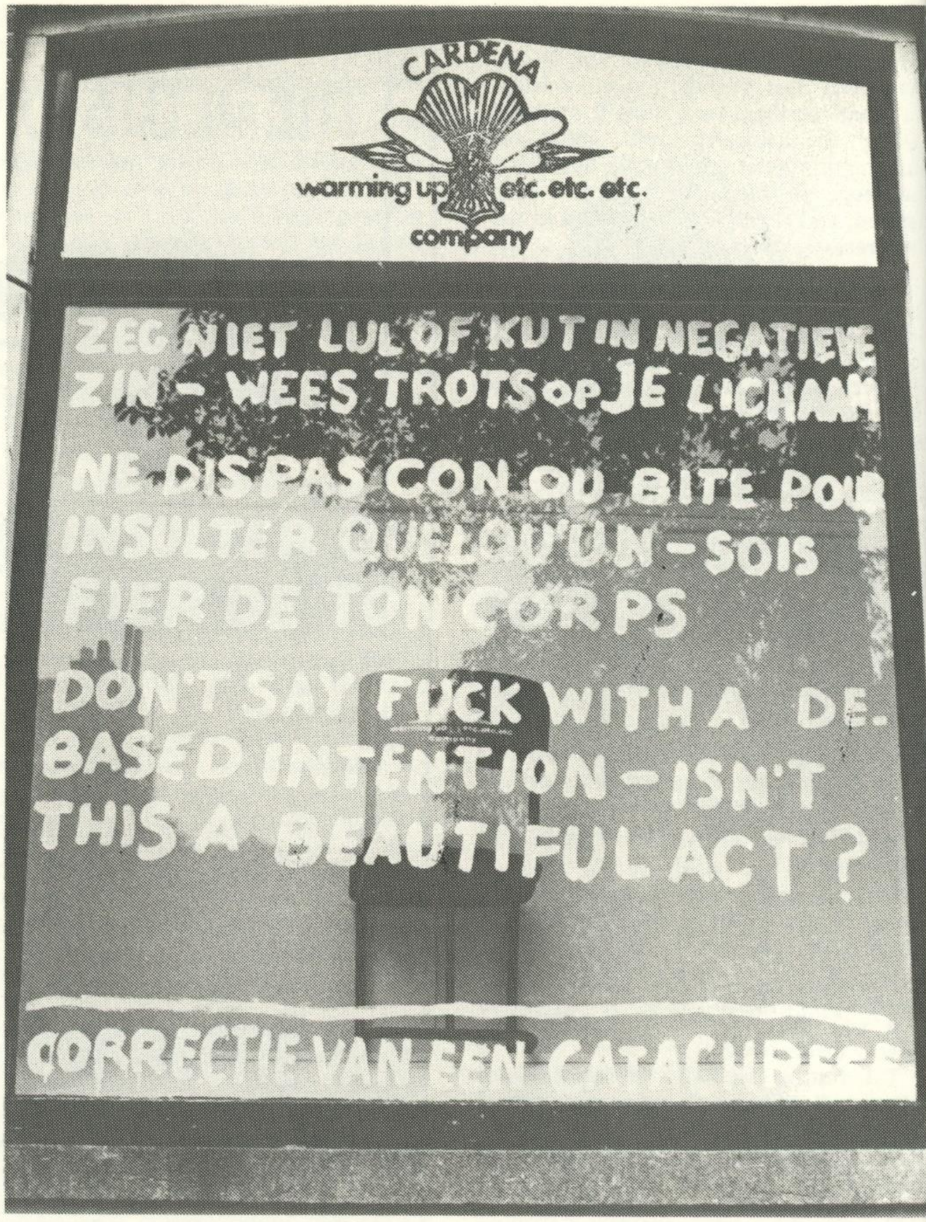
Meanwhile B goes on health binges and eats raw liver, asparagus, chicken gizzards. But Rene can always coerce B into going and getting a piece of pie or some donuts to take home.

If B is liver, Rene is sugar. And you can always talk B into eating sugar or getting drunk, no matter how he may protest in the beginning.

Oh the love of Rene and B. Sad sad sad.

When Rene and B are apart, they correspond via letters and cassette tapes. It is during these times that their relationship takes on its aesthetic shape, developing and becoming art itself.

When Jimmy Jordan died in a car accident on January 3, 1976, the day of B's 5th annual egg-nog party, ironically enough, Rene, stricken and incoherent, sent B the telegram. "Jimmy is dead. Grief purifies. Love, Rene White." The stupid woman who transcribed the message over the phone, however, misplaced the punctuation, and it read, "Jimmy is dead. Grief purifies love. Rene White." Perhaps it is the truth.



There is a story of what happened when B received the telegram, but let that be told some other time. The important thing is that the death of Jimmy Jordan seemed to be the final securing bond between B and Me. They were both devastated because both had loved Jimmy He was a poet, charming, sweet and good.

So Rene and B are bound by grief as well as joy And this grief grows into a beautiful black flower.

Rene once wrote a little poem which went:

Its B and me
all the way,
put Schwartz and White
together
and you get grey

Their love is a grey enormous sea which is at once desolate and beautiful. They are air and water, invisibly joined at the horizon, though never touching. Wherever B goes, Rene will go. If Rene commits suicide, B will be forever left unjoined, unfinished, looking for the mirror to reflect that image of desire and decadence. If B should one drugged drunken night choke on his own vomit, it will be Rene who will be sent adrift, aimless, on a sea that has no shore, having lost the one image that had given form to all the secret scintillation that lay dormant in his soul.

Without black, there is no white. Without white, there is no black.

Let B be brutal. Let Rene suffer and remain reticent. Let Ethel fall once again for Lucy's scheme. Let George once again be lashed by Martha's tongue.

For in the mirror of art, the image is always broken, and the breath that once clouded it over, dissolves, leaving only the naked image. B and Me. As art would have it. □

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Dear Dadaland Sunday, Sept./76

You may not remember me by name, but I am the truck driver that helped you move the cartons of VILE. The cartons were very heavy, but that is not what I am writing you for.

My whole life I wanted to be a writer. Like Harold Robbins. I wanted to sail around the world in a ship, visiting all the exotic ports and tasting the pleasures of a thousand different women. But I became a truck driver instead. I still write a little, but only when I'm writing a letter to someone. I find it very difficult to write unless I can get some feedback, or have some audience. And when I am writing a letter to someone, I like to still think I am like Harold Robbins and live in St. Tropez and talk French.

Being one who doesn't pay much attention to arty type things, I was very baffled when I looked at the issue of VILE that you gave to me as I was leaving your home

When I got home that night, instead of watching TV, I looked at your book. For a long time I looked at your book and could make no sense of it, whatsoever. It just looked like a bunch of scribbling and drawings by people who didn't have enough time to think clearly And yet these papers were bound, had a slick cover and a table of contents. This was a book and I tried to understand it.

There were a few pictures that I did like, though. Like the man and woman dancing. It would make great wallpaper.

But as I looked at your book for a longer period of time, I realized that your book did not have a theme, other than it being a collection of communications by mail. How strange, I thought, that people who had never met or never seen each other would communicate by mail. What were they communicating about, I wondered. So I read some of the letters and postcards in your book. And I found out that you were communicating about something called Dada. Most of the mail I did not find too interesting other than the ones in a foreign language. They were fun to read out loud.

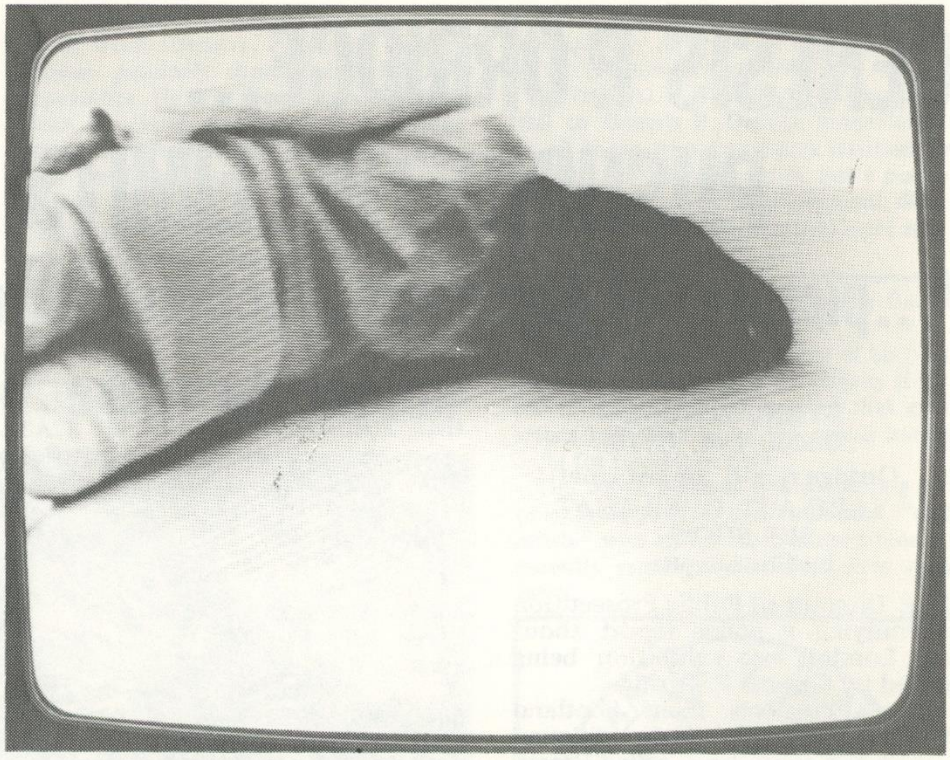
There was one, though, that interested me. It was by a Spanish guy, about where something is born and is not arty, but rather an authentic dossier of documentation. So I looked up the word dossier and found out that it was, "a collection of documents about some man or matter." And then I realized that that was what history was. And that if I contributed to some dossiers that I could be part of a collection. I, Joe Ox, could be a part of history

Anyway, Mr. Dadaland, I would like to ask you a favor. If I send you something, sort of arty, would you put it in your next book and make me part of history It would make me feel very proud.

But if you don't, I am finally going to go ahead with an idea I once had about truck art, a type of book that just tells about trucks and truckers. A book with letters and pictures and poems of real truck drivers. And with the idea I got from your book, I realize that I can get all my information through the mail. I can have authentic letters from truckers in Georgia and Germany and this will certainly give my book as well as my life a little more spice. So thank you for your inspiration.

And if you ever need anything moved again, give me a call. This time I'll buy the hamburgers.

—Joe Ox
—San Francisco, CA



FROM 'ENCLOSURES' by Nan Hoover

NAN HOOVER—Amsterdam. I work with video much as I painted, in the sense that I work completely alone, setting up my lights, camera and recorder; controlling the compositions by a monitor. I regard myself as an object that I move. At the moment I feel ready to record, the camera is turned on with my hand or foot In the early pieces, I used my paintings as a "second profile" sometimes speaking to or moving in front of the profile.

The "Enclosures" are in two parts, the black series and white series. In these I used white Bristol Board, moving in and out or along the board, making sudden or gradual changes of light. In the later pieces, using the Bristol Board as a form to isolate an area of light, I move within this area, again playing with the light changes.

Dear Anna March 12/76.

I received your photos with my adhesive-glasses. Thank you, very nice and interesting indeed. One of them is coming to be published in an Italian review of art. I'll make you informed. I enclose two of my unpretentious drawings that, I hope, you keep as a memento of GAC.

Within a month you'll receive a new catalogue:my third home-show. I enclose also four photos, but I'm going to send you a photo of all those taken in the garden of my house. I hope you'll be interested. You asked me a little text: I send you an extract of my life, taken from the Encyclopedia. For accuracy, on the human body I wrote the story of my life from the Encyclopedia. As soon as I'll get interesting news, I'll make you known.

Meanwhile, a bye, hoping to see you soon.

—Cavellini
Brescia, Italy

GENESIS P. ORRIDGE...
PUSHING THE LIMITS OF ART

"...pictures of ourselves in actions have been known to make people feel sick..."

EVENING NEWS—
London, Oct. 22/76.
Orridge report for law chief:
YARD ACT OVER THAT SEX SHOW
by Chris House

THE Director of Public Prosecution is studying a police report about the London sex exhibition being staged by Genesis P Orridge.

Two detectives from Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Squad visited the exhibition, called Prostitution, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts yesterday They spend an hour there taking notes of the display, but did not speak to any of the organisers.

A number of people have complained about the items on display and questions were asked in the Commons last night about why taxpayers' money was being squandered on such exhibitions.

Scotland Yard said today· "A report is being sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions."

Orridge and his troupe have received nearly one thousand pounds in grants from the British Council to stage shows in Europe.

One of the group, Cosey Fanni Tutti, has appeared nude in a sex magazine. Other photographs of her are on display at the ICA.

Further live shows at the Prostitution exhibition have been cancelled, according to the Arts Council. A spokesman blamed "adverse publicity "

The shows were to have featured rock bands and corseted strippers.

In an interview today Orridge claims that the exhibition is a practical joke.

"I would never have put it on if I had known people were going to be so upset," he said.

"I have been very naive. But the show has served its purpose. It was a parody of all that is wrong with the art world.

He said the show he took to Europe with British Council money had nothing to do with sex or nudity "They were displays of mime and movement."

The council has given Orridge a further 496 pounds to tour America and Canada next month.



Photo by Pedro Nicopaulus

GENESIS P ORRIDGE, ACTION: OMISSIONS, KIEL, WEST GERMANY—JUNE 1975.

THE 'OBSCENE' POSTCARD TRIAL

THE MISCHIEVOUS ART OF MR. GENESIS P-ORRIDGE by Ian Mather from The Observer —April 11, 1976.

Mail art has now become an established international sign language among artists and art administrators and some mail artists' output and their expenditure on stamps is prodigious.

Last week, however, mail artists in Britain were brought down to earth when a leading young artist was fined 100 pounds plus 20 pounds costs at Highbury Magistrates' Court, London, for sending five postcards bearing an "indecent" design.

It was the first time the Post Office Act has been used against a mail artist and the magistrates found the artist guilty under Section 11 of the 1953 Act on five charges of sending a postal packet 'which had thereon an indecent design' despite the impressive list of defence witnesses from the art world.

The case began when a sorter at Hackney noticed a postcard with a picture of a lady's bottom stuck on to a conventional tourist type postcard/photograph of Buckingham Palace. He told his supervisor and the Post Office's Investigation Division later picked up four more postcards with similarly offending designs.

They were traced without difficulty (the sender's name and address were on them) to one Genesis P Orridge, who has an artist's studio in Martello Street, Hackney P Orridge admitted posting the cards to artist friends abroad, but denied they were obscene.

Despite his outlandish name, P Orridge is one of Britain's leading young 'performance' artists, a type of art in which the artist includes himself in his work.

The court case hearing had been postponed because P Orridge was one of three British performance artists taking part in the largest ever show of contemporary British art, sponsored by the British Council in Milan.

The line-up of defence witnesses included Sir Norman Reid, director of the Tate Gallery, Mr. Ted Little, director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, artist Bridget Riley, art critic Richard Cork and author William Burroughs.

The magistrates, however, dismissed the defence of artistic merit as 'irrelevant.' Afterwards, Mr. David Offenbach, the defending solicitor, said an appeal was being considered.

Mr. Little said: 'The postcard episode comprises a small and peripheral part of P-Orridge's work, but this case is important. It constitutes a tremendous overreaction.

Though some people might find some of his work offensive, P Orridge himself appears genuinely shocked by his court appearance. He says Genesis was his nickname at school, and that the P Orridge part was added when he lived on porridge as a penniless young artist after leaving college.

He said: "I'll now have to do my older type of abstract collages, or even put the postcards in envelopes. I don't find it the be-all and end-all to use nude ladies on postcards, but I resent the fact I can't do it.

EXERPT FROM: "THE REMARKABLE CASE OF GENESIS P-ORRIDGE AND THE DIRTY POSTCARDS

"And yet, despite the weighty testimonies of some of the most prominent figures in the world of international art, Genesis P Orridge was found guilty The evidence given is as follows:

1. William S. Burroughs, author of the underground classic novel "The Naked Lunch"· "Genesis P Orridge is an artist and not a pornographer."
2. Bridget Riely, founder of 'Op-Art' and the most prominent female artist in Britain. "He is an artist of integrity and dedication."
3. Sir Norman Reid: "I have no doubt that Genesis P Orridge is a serious artist."
4. G.M. Forty: "Genesis P Orridge, however unconventional his form of art, is thoroughly serious in his intention and seems to me to come into this same category "

The magistrates contemptuously overruled these testimonies, dismissing the defense of artistic merit as "irrelevant" and fining Orridge 20 pounds on each of the five counts. Private National News takes up the case because, in the words of Orridge's defending solicitor, "this case is important because it constitutes a tremendous over-reaction." Furthermore, extreme irregularities were shown in the conduct of the Court.

In practice, judges or magistrates will not accept that 'indecency' cannot actually be proved, and will find a path round this argument. Which is where 'beyond reasonable doubt' comes in. Clearly, there must be times when a sufficient percentage of any society's population are offended by something to warrant, beyond reasonable doubt, the description 'indecent.' A jury is therefore seen as the only realistic choice for trial in the case of alleged indecency

Thus ten persons out of jury or twelve must decide that their reactions to any alleged indecent object, design, etc. is an offence for indecency to be proven 'beyond reasonable doubt.'

Genesis P Orridge was tried without a jury—just three magistrates aided by the locquacious Chief Clerk. Messrs Robertson and Offenbach were not permitted by the Clerk to submit any argument for a juried trial to the magistrates, and so subsequently have sought leave to appeal on the grounds of a mis-trial.

NATIONAL NEWS SAYS: Grant a retrial to Genesis P Orridge immediately As all those who know him testified, he is quite obviously an artist, not a pornographer. And, issue a government directive to Highbury Magistrates Court redefining the role of the court.

FROM: LONDON LETTER, The Guardian, Saturday, April 10, 1976.

Orridge admitted that some of his postcards were "vulgar or a bit cheeky if you see it that way" but stressed that great artists had been using the naked human form for some time now.

The whole business was something of a breakthrough for contemporary "mail artists" who spend most of their time apparently sending each other dirty postcards.



A LETTER

GENESIS P ORRIDGE

Dearset AB —Jan. 10, 1976.

Thank you for thee new VILE. It arrived on Friday January 9/76. What a lovely way to start thee new yearera. We have been getting viler in our actions too. Made a videotape called COUMDENSATION MUCUS which was mentioned in thee letter you printed in this issue. Has me slumped in a corner of a white room in black slumkid clothes. Like an empty sleazy flat or mental home cell. E am wanking, a milk bottle near me. Then gradually E end up with lit candles, old tampax, syringes of piss and milk, feathers ALL hanging out my arsehole. E coumtimes remove one and chew or lick it. Camera fades every so often to Sleazy who has deep gash on his arm which he is stitching up with ordinary needle and thread without aneasthetic and as he pulls needle, his skin is pulled upwards and blood and puss oozes out. La-

GENESIS P. ORRIDGE Cont. from pg. 30

ter he stitches pictures of young boys fucking and mutilated in accidents to his sewn up battered flesh forearm. In background are sounds of radio and muted voices as if coumone is in flat next door aware of this scenario, yet unbothered. Its truly really beautiful videotape.

Have sent copy to CAYC video show in Antwerp. You will have read about Southampton E guess, in Art and Artists, so you can see how things are evolving. Anyway, this VILE is best yet, in fact, E think it takes over as mail art leader mag now E am listening to Rock & Roll animal live cassette through our 350 watt PA in studio. Its incredibly loud. So E can't hear this typewriter. That's how to hear it. We have made a new LP tape called DRY BLOOD TAMPAX and are starting our own record label called Insipid Records. Ready to release our first album of alien rock as "Throbbing Gristle and thee Xerox Girls." Buying an echo chamber next week. Then we are set to go. Should be pretty VILE racket and grovel amputee shuffle. It really is an excellent issue with all my favorites like Mustill, Monte, Al Ack, works fine. Funny to see how far coum have moved since those photos of me. You never can tell anymore. E read in paper thee other day about an old man who died in a block of council flats in Hackney.. No one realized he had died at first, then a policeman broke in. Thee old guy had two alsatian dogs and as they got more starving they had started to eat their master's body TRUE. He had to tell thee court about how he found thee flat. Described one alsation on bed guarding thee old man's forearm and hand like a bone, bits of thigh, buttock and face had been eaten too. They found little bits of man all over flat. Truth is more VILE than fiction.

The poster E sent Bill is from Amsterdam Action where E was really whipped, covered in vomit till E pissed myself as thee finale to tape of Charles Manson singing—on Easter Sunday too. And to think E REALLY was a Sunday School Teacher at 17 years old!

Cosey has been coumtinuing her Prostitution Actions to support our coum actions. Thee Arts Council have stopped our grant midway, say we are inaccessible (and obscene). Talking of which, E am being threatened by thee post office here. They have seized two of my collaged postcards and made me sign a statement. They say its obscenity through thee post. Now you know me, would E ever send anything rude in thee mails? E now have a rubber stamp saying .UNSOLICITED PORNOGRAPHY and also as E no longer know as mail keeps vanishing in transit ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

On 21st this month, we do action at Architectural Association, London, then in Feb. we do The Birth of Liquid Desires at Hatfield Polytechnic, near London. End of Feb. we go to Galleria, in Milan, to do two actions called "Towards Thee Crystal Bowl." In between times trying to sort out our filthy rock banned as well. So you can see, we are very busy

E have lots of VILE pictures couming my way these daze. Unbelievable amounts, pathology corpses, open fani fuck dribble pics, pasolinis corpse pictures actually scrounged from thee coroner's office in Rome through a guy we know there. And pictures of ourselves in actions that have been known to make people feel sick. And what is nicest is we never act. Only problem is money and time. Now we are really underground again, finance is harder, we survive by prostitution in every form. Butter that's integral to our way of death anyway Please print more pictures of Monte Cazazza. He's the grate beast.

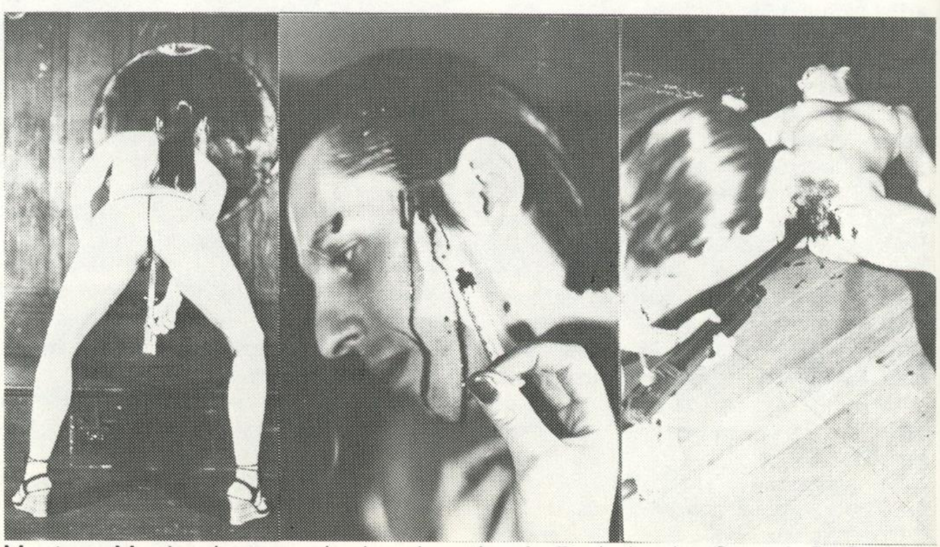
Lay in bed this morning thinking of an event for you. You find a randy businessman. You prick tease him. You try to seduce him, get him real horny, then just as he tries to stick his cock up yr cunt you say no. You trick him into raping you. Only get him to insert real slow and vicious. Revel in each centimeter of penetration. It's called Anna Banana's Revenge. You throw him out if he don't run away Then, two years later Bill Gaglione hangs around and follows thee guy, punk sees mark. You eventually kidnap businessman and torture him to death in revenge.

You strap him to bench. Then, very slowly you get a rusty razor blade and you slice around his scrotum a centimeter at a time, gently lift it away, watching his balls drop to bench between his legs, and juices trickle, still attached by thee tubes. Then you cut thee tubes. Then you insert razor blade at the base of cock and slice into thee piss tube and then right up through nob end too. So you have split it into a flat opened out bleeding cock.

If too much blood is spurting, get Bill Gaglione to throw water on it every so often, from a bucket. Then you pull flattened cock round under his crotch and over his arse and sew it to him like a fleshette G string and then let him go.

E hope you like that story E think its good fun. E have loads of daydreams like that.

—Cari Saluti, Genesis.



Mystery Movie photographed on location in Berkeley by Genesis P Orridge Make-up by Cosey Fanni Tutti Models—Monte Cazazza and Cosey Fanni Tutti November 1976 © (copyright) by COUM

BUSTER C. VS GENESIS P.
a friendly exchange

Dear Genius, January 9/77

Boy are you a dumb fucker. The letter I sent you about your art was before I met you in Chicago. My opinion of your art has totally changed since I saw your performance. I almost threw up but ultimately I was too bored to get it up. Then I saw more of your disgusting shit in R. Mutt's "Transfer Series" and I knew I was dealing with another Limey lunatic. I should have never wasted my precious time writing to you in the first place.

You should follow your countrywoman's example, Bridget Riley. Now that's art. When I returned to the West Coast and talked to Anna B. and Dadaland and we talked, they were very relieved that they had missed your trite show when you played in San Francisco. I bet you didn't even spit in that fascist pig MONTE'S face like I suggested. I told RAY JOHNSON about seeing your performance and he told me about seeing GILBERT & GEORGE in New York and how bored he was by it all. He agreed that Limey art is shit.

Since you were the first person I gave a DADA IS GOD blank to, where the fuck is it? If you still have it, shove it up your ass and don't bother me any more, please.

Love and respect,
Buster Cleveland

Dearset Bustup, 24th Jan. 1977

Well hi there bearded shit face. E received your ignorant letter thee other day and dropped everything to tell you what a fart you are. E certainly don't remember meeting you in Chic-Art-Go, E guess you must have been one of those many instantly forgettable art troglodytes that were hanging about trying to be liked by everyone. Being liked , it seems, is thee main objective of US arti-farties. Hence all thee decorative sterile crap thee US spawns as intellectually justified art. A nation of art wankers on thee whole.

Well cunt, E aint interested in being liked, E just do marvellous things. And Monte too. Though E must admit he is disgusting; he tied me in a chair and dialed thee facsist party on phone and held it against my ear till 7 am in thee morning, that's true too. If you thought what we did at NAME was disgusting, you should have seen us at L.A.I.C.A. in Los Angeles. Chris Burden, John Baldessari and a girlfriend walked after 15 minutes out thee door saying, its sickening and disgusting and its not art. E told you we don't do art butter you wouldn't believe me; take Chris Boredom's word for it, he MUST be right.

Monte sleeps in a bed with black satin sheets draped in a NAZI flag. That's true too, and thee room is grey like a prison cell, with little window in thee door. He is crazy, E was real glad E could get away from thee old beer cans and cockroaches and razors.



Nov. '76. Model—Monte Cazazza, make-up by Cosey Fanni Tutti, photo by Genesis P. Orridge

And you think E care about any of that provocative shit in your letter or any of those ego trippers in SF? What do E care what any of you think with your dumb arse games trying to become recognized by default. At least old Christo has style.

No, E fucking didn't spit in his face, after all would you when you had a loaded shotgun pointed at you straped in a chair like poor Gary Gilmore. As to your DADA is God blank, E return it forthwith in thee same pathetic state it was in when you sent it to me. Do you think E would waste my valuable time doing coumthing good for an idiot like you? Why E hardly know you and my mother said E should never speak to stranglers.

Who thee fuck is R. Mutt? E never sent him anything. E have heard of Ray Johnson, isn't he that bald nigger in New York. A Black Oak of Arkansas has-been. Thee only SENSIBLE thing you said in your whole letter was that Bridget Riley's art is GOOD ART, fuckin right it is, she's a REAL artist. Fuck off,

Cari salutim, Genesis

GENESIS AT LAICA

A Review by J.Scott G Los Angeles 12/76

COUM's concluding performances of their "Cease to Exist," seen here in part 4 (Nov. 23 at LAICA) and part 5 (Nov. 24 at I.D.E.A.) were a fascinating glimpse into the ongoing stage-art investigations of the COUM team: Genesis P Orridge and his sister/partner Cosey Fanni Tutti.

The act at LAICA was a ritual purification, involving both symbolic and realistic elements including bloodletting, defecation, uninary actions, and primitive body decoration. Perhaps one-fifth of the audience found some element of the act impossible to accept mentally, and their exit was recorded on film as an additional event (not part of the COUM action.)

By contrast, the final act of "Cease to Exist" at I.D.E.A. was soft and lyrical. The same props (twigs, syringes, mirrors, etc.) which were used in such an incred ble manner at LAICA were here simply and slowly gathered together. The hanging columns (just string, really, but majestic all the same) were cut down with scissors and added to the neat stacks. Then Genesis and Cosey dressed in tandem before us, stood facing each other in silence, and waited. They kissed, and, with a glance at their arrangements of props, left the stage.

It is unfortunate that all parts of their events cannot be presented for each audience, but Genesis and Cosey, articulately acknowledging the problem, say they plan to utilize film to fill in the gaps for a wider segment of their audience in the near future.

COUM is literally performing a service to the art world—making the action of art both startling and open.



PORTRAIT OF A TUNE
BY ALBRECHT D.

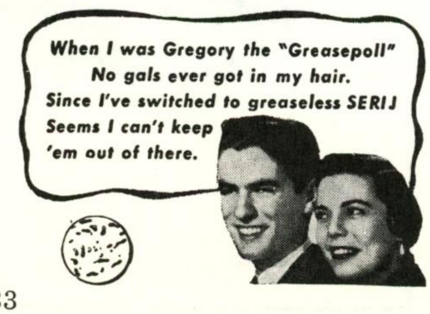


hats off to

MOUSE INTO SEXPOT

—Arron Hoffman

Completely lost in her words
your eyes closed to everyone
not in the room
wear a blue suit sans ascot
take her arm on the street
squeezing it every so often!
Laugh at her jokes,
appreciate, appreciate
she is the funniest man in the world
ask her to unscrew jar tops
your hands aren't strong enough
to uncork the wine,
leaning against her ever so slightly
body contact is always a come-on
make her think you can't keep off her
(maybe you can't!)
pale-tinted glasses are
teasers, so are ringlets, take
a drag from her cigarette occasionally,
yes, it's sexy to comb
your hair in her presence, never
answer the phone if it rings
no explanations, be mysterious, let her
watch you put your braces on,
but no other paraphenalia!
wear a shirt with
two inces of bare midriff
when you raise your arms,
stick a wad of cotton saturated
with cologne inside your windsor knot
hold very still when she touches you . .
this will invite more!



FICTION

CONFESSIONS of a 20 Century Man

—by Sam Scotland

(Editor's note: The material contained herein may be of objectionable matter. Therefore, the reader assumes all responsibility for manner in which it is received and possible effects it may have. While we do not make any claims to truthfulness of this piece, nor do we condone, or suggest these to others, we feel in the sake of Art, justified in presenting this work as received by us.)

—Martian Censory Board, 45-78500.

"Gentlemen,

I have been meaning to write you this for some time now. It's a rather difficult thing to put into words, and as I'm not used to putting these things down, you will have to forgive my awkwardness at this long overdue letter. You may think me mad, but I ask you to bear with me in this endeavor.

We had been drinking tequila, and we killed him. It wasn't difficult but nor was it easy It seems rather plain to see it written out just like that..."We had been drinking tequila, and we killed him." I've thought about it many times and all the events leading up to it and all the things since. It makes no sense.

We knocked him over the head and dismembered him while unconscious. We used butcher knives, pocket knives, there was blood all over the place. The warm organs had a smell about them, of rottenness and vile dreams. We threw these at each other, splatting them against someone's head or falling against the wall with a sick demented laughter. We stomped what was left of the body, slipping on the blood and entrails. As no one would bother us, we left the mess for several weeks.

The smell attracted some dogs that we let in and shot. They were left also. Some children were brought in and twisted apart. Their screams mixed with our laughter into a racing frenzy stopping with a snap on their part or someone throwing up on our part. Now, I have never liked machines much, never had much use for them,but a machine gun, throwing out ounce hunks of hot lead have such nice possibilities. The noise and jumping movements of things hit with bullets is a unique spectacle. We piled them in the middle of the room.

We were afraid the people downstairs would complain so we killed them too. Life on the line is not pleasant. Move 'em down, tighten 'em up, move 'em down, tighten 'em up, move 'em up, tighten 'em down. I want more, everyone else I know



RION GLUE

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

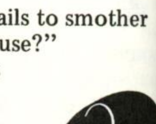
OEDIPUS IN MODERN DRESS

—John Nist

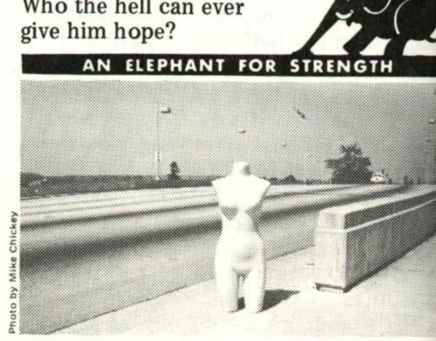
After the blood and the sirens
and the horrible smashing of things,
after the grunt-gasping din and the racket
in the emergency ward, thirteen interns
finally overpower the maniacal brute
and strap him
eye-screaming loud and mouth-gagged
mute into his prison cell
of the strait jacket.

At six-seven and two-eighty, he is still
a lost and runaway child,
terrified at the thought that this wild
urge within him to kill
and to kill and to kill
every woman who reminds him
of his mother
is the direct result of
her incestuous abuse.

He sobs now, as helpless in limb
as he has been in heart,
and a tired psychiatrist fails to smother
his yawn of "What's the use?"
—I have no science or art
by which I can cope
with this man's problem.
Who the hell can ever
give him hope?



AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



does too. 15,000 pounds of three-quarter-inch wing nuts dropped on Joe Smithson. He had it coming. He thought we were crazy with our haywagon parade. He used to call us buggerheads, but he was an asshole anyway

We make more engine components than any other sub plant in the conglomerate and them fuckers that don't show up, don't show up again, unless they're a C-18 or got some contacts. We're gettin' more, by god, which is good, and a case of wing nuts to them which ain't. It seems the security chief here is experimenting with light devices. We don't know what they are but a short burst cripples a man for several hours. As his ranking entitles him to, he particularly enjoys knocking out whole subcar-fuls of traversers. He is a Pussy Last week gelatin took out twenty subcars in a searing stink of ugly people melting with munch faces and roaring flesh. It was a horrendous sight and the cameras caught the color just right over and over and over again for the home entertainment units.

The assholes sitting in bars and at home fucking animals and robots never get out into the field. We taped grenades to their asses one night and set them up for an on the spot blow away They died hopping around like chickens. One of the grenades was a dud, and the guy it was taped to was in shock. When it didn't go off, we all started laughing, and then the unit crews started too. The guy slowly started to laugh too, slow nervous laughter in short bursts at first, then a hugh crescendo. He had the funniest look on his face when it finally did go off. He was in the middle of a laugh and it sorta gurgulled and died as he did.

"We gotta" they said rather, "you will.' I see the posters everywhere more gelatin, more grenades. They ain't going to make me switch, so they come to see you. You either start using them, or get your ass blown off. Some prefer to go out on the entertainment unit. We check out as many as we're supposed to and that's that. I've caught some of them coming around, and we'd cut and stomp, cut and stomp. The kids are more fun. Sometimes taping grenades to the little ones and throwing them at them was a whole day's work, to do it right.

Why do we do this? It is good for you. Everything every day, everywhere. I melted the whole east branch office one day when they were particularly getting to me.

No way to get transferred off the line. The cripple cut off the legs of a particularly well stacked G-1. She ran after the laughing gimp on her bloody stumps as far as they and her hate would take her, waving a carbine, getting off a shot or two, killing a lineman and damaging se-



"Jones could get ahead easier if he'd only use Wum!"

COMPANY MAN Charles Webb

His farts fizz like wet firecrackers
shoved up his fat ass.
One will fill an auditorium.

His mother had a moustache
which she wouldn't shave, on principle.

Everything he owns
smells of puke and dirty socks.

He loves to read
about earthquakes and starving babies—
says it serves them right.

He sees himself as an intellectual,
ahead of his time.

Drunk, he talks dirty to barmaids,
pretending he's had them all.

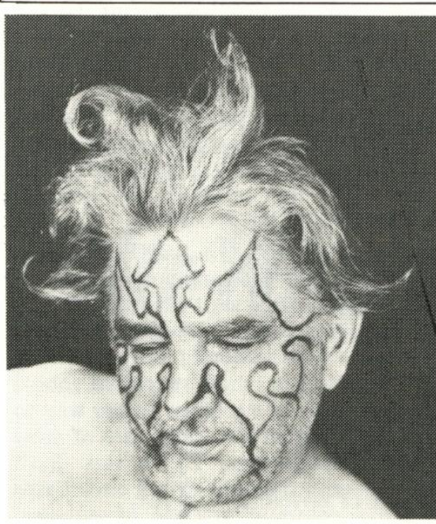
(They play along for his fat tips,
and speculate about a prick's prick-size,
starting at 3 inches, working down.)

His laugh is like
a donkey's scream of pain.

In dreams he pulls the legs off dolls
to lick the stumps,
and wakes slobbering, "Ma-Ma"



WUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



BERN PORTER as an Abuaki Indian, Hung Dog Platte, Maine, at the cremation of Chief Fry Hoe, charged with triple adultery and double incest, spring of 1974. Photo by Anne Brazeau



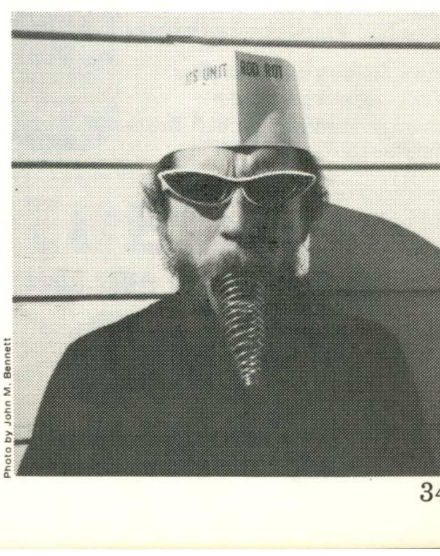
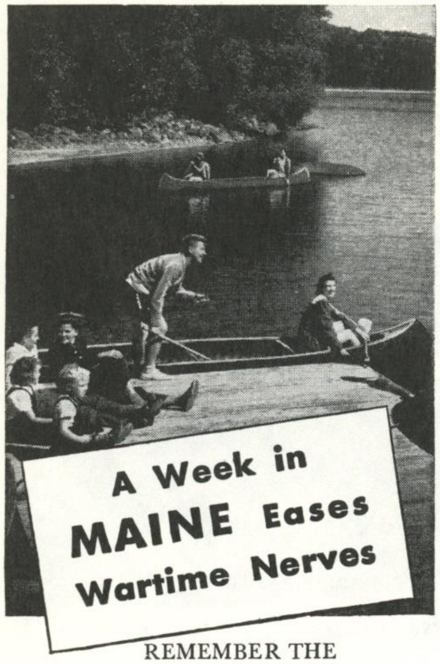


Photo by John M. Bennett



REMEMBER THE
KOOL-AID WINO PARTY?

He took a small jar of
Confederate General Peanut Butter
out of his briefcase
and lifting her blouse
began to smear it wantonly
over her belly button.

It was an outie
and definitely without
redeeming social value.

She cried, "Bravo!"
like a librarian
in an aborted Mexican romance.

Then producing a spoon from her purse
and a pint of watermelon ice cream
she pulled up his shirt
and dumped a scoop
pink and melting
into the deep throat of his innie.

Neat fit!
Everybody stopped to watch.

Pretty soon
tossing off clothes
like an escaped laundromat
in a San Francisco earthquake,

their licking and mingling,
fucking and giggling
made a kind of Mitchell Brothers
hamburger out of dessert,

not unlike Richard Brautigan
unbuttoning his fly on Halloween
and pissing rainbow trout.

—Bontempi





HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

CONFESSIONS OF A 20C MAN *from page 34*

veral F-28 combinations that took several hours to get serviced.

The other broads from the C-1 got him after forcing him to eat them out. They broke his back with bites and fists. Hell hath no fury like a G-1 scorned. The worry gets them mostly The dragged, hyped-up flesh cutting their brains for centurys has rendered most of them nuts. Some of the more normal ones have reverted to mating habits of certain insects and spooks, wherein the organ is severed from the impregnator and cooked much like Polish sausage and eaten. In most cases, the rest is either mutilated or flash frozen to be eaten later. They believe "It is good for you" more devotedly than us liners, who know better. Which accounts for the continual stream of recruits for the special corps. We like to get one or two alone and fuck them silly then smash all their toes and fingers with ball pien hammers, telling them if they're not good the Easter bunny won't bring them anything.

Most of them die, but there is a growing cult of pulpy-appendaged broads that wear Easter baskets and hold ceremonies. It's kind of a standing joke, and Ball Pien Hammer sales are up, and everyone knows it.

The Scientists have several hundred laboratories set up on our sector, studying those peculiar insane specimens given to individual illusions, ranging from religious fanatics, to Pacifics and psychotics of all kinds. They subject them to whims of their fancy, denying them violence and forcing regular sex. A favorite game of the Scientists is to pretend logic or rational, leading the patients on. Agreeing with their insane fantasies. One guy didn't think anyone was trying to kill him and it was only this peculiarity that brought him to the attention of the authorities. These cases get front page coverage, and usually after a story, there will be several cases of people jumping on the bandwagon, telling the most ludicrous stories of no one trying to do them in. They are usually hustled away

Three more guys got Ball Peringed to death today and the foreman was high on something, so they shot him too. It's no use. They just bring in another. Some of the robots are becoming rather humanoid. Last week a whole subcar of robots delivered twins to a woman on her way to nowhere. The factories take care of most of the baby gardens. The robots don't seem to derive much kickback circuit zips from our common practice of violence. They are programmed in our likeness, but they are stupid contraptions and blast themselves to smithereens as often as not by pointing their blasters the wrong way They have looked into this, but the problem hasn't been solved yet.



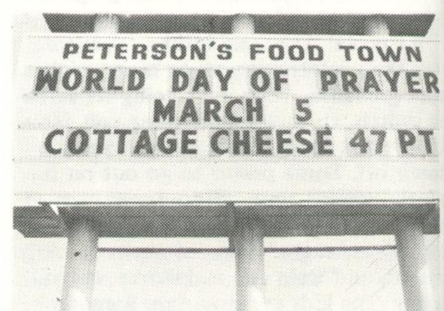
ARE YOU A

LIGHT SLEEPER?

Hear the clock strike every hour? Cat walking around sound like a horse? Every squeak a scream for help? Then you're using the wrong psychological approach to slumber. The right way?—read this •

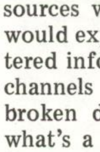
THE DOG BARKS —Michael Cooper

more than anything at this point i am an arsonist. It is the only way i can be, anything less amounts to surrender, and this i am not prepared to give into. the dog barks:bravo! So long and farewell, hail and farewell-where did that come from? Something tells itself what time it is. Why not? Any reasonable attempt at explanation would only serve to give evidence to the enemae with which to bear witness against the sane and identical causality. It has been made quite clear to us by sources which we cannot reveal, (as this would expose the only accurate and unfiltered information available to us), that all channels of communication have been broken down, without hope of repair—what's a mother to do??? Sit tight—hold fast—take a deep breath and swallow it! Now—isn't that worse/better? If you think you understand this, please keep it to yourself.

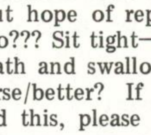


NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—



THE COMPLETE SEURAT
What's the
Get the
It's not polite to
Don't you see the
-blank
-er
ed
of view
of no return
-illism
Aram Boyajian



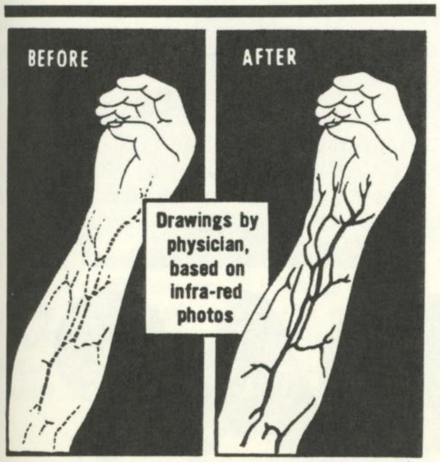
Artificial Ear Drum

I don't know where they keep getting these foremen from, but we know they do, and taking them out has become more of a break-time activity rather than anything to do with getting ahead. Some crazy suds salesman came through and killed several before he left singing "Babo Tune Times Square, The Horse is the Cheese and I'm a chair." I never could stand those sentimental songs. Some judge was caught refusing a bribe and put away Grenade sales are up and the daily quota is higher yet. It is approaching the ridiculous. One just doesn't have the time to possibly use all them, but you have to take them anyway I've gotten accustomed to taping several together and leaving them with timed fuses around the Food Joints. We hold these to be self-evident. The War in the O-46 sector is going along fine.

Today, I was thinking about the guy, like so many others, that we killed. The particular guy I mentioned at the start of this letter stands out in my mind. I think it was the look on his face, tho I've seen many without this peculiar reaction on my part.

What I have to say next I do after much thought. I know already what your reaction will be. That I'm demented, stark raving mad, and should be put away I don't care anymore. That man, on that day, the one we killed, that man returns to me in dreams smiling sweetly saying, "it's all right It's All Right! IT'S ALL RIGHT!!!!"

This time, I see him this time, and it makes sense this time. It's beginning this time. I give you back your grenades. I will kill no more. You are all crazy The robots have better sense. There will be no more cut and stomp. I will expect your agents presently, however at this time I would like to formally request to be placed in the State Looney Bin called "Earth" Thank you for your time and consideration, and stay the fuck out of my delusions on earth, you bastard Martians." □





"HERE'S HOW I DID," says WULTON LE F IS, JR., WOL— Mutual Washington Correspondent.

—from THE GATES OF MERCY
—BY Sterling Kelly Webb

"Come back to bed, and I will stop your snarling,
Bitch! I have a better way, my darling,
Of forgetting all the debt we owe
To bloody-fingered truthful Time. You know
Our one desire the body cannot buy
With any coin, so there's no need to cry;
My love's as empty and as vain as yours:
The lover's art's no diff'rent from the whore's.

Our traffic in each other merely buys
a moment's disrememb'rance from our lies;
We lay together, mingling sticky thighs,
With kisses only meant to smother sighs,
And mutter promises we'll never keep
Beyond the dawn they're made in: never weep."

But in the bed where soul and body meets,

We tear love's meats
Bloody from the bone,
And mock ourselves, alone,
Spill whiskey on the sheets:

"I'm thankful for the favor
Of your loving soft deceit;
I've always loved the flavor
Of a piece of rotten meat.

Here in our stinking bed,
I know that in your mind
You wish that I were dead;
I love you who are kind.

Love, only the kind can kill,
And only the good can hate;
So I am waiting still:
I've nothing to do but wait.

Come, love my sullen soul,
Love, 'till your own soul warps;
You cannot make me whole;
You cannot kill a corpse.

Someone who loved me then
Is dead and long since dust,
But I remember when
My love was more than lust.

Roll over off your back,
You little boy-assed bitch;
Give me another crack:
I love you when you twitch!"



Rite Whock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

For economy and convenience buy Rite Whock by the carton and save.

EYE-NEGE

SAFELY Relieves TIRED, SMARTING EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-NEGE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-NEGE

Guaranteed by Hood Gousekeeping — Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein

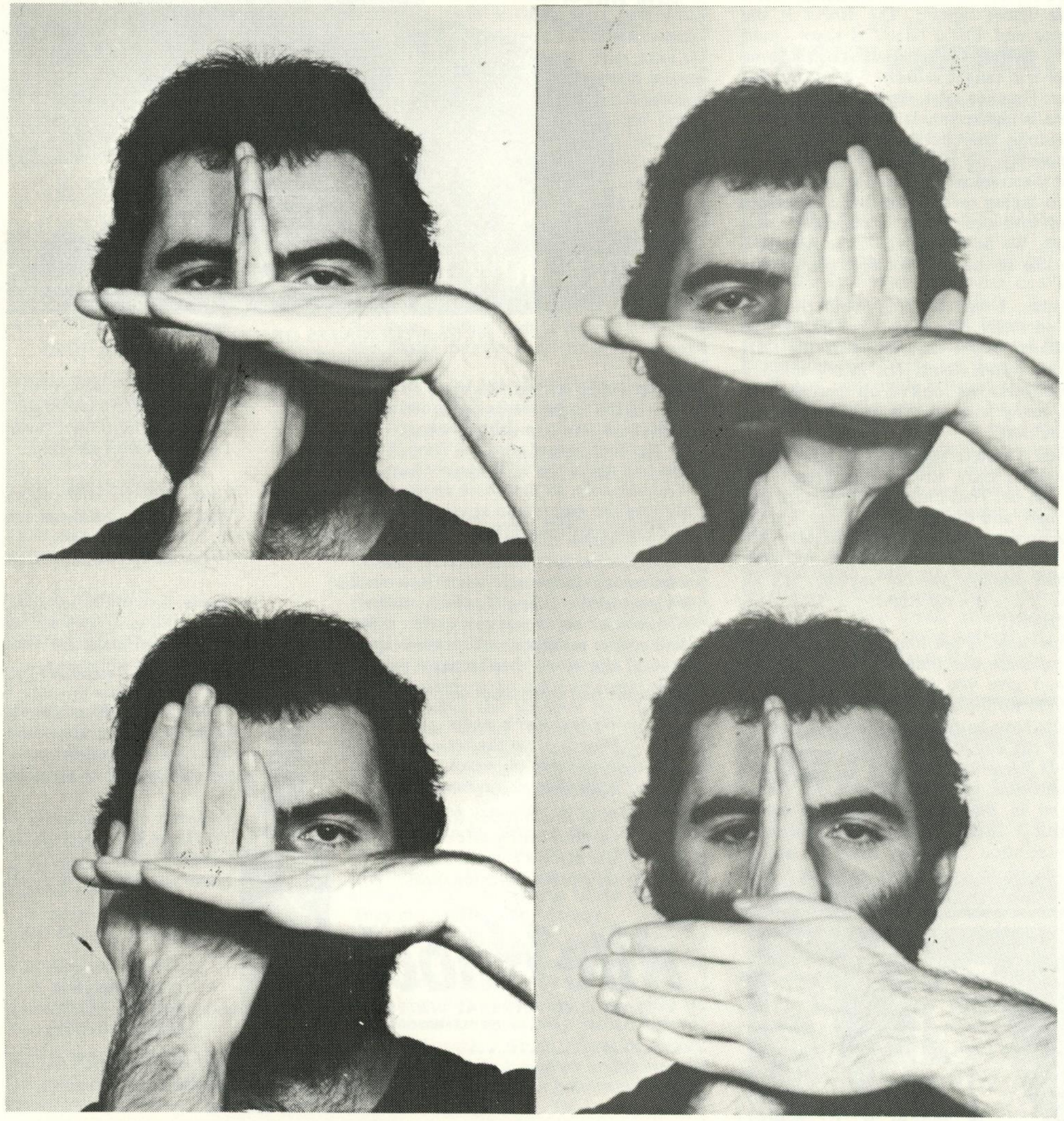
Druggists. Insist on EYE-NEGE!



Dull morning look...

Snap back with dazzle!

WHAT'S WITH

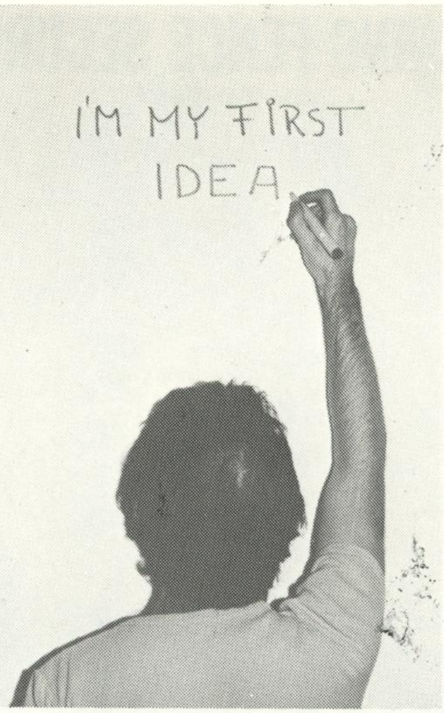


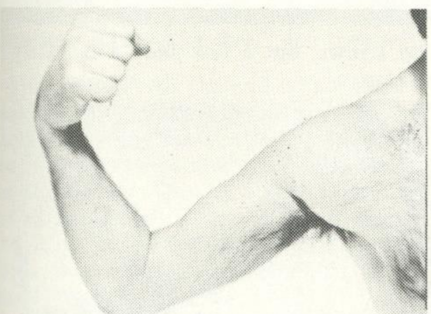
THIS DADA?

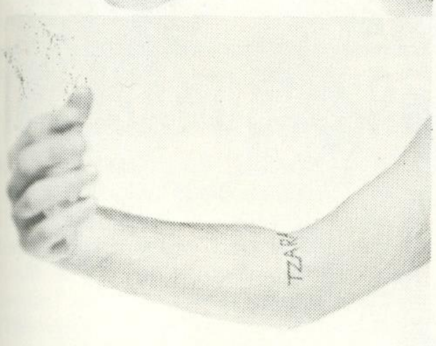
GÁBOR TÓTH

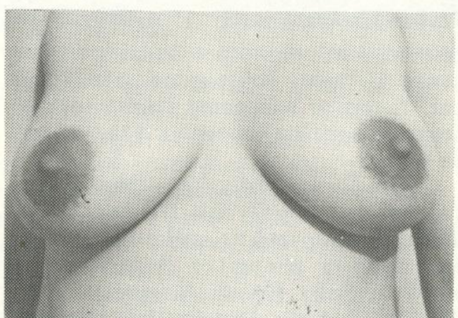
The Marcel Duchamp photo is the first basic piece of a serial. I'm now working on the other parts of it. I'll send you a copy if it gets ready I'm planning to realize the basic idea/ the lifting of the breast/ in a one-minute film, too. This film will be ready this March together with another one. The title of that would be "Art Trivial" Shall I send you a copy? Can you use it?

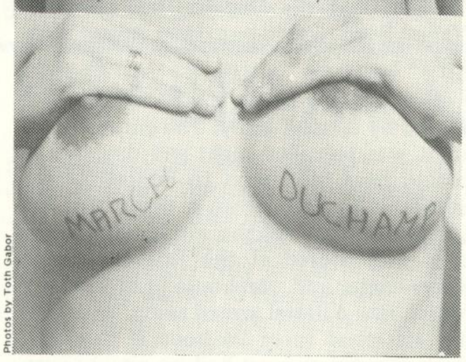
Hungary











Photos by Toth Gabor

Dadanna Jan 29/76

I still have my dried frog you sent me SOMEPLACE! Nothing goes on in my office except computerized, catagorized, mundane, routine, stereotyped, programmed mistakes of capitalizm at its best.

And I've just seen VILE at its best. Think I'd like to see R. Nixon and his family on the next cover. I'm ready for "NOSETALSIA" For the "Halo brace—HALO EVERYBODY—HALO"—Jack Benny, 1948 for Halo Shampoo.

—"Morty" 1976
Trenton, MI.

Anna Feb. 19/76

I saw Michael Morris walk through Robert Bucker's harpsichord door last Saturday and I almost fainted. Later at Jim de Sano's movie all the other Filers appeared and I got to do an AA Bronson smile with my fingers pushing his cheeks spread. Wish you could be at the WHO is Shelley Duvall Meeting. Sal Mineo will be there.

I was told and know an AA Bronson secret I said I wouldn't tell anyone and haven't. I'm having a show in Naples (yellow).

Love yr. banana-hands rubber stamp. Really nice. Please send address for New

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Dear Anna Oct.31/76

I was just sitting here going bananas by myself after a bizarre evening threatening to read Ghost Stories, several of which did get read in fact, but not by me, thank god since I Was Out of Control, took the wrong acid at the wrong time of day

Life is full of such little problems. The big problems—the Design, the Paste-up, the Haircuts—always get postponed when I'm concerned. Somehow they get done. But they always get postponed.

I took your rejection slip to be an Acceptance. Of me perhaps. A mash note even. Say Hi or whatever the equivalent to Brad and Bill. I'm sure they're very busy They were always very busy We knew each other when

When? I'm resubmitting. Something new this time. Not poems. Just Pieces. Some my eye has caught in one newspaper or the next. Some I found on billboards. Some I wrote myself. I treasure it all. If there's something here you can use, xerox it off. I'd like the originals back. Who can find such stories everyday?

I'll include a SSAE to make it easy I'm soliciting contributions for the Encyclopedia Bananica. You a funny lady

—Sincerely,
John Ross
Retired Monster

Anna Banana, Dear Jan. 7/76

Today I can help you with following proposal: send me the old issues of VILE and Banana Rag, also the postcards. A little advertisment we can publishing in the next issue. Send me the date of publication and when you must have the ad. I send the money immediately after your answer.

Now some words about the activities here in Aalst: This year we open our Museum of Information official. A private sponsor has given us the spaces. Firstly or our museum will exhibit all sorts of publications/documents of art after 1945.

New Reform is sponsored by myself and my wife, the minestery for cultural affairs and some friends. Personally I do no artistic work. Just I make arrangements and organise exhibitions and I'm writing here for a newspaper.

I propose to you that I prepare an article about the Bay Area Dadaists. Also an exhibition is possible after this year. O.K.?

Happy New Year —Roger D'Hondt
New Reform Gallery
Aalst, Belgium

Art Examiner newspaper. Never saw it before. —Ray Johnson
—Shelley Duvall Fan Club
—Locust Valley, N.Y

DADAISTS CRACK RUNNING FENCE SECURITY AND HAVE FUN

—B.P Hagofen
Still Staff Writer

By one in the afternoon, Valley Ford (pop. 125) was packed to the rafters. Hundreds of gawkers, hawkers, talkers and walkers milled around. And at least a score of Christo's private security people were out—wearing their yellow Running Fence T-shirts and white hard hats—trying to keep the traffic and the jokes moving. In addition, there were all kinds of cops—clad in splendiferous uniforms—dutifully patrolling the area in cruisers, on motorcycles and on foot.

Hardly anybody noticed when an innocuous looking, sky-blue, slightly listing 1967 Plymouth station wagon pulled into the parking lot of Valley Ford Market. Out of the driver's door stepped Polly Ester Nation, looking like a character from a Tom Robbins novel and holding her famous bear skin rug with the plastic silver trout in its mouth. She placed the rug beneath the car, with the head of the bear peeping out from behind the rear tire. And from the shotgun side of the car erupted Buster Cleveland himself, with the clear blue eyes of a five year old, and the maturity to match. He had in his mouth the ever-present Kool, and was dusting off a Salvation Army double-breasted suit jacket. From out of the rear door emerged Christopher Diurni, an underground guitarist who lives in Mendocino.

Polly Ester pulled down the tailgate of the station wagon, and began setting up a display of her Jesus collection, which includes the controversial Jesus Jigsaw Puzzle. You've never seen so many Jesuses in one place.



Photo by Still Magazine

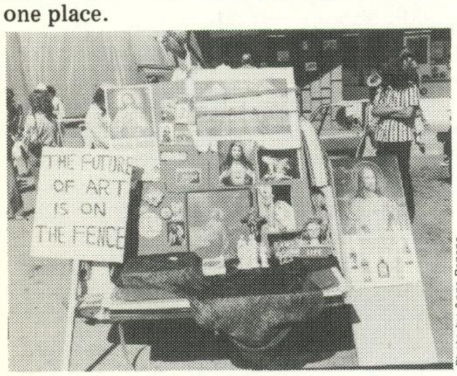


Photo by Anna Banana

And then Anna Banana arrived, playing tourist in a plain jumpsuit, rather than her usual banana regalia. Only bright yellow thongs and two banana patches in her rear pocket gave away her identity... that and the fact that she arrived with Dadaland, who is a good example of what can happen to a nice Italian boy who gets mixed up in Dada.

By this time, the station wagon had become the focus of considerable interest. Christo's security people and tourists alike, wanted to know what was going on. Buster placated them all in his inimitable fashion, while the other Dadaists (six or seven of them) congregated around the car. A regular happening started to take form, and what a happening it turned out to be.

"Does Buster really have some Running Fence fabric?" This is what all the Dadaists whispered to each other as tourists snapped photos of them standing next to Polly Ester's Jesus collection. This is what the Dadaists had come to Valley Ford to find out. Does Buster have Fence?

If you don't know, that fence was protected by a small army The entire length of it was patrolled night and day, and it would have been next to impossible for someone to take down a panel without getting caught. All the surplus Fence panels were stored at the Running Fence nerve center and warehouse in Bloomfield which was a literal armed camp, with police stationed there 24 hours a day. Unauthorized personnel had no way of even getting on the property.

Yet there it was. Buster was spreading it out on the ground. REAL RUNNING FENCE FABRIC in the possession of a maniacal Dadaist. Christopher Diurni got in the middle with his electric guitar. The Dadaists wrapped him in the Fence material and tied him with a red ribbon. Out of the shroud came a cord, and the cord was attached to a battery-powered amplifier held high by Princess Kopotkin. The National Anthem came out of the speaker. People stared at the shroud, stared at the speaker, and stared at the Dadaists who were madly taking pictures of everything and everybody Was it art? Who knows, but a few people definitely did clap.



Photo by Anna Banana

Diurni was unwrapped and the Dadaists next decided to wrap an outhouse, with Princess Kopotkin inside. In no time at all the privy was completely covered, a big crowd was watching, the Dada show was really rolling along, when, on the scene appeared Max Shumway, Christo's chief security man in Valley Ford.

"What's going on?" Shumway asked.

"Dada," replied Buster.

There were three or four Sonoma County sheriffs with Shumway One of them told the Dadaists, "You're under arrest." The reasoning of the lawmen was transparent: Here were some "unauthorized personnel" with Running Fence fab-

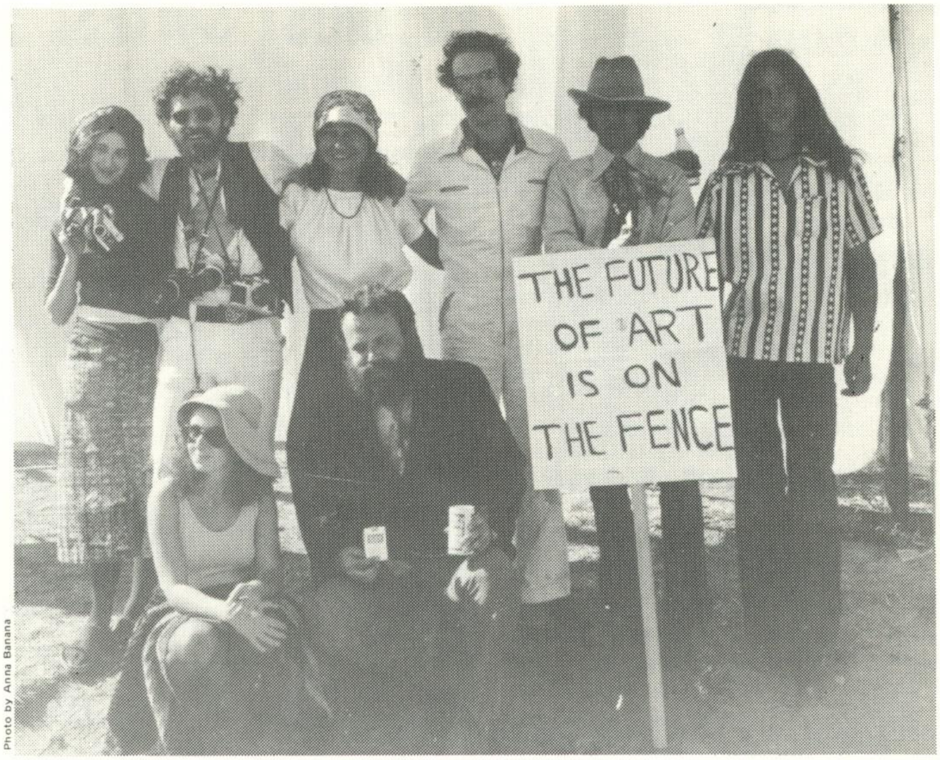


Photo by Anna Banana

Mendodadaists and friends, L. to R., back row: Princess Kopotkin, Steve Caravello, Polly Ester Nation, Dadaland, Bob Candiotti, Christpher Diurni, front row: Nicolo Vanzetti & Buster Cleveland.

ric, but only authorized personnel were supposed to have it. Therefore, the material must have been stolen. The sheriff told the Dadaists, "Don't nobody go anywhere."

A few of the Dadaists started to remove the fabric from the outhouse. Max Shumway stopped them. He wanted to keep it on for evidence. But he was immediately informed that "a young woman" was trapped inside, so Max valiantly tore away the wrapping and assisted Princess Kopotkin back to the light of day. The Dadaists alternated between worrying about getting arrested and making light of the whole thing by taking pictures of each other, the cops, Max, etc.

The sheriffs called Christo's wife—Jean-Claude—and told her some lunatics had been apprehended with Running Fence fabric, and all she had to do was give the word and they'd be booked, one and all. However, the sweet and beautiful Jeanne-Claude demurred, and requested the lawmen to confiscate the fabric, and let the Dadaists go. So, the fabric was thrown into a pickup truck, and removed from the scene. The sheriffs told the Dadaists, "Have a nice day," and they left

This couldn't be the end of the show, could it? No! there's never going to be another Running Fence—the caper had to continue. Buster packed up Polly Ester's Jesus collection and the bear-skin rug, got all the Dadaists in the station wagon and they barrelled over to the Running Fence headquarters in Bloomfield to amaze, amuse and raise a general stink. They were the biggest thing to hit headquarters in days, but they didn't get the Fence fabric back.

That night—in retaliation for having his show stopped—Buster again penetrated the Running Fence security and sprayed graffiti on a panel. Buster called it "a nine syllable haiku of the lower form." It said "DADA...DADA IS...DADA IS GOD." It was discovered at dawn on Sunday morning, and word travelled fast that the Dadaists had defaced the fence. The Christo people couldn't believe that even a DADAIST would write something so incriminating, so they surmised that someone outside of the Dada group must have done it, in order that the Dadaists would be blamed. However, Buster was eager to take credit for the sabotage. "Sure I did it," he told everybody who asked him.

THOUSANDS AGREE IT'S "B C" FOR HEADACHES

—Buster Cleveland
Sept. 1976.

MY NIGHT OUT IN TALMAGE
(Buster's Story of Mendodada)

I was working late at night on the posters for the Dada show. I needed a pack of Kools to get me through the night so I decided to go to the Town and Country (Talmage's only bar) to get a pack. I took my son's bike and rode on down. I walked inside, went to the cigarette machine, bought my Kools and started to leave when this dude asked me if he could buy me a Budwieser. being the kind of person that would never turn down a beer, I said yes.

He started telling me how he had just returned from a Kentucky blue grass festival. He said he was a musician, played piano and saxaphone. By this time he was pretty drunk and kept buying me more Budwiesers. Then he asked me if I would like to hear some of his music. I said yeah. He walked to the piano bar and I followed. He asked me what I would like to hear. I asked "How about I'd like to Get You on a Slow Boat to China?" He proceeded to play that and Sentimental Journey, Sting, Unchained Melody and It Ain't me, Babe. The bartender was getting pretty uptight with this guy and since we were the only people in the bar, he probably wanted to close anyway

So I left and the dude followed me out the door. He asked me if I'd like to smoke some really good dope which he said was at his house. Of course I said yes and we proceeded to his place, he walked and I rode the bike. At the door he was too drunk to find his keys so his mother let us in. She was wearing a tight fitting red satin gown, she must have been 65 or 70. He whispered in my ear not to mention the marijuana. She went in the kitchen to do something. We went in his room and smoked a joint. Then he asked me if I'd like to hear some more music and I said OK.

Back in the living room, he sat down at the piano and asked me to sit next to him. His mother was sitting across the room listening and smiling. I was wearing cut-offs so he stuck his hand up my pant leg and started fondling my cock. Then he asked me if I wanted a blow job and being the kind of person that would never turn down anything, I said yes. So he propped me up against the piano with my ass on the ivories and sucked me off. All this time his mother was sitting there smiling and watching the whole thing going on. After I shot my wad, his mother asked us if we'd like some steak and eggs.

Finally realizing the bizarrity of the situation, I said no. Under great protest from him and his mother I said good-bye and got the fuck out of there, went home and went to sleep...passed out and didn't do the posters until two days later.

BC

the "B C" formula
quickly soothes headaches,
neuralgic pains and
minor muscular aches.

TABLE POEM —Michael Gallahger

I am standing
cock and heart
in hand/and
both are hard/
my thoughts if
you knew them
would alert you
to the danger
both have in store
for you/
did you think I
was kidding when
I told you I
wanted you to shit
in my mouth?/
did I?

And what did I say?
And did you answer?
And who was there to see?
My final fling,
my breath taking
ball busting
bowel moving
leap into the abbys?
You my dear one.
My only one.
My myrmidon.
Even you backed off,
face screwed up
like a rinsing mop.
And were those tears of sorrow?
of joy?
of rage?
Were you afraid of me?
of enuresis?
of failure?
Did you datenate my movements
lest you make the same mistakes?
Having seen it happen to me
will you go on?
be able?
Or will catatonia be your fate
your reward for patience
and willingness to be obscurred
obscurring.

FUTURIST SINTESI at GALLERY 591

BLASTING WITH BARK!

—by Bark Blarett

The curtain opened with Gaglione in a delicious costume of brutal basic black. Gaglione, as Mr. Domineer never looked more criminally handsome. The audience was next exposed to the topless talents of Ron Illardo (Ms. Dominatrix), giving head to a life-sized plaster statue of Christ. Then, as if Illardo's lustful lips were not enough, Gaglione, Illardo and Christ went on to sodomy, beating and bondage, with the Cookies singing "Chains" in the background.

The sick and sadistic menage a trois was finally broken when Monte Cazazza appeared. The star-author came out grasping a vibrating, fully powered chainsaw as if it were nothing more than a mail-order dildo. Then, with all the terror of "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" (the best film of 1974), he tore into Mr. Christ who at this point had been degraded to slave-boy status.

The exuberant audience begged and pleaded for more punishment. But Cazazza, our unmoved master executioner, makes us wait till the next event.

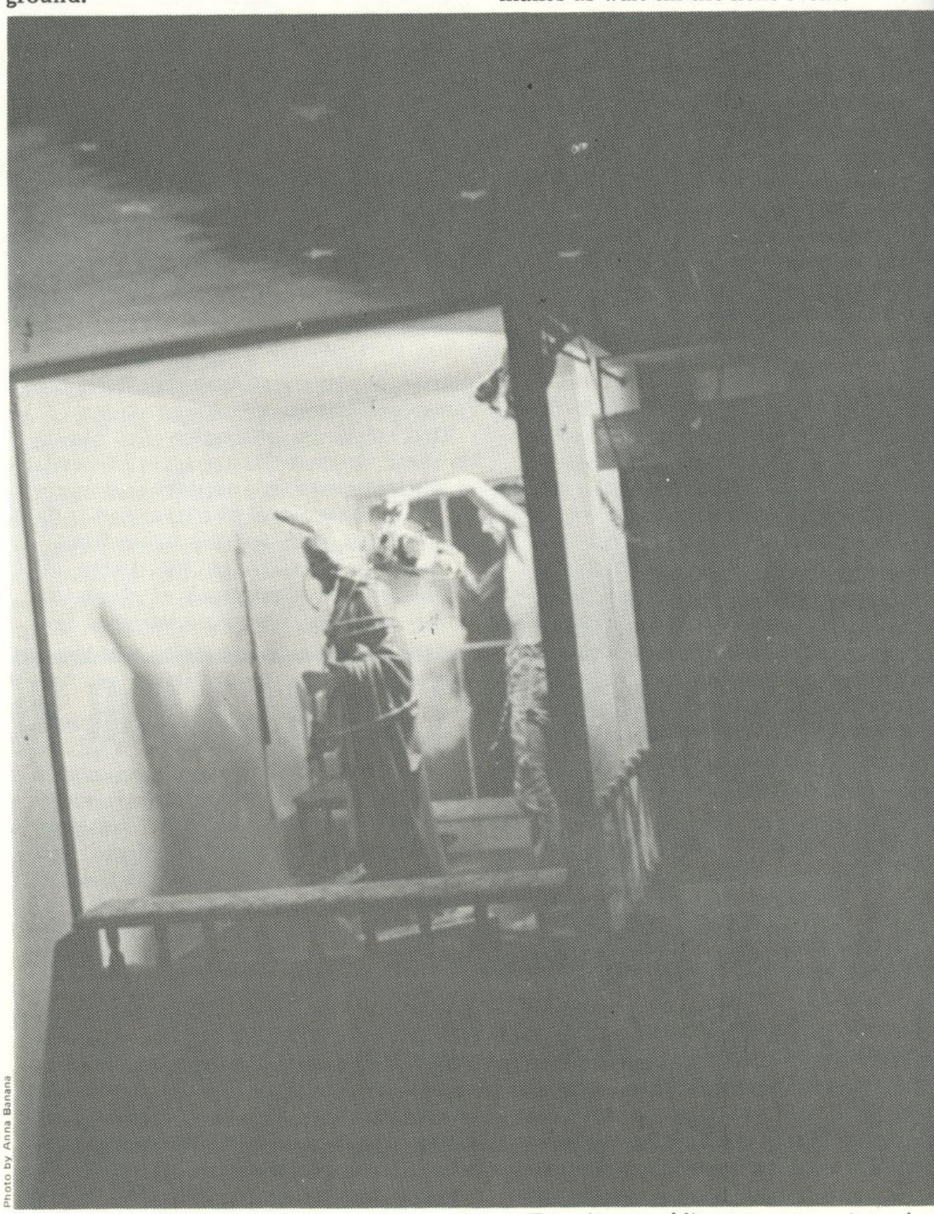


Photo by Anna Banana

SOUND POEM PERFORMANCE

—by Dadaland



Miss Pooka, Mistress of Ceremonies, set the tone for the whole performance, with her elegant robe and head dress—too elaborate to be called a hat—by reading introductory texts to each of the poems

"The great step by which total irrationality was introduced into literature took place with the introduction of the sound poem." —so went the opening lines read by Mistress of Ceremonies, Miss Pooka, for Dadaland's production of SOUND POEM Performance at the San Francisco International Book Fair, October 9, '76.

Several members of the Bay Area Dadaists, president Rama Lama, Joel Rossman, Ron Illardo, etc., along with the Mendodada Group, Buster Cleveland, Polly Ester Nation, Steve Caravello, and special guests Irene Dogmatic, Harley Lond and Charles Molle performed, read, shouted, yelled, and sang early sound poems by such dadaists as Hugo Ball, Raoul Hausmann, Kurt Schwitters, etc.

The Performance was recorded, videotaped and will be documented by a publication projected by Dadaland for 1978.

SOUND POEM Performance was also presented at La Mamelle Art Center in San Francisco on October 29 '76, and again at the Union Gallery at San Jose State University on November 22 '76. It was also broadcast by Cable-Vision, Channel 8, November 1-5.

On December 23 '76, Dadaland, Anna Banana, Hesh Rosen, Toby Lurie and members of the Western Front Group of Vancouver, Kate Craig, Hank Bull and Patrick (of HP fame) presented a live broadcast on KPFA's Floating Art Radio, a show presented by Larry Nimmer and Peter d'Agostino for Carl Loeffler's La Mamelle radio series.



Of the 16 persons performing at the SF International Book Fair, this shot catches, left to right, Anna Banana, Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli, Timothy Mancusi, Ron Illardo, whose hat and glasses are the only part of him visible, Harley Lond of Intermedia, Polly Ester Nation, then, sneaking a peak from the end of the line, barely visible is Irene Dogmatic.

4th SF INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR

The 4th SF International Book Fair, Oct. 8, 9 and 10, was harrassed by Federal Park Police on various issues. They wanted to close the Fair for marajuana, but found none. Next they ordered the rock band to quit playing (to the relief of many fair-goers and exhibiters alike), and then came the issue of censorship, when they discovered Ron Turner's "Last Gasp Comics." Having discovered this outrage, they combed the fair for other offensive material. Two issues of VILE were purchased and examined by Federal Park Authorities. This was followed by a disposition of park authorities (about 6 persons, two armed), who came to the VILE display table, cited the four most offensive images in Ms. Banana's last issue asking each time, "are you aware of this?' to which Ms. Banana answered, "Of course, I'm the editor and publisher."

Throughout this encounter, Clair Peterson, one of the Book Fair organizers sat beside Ms. Banana, held her hand and whispered to her, "Don't worry, we've got our lawyers here. They can't do anything to you."

On leaving the VILE display table, the spokesman for the group was heard saying, "She's been informed." as they proceeded to the other offenders with a similar routine.

This all took place on the opening day of the fair, but there was no further to do about it, and fairgoers on Saturday and Sunday saw nothing more of the park officiados.



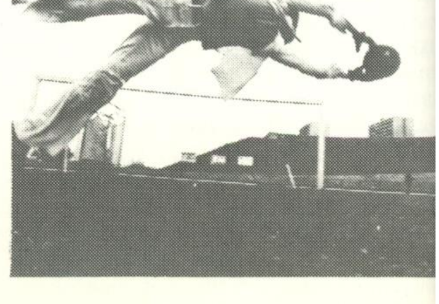
ZDZISLAW SOSNOWSKI GOALKEEPER
















LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Dear people, 1/4/76

Popular song: "Sometimes I don't speak right and yet I know what I'm takling about."

Doubt in my own skills with the language brings us to the question of Marcel Duchamp ever expressing a doubt in the use of words. Of course I've been lied to before, but John Tancock, in his Sept. '73 ARTnews article entitled 'The oscillating influence of Marcel Duchamp', wrote:

"Duchamp firmly believed that language was 'just no damn good' for the precise conveyance of ideas, although it was a source of major fascination to him throughout his career."

Another quote from the Tancock article:

"He (Duchamp) had no messianic pretensions, summarizing his attitude as, 'Doubt in myself, doubt in everything. In the first place, never believing in truth.' " (Vogue, Feb. 15, '63)

I mention this because of an opinion put forth in your original essay that your importance was assured for posterity This, to me, seems abhorrent for someone who cloaks himself in the mantel of Zen and existentialism. I think Zen teaches us that if you have a high evaluation of yourself then your ability to recognize new facts is weakened; and if you view the reality of Existentialism posterity doesn't matter. Doubt is the essence and inevitable by-product of deep self examination demanded by Zen. After doubt—despair, anguish—all necessary for the obtainment of consciousness befitting an artist, according to Baudelaire. Even though the ultimate goal of Zen is enlightenment—appreciation of all the wonders of the universe—I hear the effect is humbling.

These generalities, I hope, will my contention that, that part of the Pataphysical ideology which "allows each man to live his life as an exception, proving no law but his own," is correct. Given the biological exactitudes of the five senses and the powerful influences of culture still—man is pretty much alone with a consciousness formulated by the stimulus of individual experience. Alone with that consciousness Man paints a self-image of himself as unique. My own culture has taught me that, traditionally, the artist has been a champion of individualism. If, as you state in the Tennessee letter, man's behavior is so culture-bound and biologically determined in "the evolutionary vehicle of the human body," then it's no longer a matter of choice, which is what I thought your essay was about.

No, I'm not pissed-off—never have been. The Sweeney Todd threat was intended for humor—a grossly exaggerationed reaction thus meanwhile comix. If you took it otherwise, I apologize, and again point to my own ineptitudes in the use of language.

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line.
She said that all the railroad me
Just drink up your blood like wine.
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that,
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette." —Bob Dylan

Actually, I was pleased with the distinction of being the worse and appreciated the mention. I live in constand dread of facing the emasculation of acceptance.

"Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest." —Bob Dylan

The Poplar Bluff Missouri postcard is really what prompted this response to your Tennessee letter. I do admire good writing and thought Marilyn Ravicz's Slocumb Gallery was excellent for its purpose. All your announcements are welcomed here at the archives even if they aren't acknowledged.

The refrain of that popular song is "Why can't we be friends?"

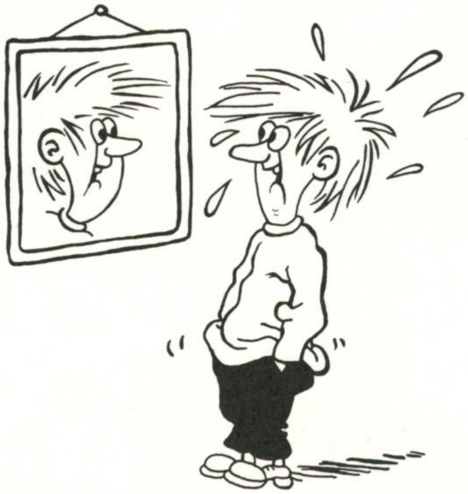
Gurdon, Ark. —Sweeney Todd

SELF PORTRAIT

—Tony Rickaby

Individualism is a cultural product. It is required for the efficient running of a capitalist society In contrast to the working class experience (accustomed by cooperative labor to the sharing or resigning of responsibility and to seeing success dependent upon one's colleagues or upon impersonal factors) bourgeois employment places responsibility for success or failure upon oneself.

Since the very existence of the bourgeoisie depends upon the manipulation of things and of persons, the realization of its ambition depends upon the development of independent and self-reliant personalities. So this is a central aim of bourgeois socialization: an orientation to certain values with individual differentiation within them; and in an environment where everyone is seen and responded to as having his own rights and a specific social status. The aim is to create an autonomous personality with free initiative for rational and moral self-determination, independence and standards of excellence. The high level of education also contributes to the development of a sense of self and an activist attitude to life. Thus I believe that it is in the exercise of freedom and the ability to shape the future that distinguishes man. That the world is there to be used to my advantage. That I achieve authenticity through free and responsible decisions. That the realization of my ambitions depends upon my confidence in my own abilities. Whilst I strive for success and social status



and to exercise authority, my essential characteristic is the self-confidence in the rightness of my own cause which a sense of class superiority gives and a subsequent indifference to what those outside my peer group think.

The logical conclusion of the bourgeois thrust towards individualism, authenticity and excellence is the concept of the superman:the genius. That which is produced by the genius—originality—is valued, in contrast with the stereotyped and traditional products of the philistine:the mass. I strive for recognition and status. To make a personal statement about myself and my uniqueness:that I am not to be equated with ordinary people. In my belief that everyone ought to make the most of his own capabilities, I place 'the single individual' above 'fellowship'

With the bourgeoisie's rise out of feudalism came the development of a belief in natural rights and personal liberty These ideals have conditioned their arts and traditions, and the concept of free creativity has become central, setting an ideal model for human nature. Rather than in financial reward, I gain satisfaction in the exercise of my abilities and talents. In the expression of any attributes associated with my ego:of attitudes which reflect my beliefs and self-identy and confirm my notion of myself. I see the production of works of analysis and meditation being dependent upon the creator working under his own self-imposed discipline. I see a fundamental importance in an act performed by the whole man in his relation to the cosmos. With this striving for contact with, important acts; and the implied attitude of derogation towards those involved in more mundane or routine activities.

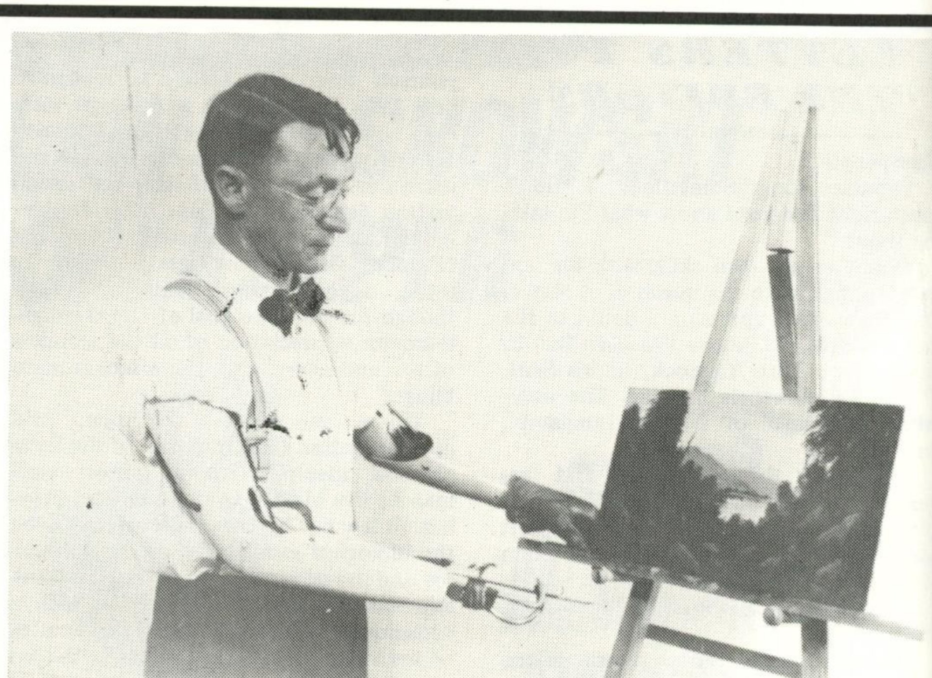
WALK

THE DWARF – J.D. Butkie

the thirty-seven and a half
year old midget
secretary in
yellow crinklecrepe
pajamatops so wants to
grow. straighten
his cold legs by the peeling heels
throw back his smooth
arms, tilt his blond-bearded
face, remove
his brown and gold scapular,
and begin to mold
your lips
about his miniature
sex, one
third
the length of my
fuckyou finger.

to

HEALTH



ONCE A PAINTER ALWAYS A PAINTER, or/In the light of adversity, peseverance furthers.

GROUP

—by Tony Rickaby

The middle class tend to exercise greater discrimination in the choice of friends than the working class, the main criteria being equality of rank, compatibility of interests and shared standards of opinion and moral outlook. The selection of like-minded friends is one way of countering the social constraints towards conservatism in bourgeois society, and whilst my group is in conflict with the majority culture it develops its own peculiar norms, standards and traditions which distinguish its members from those outside.

Intellectual interchange encourages the evolution of certain shared assumptions amongst the creative bourgeoisie, which, although a recognisable and essentially middle-class group, is united more by culture and manners than by social and political attitudes, constituting a fraternity that holds together, expecially when its self-esteem is endangered. This group affords me companionship, private satisfaction in its activities and in my uniqueness as an independent personality within it and, through the group's reputation, prestige. Members develop a strong esprit de corps and sense of common social mission; friendships, shared ideals and success are likely to produce deep attachments. I am greatly influenced by how others in the group behave and by my relationship to them, resulting in my being more similar to them.

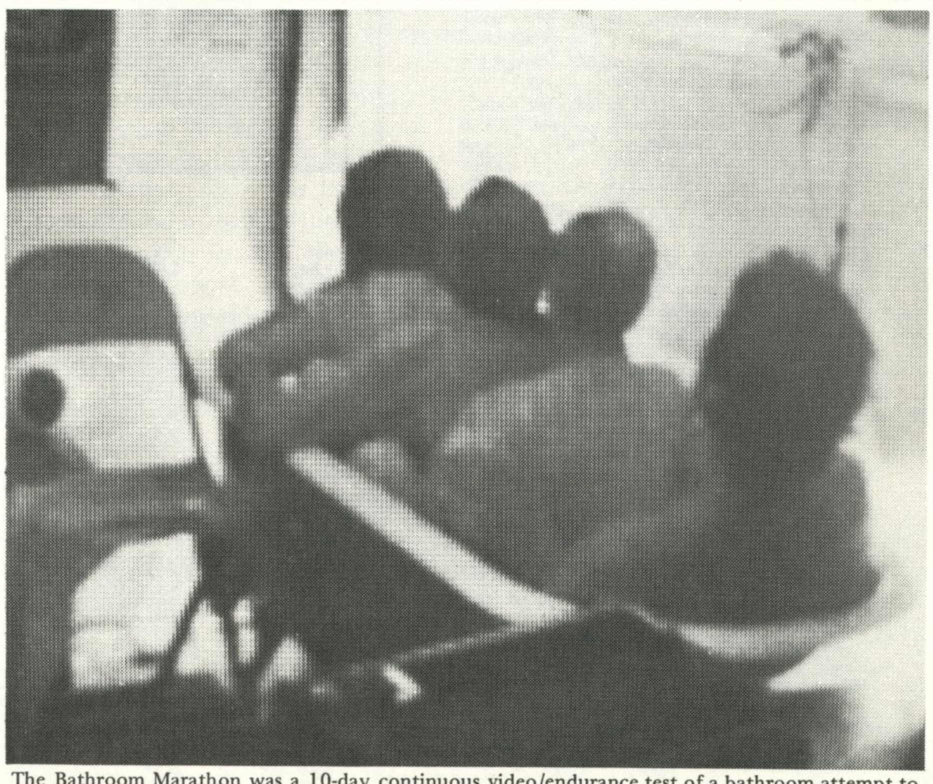
A key concern of the bourgeoisie is the defence of inequality, and a key concern of the creative bourgeoisie is the defence



of an inequal, elitist culture. An elite is a minority group which has status within society and control over aspects of that society, although rather than directly controlling behaviour it may simply influence, or be imitated by, the non-elite. Its power adds to the attractiveness, and strong motivations towards belonging to the group enables it to exert a potent influence over its members and exacting pressures to conformity, which may result in the ostracism and exclusion of those who deviate from group norms. When a sufficient number of people possess the same opinion, the 'reality' of that opinion is established, a different opinion can be regarded as incorrect and it will be rejected, since its acceptance would mean rejecting 'social reality'

Members develop common attitudes and exhibit relative uniformity to specified opinions and modes of behaviour. Enforcement of these standards depends on subtle influences and indirect pressures, although these are often very powerful. Ethnocentrism—the attitude whereby one's own group is central and everything else is scaled and rated with reference to it—leads me to exaggerate and intensify all those things in my own group which differentiates it from others, consequently strengthening those differences.

Capitalism instills in the bourgeoisie the yearning for competitive success, and so I strive for excellence and prestige. But whilst I need others to appreciate my creative performance, I exclude the public in my recognition of only the 'ideal' admirer or critic. My first supporters form a narrow circle which commands attention and attracts new members. Within this relatively autonomous intellectual field—which, by debarring the public, intensifies into an esoteric sect of mutual admiration—I can estimate my success and find social status and the approval of others.

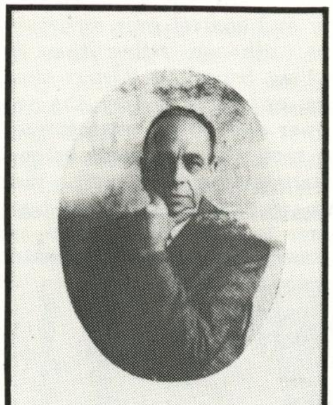


The Bathroom Marathon was a 10-day continuous video/endurance test of a bathroom attempt to get into the Guinesses Book of World Records, which ended Thanksgiving Day 1975. Organized by Cy Roseman and Toni Hoffman at the Museum of Contemporary Communications in Willits. Participation was by mail, telephone, short-wave radio, public broadcast and personal appearances.

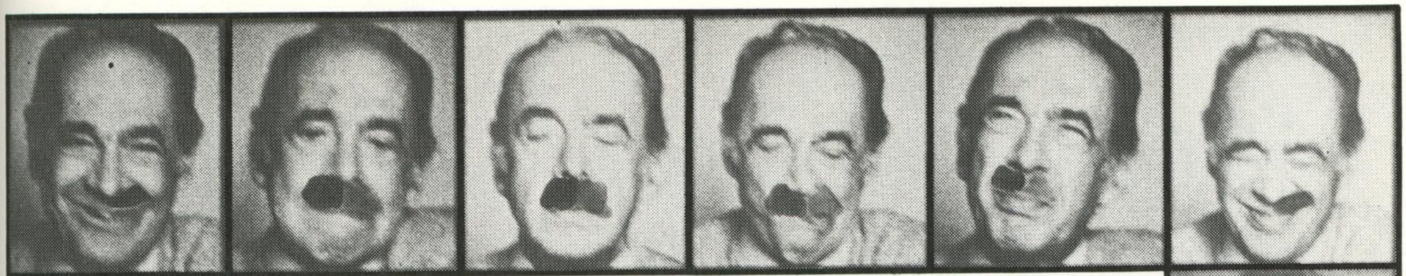
CAVELLINI

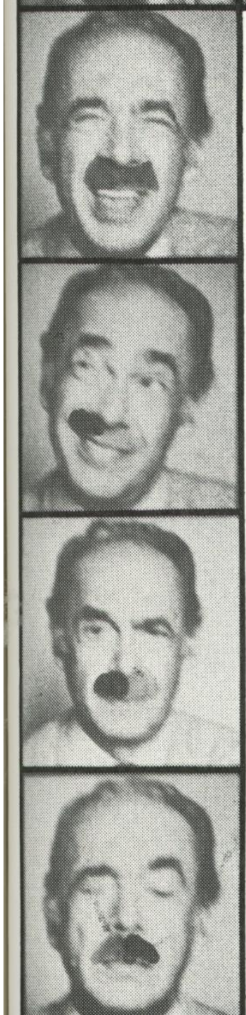
1914 ~ 2014

Cavellini Guglielmo Achille painter, collector and art critic was born into an old Tuscan family in Brescia on September 11, 1914. Though he abandoned his studies at the age of 16 in order to assume a position in his father's business concerns, he became of the possession of both considerable talent and marked inclination for drawing during the period of his military service when he began to make caricatures of his fellow soldiers. Strongly attracted to art, he soon lost interest in everything else and sought out friendships among painters, but his true development as an artist and collector didn't begin until his discovery of the collection of paintings in the possession of Piero Feroldi, likewise of Brescia, and his first truly close relationships with Italy's painters were formed in the fall of 1946, the year in which he exhibited the works of Vedova and Santomaso in his home in via Bonomelli in Brescia. Cavellini's native city was scandalized by the event, but it attracted the attention and interest of the liveliest of the younger Italian artists, many of whom were to remain in contact with Cavellini on a basis of enduring friendship. In January 1947, however, Cavellini made his first trip to Paris and his encounter with the art world of the city led him into a profound moral and creative crisis in which he abandoned painting, reserved himself to his father's commercial interest, and turned his attention to collecting. He purchased what he would have liked to have made and conceived of every choice as a creative act, of every work acquired as somehow a work of his own. Travelling frequently to Milan, Rome, and Paris Cavellini constantly elarged his collection and his reknown began to grow at a more accelerated pace in 1952 when he rebuilt the cellars of his now famous home in order to transform them into a gallery of modern art that was soon to become the object of frequent visits from the world's most attentive art critics, anxious to inform themselves of the latest tendencies in European painting and sculpture. Cavellini's true consecration as a man of culture, however, dates from 1957 when the entirety of his collection was exhibited at the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome at the behest of the director of the museum, Miss Palma Bucarelli, and from Rome the show travelled through an entire circuit of museums in Switzerland and Germany. In 1958, Cavellini also made his first appearance as a writer with a book entitled Abstract art, published in Milan by Giampiero Giani, a work dedicated to chronicling his encounters with his painter friends. Man the painter was to be published by the same press in the following year, 1959, and consists not only of the famous letters that Renato Birolli wrote to Cavellini, his friend, patron, and collector, but also of the pages from Cavellini diaries that regard this particular painter of this period. Cavellini also contributed to weeklies and art magazines. All of these various activities, however, constituted nothing more than a parenthesis and as such they were unable to stifle a deep and natural love for the act of painting, and in 1962, after a period of anguish and profound and silent meditation Cavellini once again took up his brushes. By 1965 he had already progressed to a neo-dada experience to which he gave expression in the homages and compositions in wood - works half sculpture and half painting that were presented in Milan at the Galleria Apollinaire. And at this point something extraordinary and astonishing was to occur: Cavellini began to destroy his works for the purpose of reconstructing them in terms of still newer pictorial and sculptural solutions. This was the period of his famous boxes or crates in which the destroyed works can still be glimpsed through the slats. Immediately unsatisfied, Cavellini cut apart and burned his creations and gave them back to the world imbued with the spirit and forms of hedonism, forms moreover of no negligible level of refinement. Cavellini presented the grim [?] of his wreakage as reliquary. From here he was to go on to recognize coal as the material most suited to the expression and elaboration of his ideas and shows built around this theme were held in 1970 and 1971 in Milan, Como, Triest, Florence and Rome. But his creative force was still in evolution and his directions still developing. Cavellini began to repaint the photographs of the works he himself had destroyed, printing their images on emulsioned canvas and going at them once again with palette and brush. The new fact here was the fusion of the fascination of painting with the magic of photography. Cavellini has confessed, though, that he was always prey to the suspicion that his was received in an air of doubt and circumspection and he was finally forced to decide once and for all to lay the ghost of the preconceived idea that he was only a collector who paints as a hobby. In truth, the works that hang on the walls of his home were never an influence upon his activities as an artist, at most they may have been of stimulation to him. With the typical sense of timing typical of intuitive natures, Cavellini never ceased to bring his collection up to date and this was a fact without precedent in the history of Italian collecting. A large section of his collection was on display for three years in the Museum of Modern Art of his native city. Cavellini thus matured the decision to undertake the task of inserting himself into history on his own initiative and invented the process of self-historification. This was the source of his idea for the posters that he realized for the exhibitions of his work that were to be held in all the world's major museums in celebration of the first centennial of his birth. He also executed a series of seven postage stamps to be added to the cultural patrimony of the commonwealth on this occasion: seven postage stamps that bear self-portraits that the entire critical community considers to be among the liveliest and most uninhibited examples of visual action painting. For purely academic reasons these posters and sta

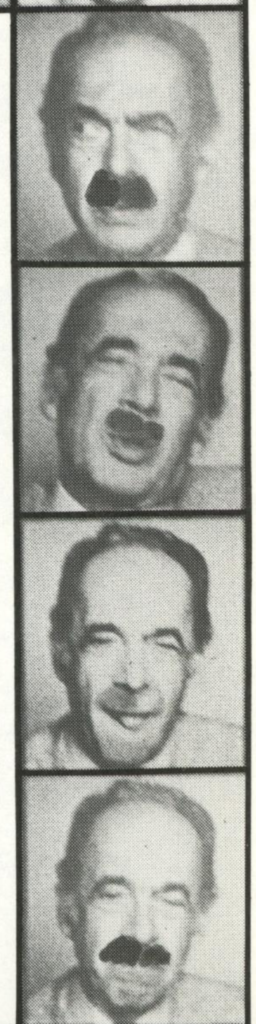


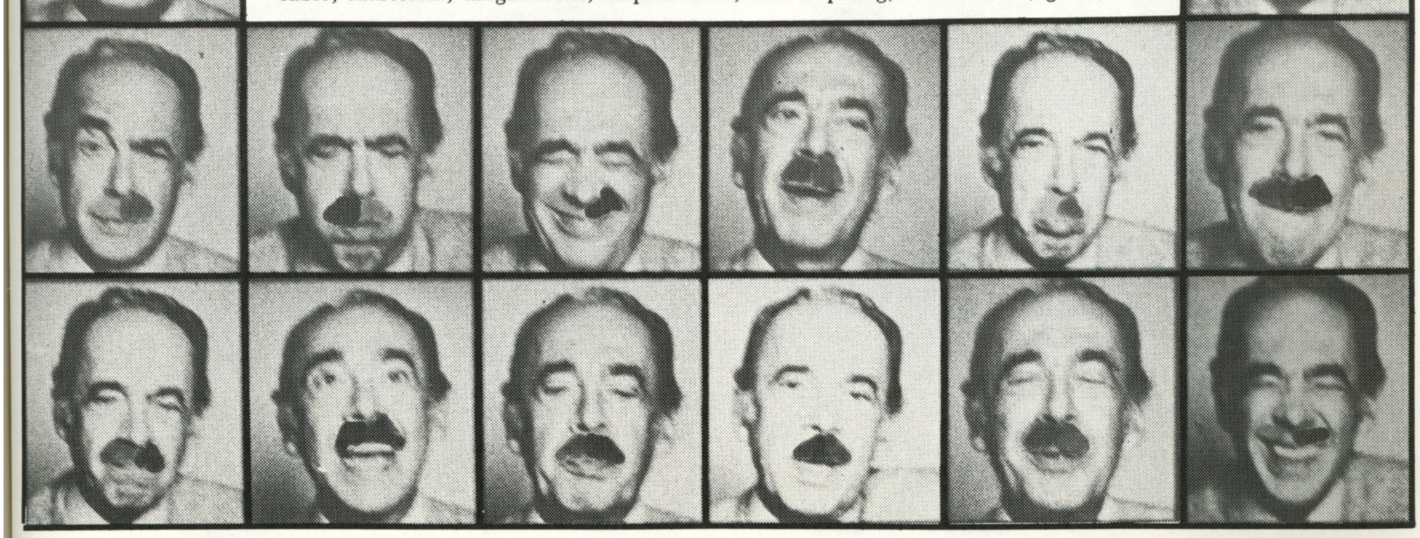
From the Universal Encyclopaedia, volume IX, page 233

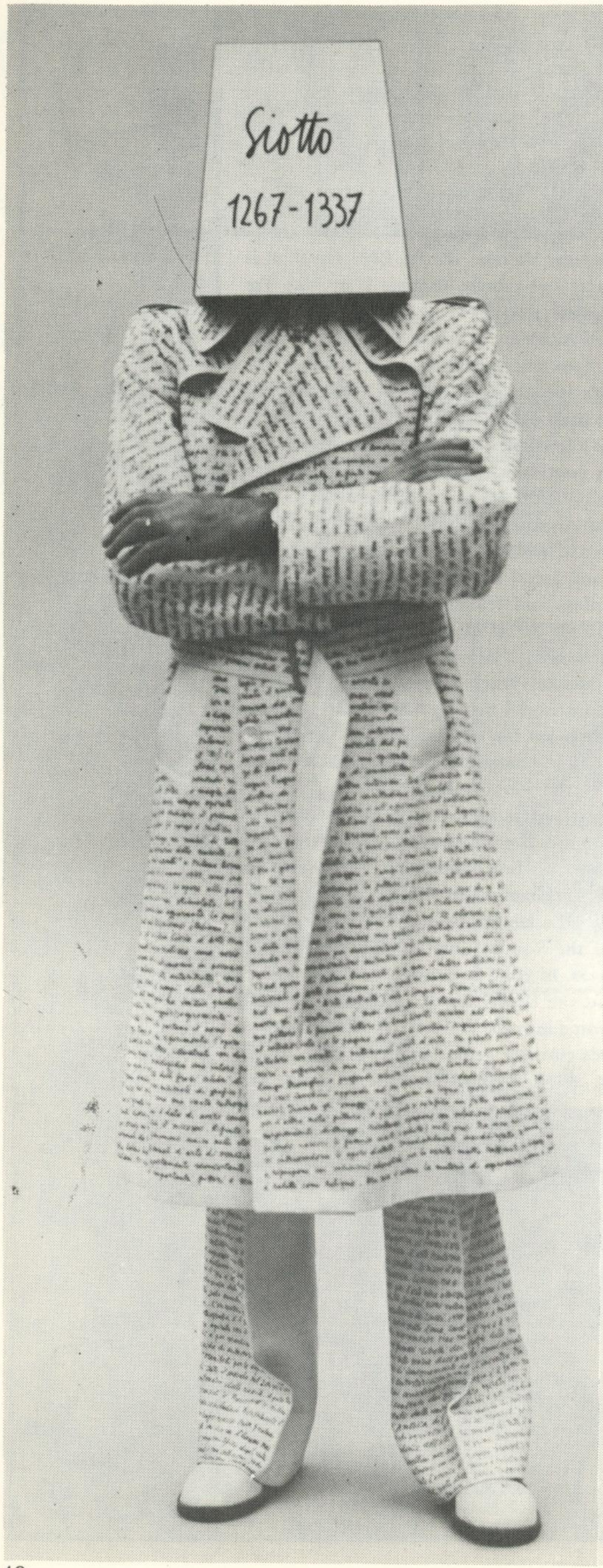




CAVELLINI—From the Universal Encyclopedia, Volume IX, Pg. 233—Cavellini is received by the president of the United States and shortly afterwards by Mao Tse Tung. 1977: The Nobel Prize for art is awarded to Italy's Guglielmo Achille Cavellini, and he is solemnly elected to the Lincei Academy in Rome. 1978: One of the ten men that the world sends to the moon, Cavellini represents the interests of art. A new audience is held with Mao Tse Tung's successor and one of Cavellini's maxims on the theory of art is inserted into the little red book of the Thoughts of Mao Tse Tung. The schools of China adopt the Cavellini method for the teaching of drawing. The process of self-historification continues. Cavellini's style of life and behavior, though considered provocatory and outrageous by conservatives, becomes a model for the world's youth. He is a constant source of stimulation for writers, poets, directors and film makers. He receives invitations from the great universities of the United States, Great Britain, China and Japan to offer disquisitions and lectures and to conduct debates on the meanings and tendencies of art. He refuses many honorary degrees and remains firm in his denial of the requests of the Museums for at least some single example of his works. Evaluations of the works, even in spite of Cavellini's total avoidance of the market, reach figures of unprecedented height, and Cavellini himself repurchases those works that he had let slip from his possession before 1970. He undertakes a campaign for the final and definitive destruction of the false idols of art in general and of painting in particular In 1999 he discovers a new color and makes a gift of it to the rainbow. In the same year, he demonstrates the existence of life on the previously undiscovered planet of Ulysses. In 2011 he patents an educational and cultural pill equivalent to a University Degree as Bachelor of Science. In 2020 he makes his first experiment with a lever capable of lifting the world and displaces it 47 centimeters. In 2022 he invents an apparatus that makes it possible to live on air In a lecture held in 2024 he explains the ease with which it is possible to reverse the flow of time. In 2027 he compiles the first dictionary of the language of flowers. In 2030 he presides at the inauguration of the new Faculty of Cavelliniology at the University of Leningrad. In 2037 the neologism "GAC" is created and is accepted into the Oxford English Dictionary as the quintessential summation of the words glorious, genial, superlative, unsurpassable, masterful, magnificent, inspirational, awe-inspiring, marvellous, great, etc.







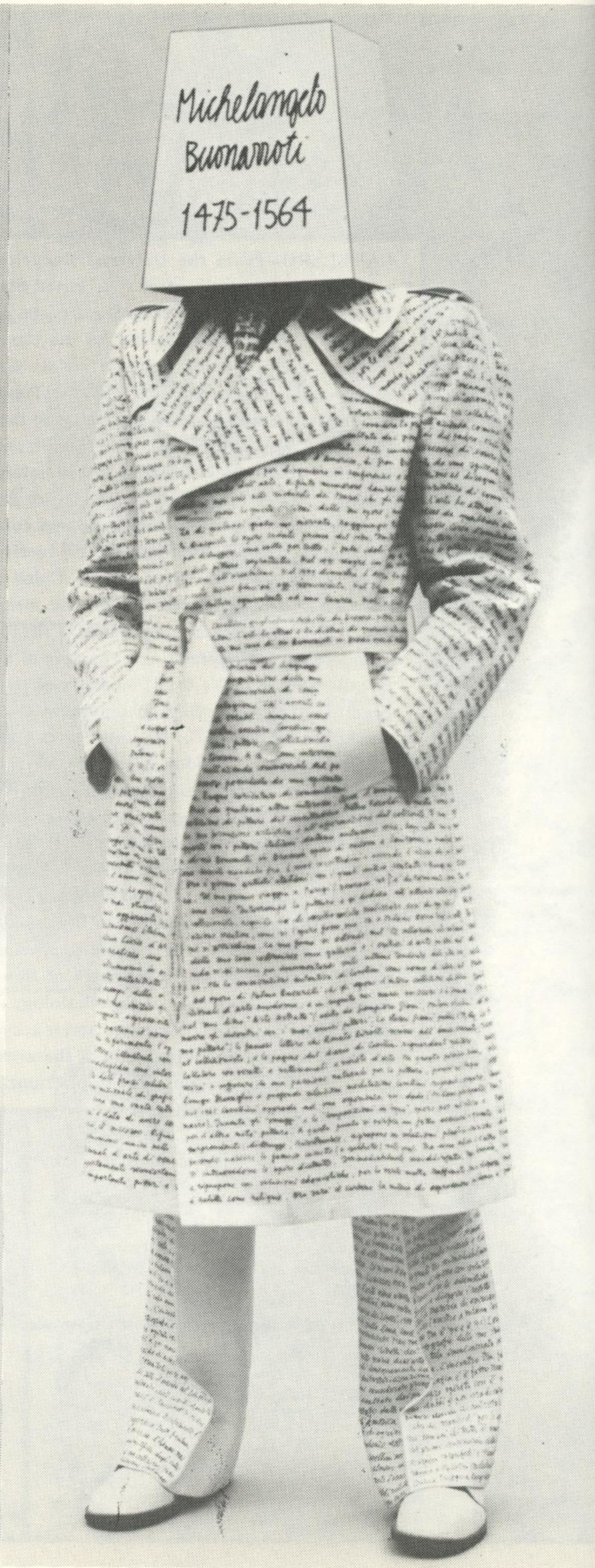


Photo by Ken Damy

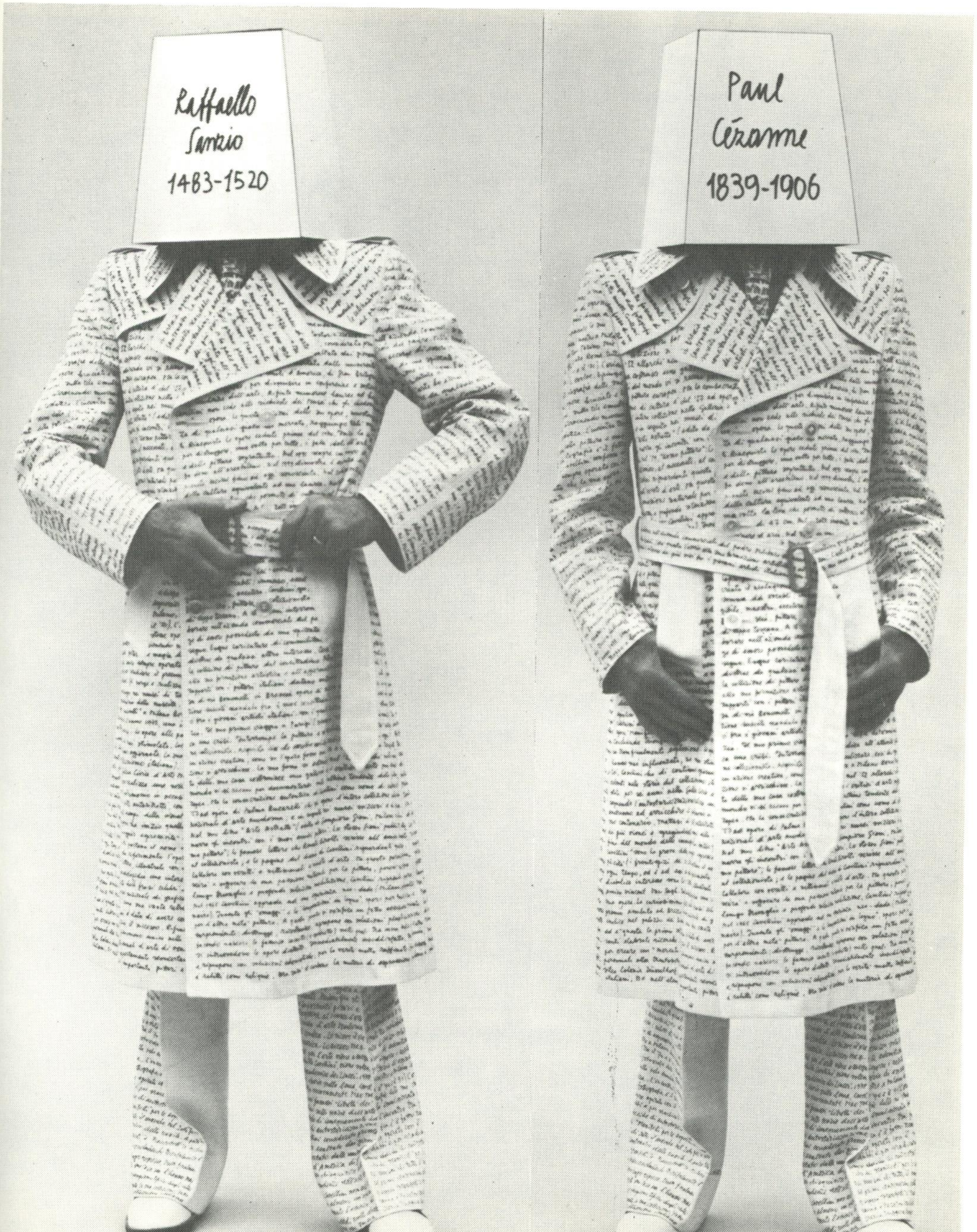
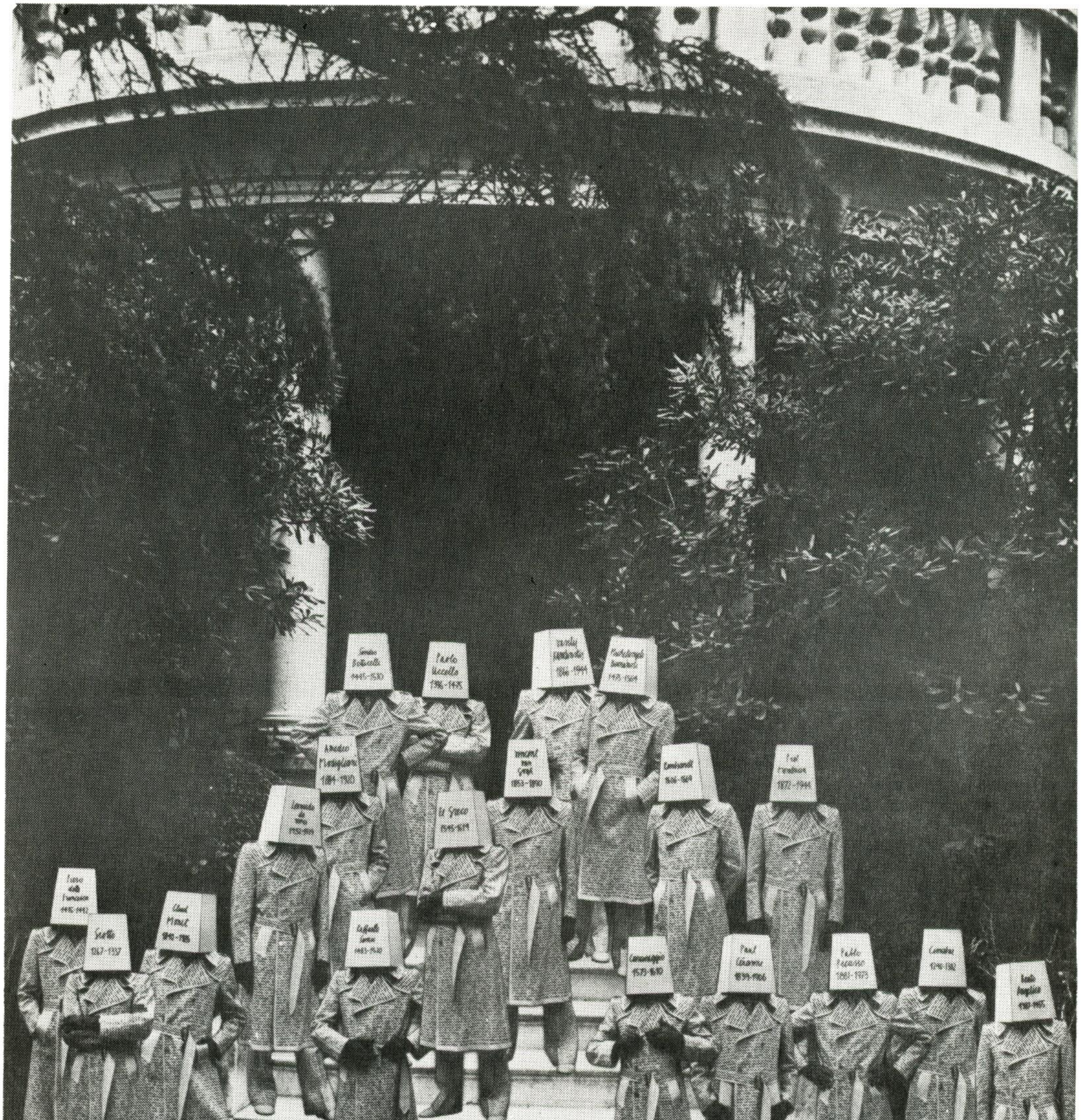


Photo by Ken Damy



Series of famous group, at the house of Guglielmo Achielle Cavellini in Brescia on the fifteenth of February 1976.

LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS

Anna Banana Sept. 9/76

Your request for Vile news of the art-mail network is difficult for me to fill. The only network news I get is from my television, as when KAREN VALENTINE was asked on the Hollywood Squares program if, when entering the country, there would be duty on her French-bought underwear.

Occasionally the highway network will add a little drama. On the way to visit RICHARD C in Raleigh I was passed by a semi-trailer truck with a dying yellow dog caught in the under-carriage.

Rather than VILE, the majority of my life is MILD. I did my best to watch as much of the JERRY LEWIS telethon as possible this year, but I missed my favorite part, where Jerry cries at the end, when my wife yelled for me to go and chase away the neighborhood kids who were lined three abreast and pissing on the side of our house.

Not everyone's neighbors are so impolite. FLETCHER COPP told me this summer of a very gentle 72-year-old neighbor lady who called him to her Bowery apartment to show the gaping hole that was left after she fell face down and knocked out her four front teeth. It was very painful news for her to share. While they were speaking she kept saying, "Don't make me laugh. Don't make me laugh."

—Davi Det Hompson

Dear Anna Banana Apr. 25/76

A train was ripped open like a banana in a recent bombing here and I posted the newspaper headline to you. The police intercepted the letter and appeared on the doorstep waving a Search Warrant and expecting to find a bomb factory in my flat.

They took away only copies of my leaflets—no addresses. Meanwhile moving from here. Poste Restante will serve for time being.

Yours oppressed Pauline Smith
London, England.

Dear Anna, Jan. 23/76

A Meery Hotchkiss and a Flappy Rue Ave. VILE is indeed. If I had a coffee table I'd drink coffee next to VILE. 9 out of 10 doctors agree. And so Jonah, son of Arcturius and Maybelline, crossed his legs and wiped his mouth with whale lamp oil and G*D deviled all H* saw

December has come and gone, leaving a dreary month behind and goodness comes to all, except I have a roaring cold and feel out of it. A month's correspondence lays before me and I am getting to it all, VILE on top because, along with orange juice, plenty of rest and Dristan, VILE is helping me get healthier. Thank you.

Harley Lond,
Intermedia Los Angeles, CA

Dear Anna Jan. 20/76

I just got back from North Carolina and found your letter in the accumulated mail. Yes, I'm planning on reviewing VILE in the PACIFIC SUN LITERARY QUARTERLY, but only if you send a copy to the editor, Linda Ferguson. Sending her a copy has nothing to do with the review, but she also happens to be my girlfriend.*

Hugh Fox thought my contribution to the issue was disgusting.

Melvyn Freilicher, 704 Nob Ave., Del Mar, Ca 92014 has just published a banana book; it's about Arlene Banana and Nanna A. Banana.

Just got a letter from a COSMEP member in South Dakota. She listed several reasons why she wasn't renewing her membership, and then she said that " "Anna Banana was the last straw."

That would be a great title for a novel. "The Last Straw."

Love, —Richard Morris
COSMEP Coordinator

*In other words, I want a bribe.

Dear Editor Dec. 19/76.

Congrats on International VILE—it's beautiful. Am looking forward to the All-Amerikan issue, and hope I am not too late with my special VILE photobooth art for you to include.

Finally saw the Deccadance film in Milwaukee last week—and saw Patti Smith again the nite after. She did a great improvisational chant on "president of vice" and crumbled dozens of my Smith for Vice-President posters, spit on 'em and threw 'em at audience. A good time was had by all, of course.

Working as news editor of the local weekly excuse for a newspaper—grossly overworked and underpaid—after 3 months I am ready to collapse. I'll do it till spring and quit for another year—these brief bouts with legit employment will kill me yet—

Missed Genesis and Cosey in Chicago town due to work, no car and other hassles. Did La Mamelle ever have their show of rubberstampart? I sent 'em stuff and never heard a word—

And what's happened to Trinity Press —they've been long time silent—and John Dowd and what do you think of latest Fanzini? and NY FILE? and what's been happening in FLASHART?

Iceskating time here and the end of another year—an interesting one for me—gave up meat, sugar, dope, booze 6 months ago and never felt better. Bicycled 3,000 miles in '76, ran 800, walked more than I can count.

Best mail of year—Cavellini's books, COUM mailings, Gronkart, VILE, Don Mabie's running letters, Colin Naylor postcards, Dadaland mail

Another new year— Jerry Dreva
—So. Milwaukee, WI.

FREE This New Book tells



HOW TO *Avoid Mistakes in Dress*

SCYLLA & CHARYBDIS —John Nist

Sadism is buying a pair of gloves
for a man who has no hands.
Masochism is enjoying such a gift.

And between this Scylla
and this Charybdis
the heart of man
is set adrift.



Photo by Les Sensitive



Made Sparkling Bright and Rested in Seconds!

ALL NIGHT DRIVE TRANSCONTINENTAL MEDISTATION MANTRA
—by Kirk Robertson

Suck my Shell
Lick my Standard
Munch my Mobil Arco
Union Union So Fina
Exxon Exxon

Safe EYE-BEEN

GOING ABROAD?

The International Edition of VILE

is available in every country this side of the iron curtain. On sale at newsstands in all principal cities or through the concierge at your hotel. Continue to see VILE as you see the world.

CULTURAL OLYMPICS

—Marcel Idea, Sept. 12/74.

"Sometimes you hear a piece of music and you think that it would be nice to swim to," says Flakey, who is the founder of the New York Corresponge Dance School of Vancouver, as well as being a Network Gold Medallist many times over for his solo work.. Twenty-three year old Flakey has been doing synchro for 11 years. He used to be a speed swimmer until he found he preferred the controlled discipline and artistic work involved in synchro—"so much better than tearing up and down the pool like a maniac."

Actually, as Flakey explains, you need far more stamina for synchro than you need for speed. "Part of our training is that we have to be able to swim at least one length underwater. You can't come up gasping for air in front of the cameras. There are grades in synchro as in Dada, and the movements are named appropriately after fish. The school has adopted the shark's fin as its insignia.

Dancers all carry underwater speakers, and as well as swimming in perfect time as a team, they have to act. They wear costumes to suit the theme; usually decorated leopard skin baithing suits with shark fin bathing caps—but nothing that will get in the way of underwater movements. Variations on the star is one of their popular routines. Their coach, swimming teacher Dawn Gaglione, who does all their choreography, used to be a trapeze artist. (The N.Y.C.D.S. of Vancouver swimming team finished fifth in last year' s Network Awards in Hollywood).

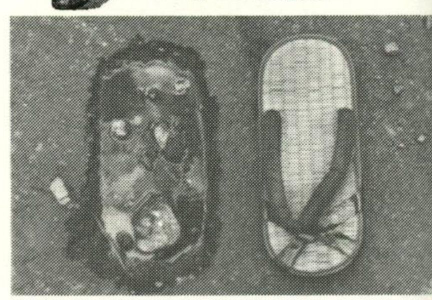
As well as being coach, Dawn Gaglione also runs Vancouver's Dada Synchronized Swimming School, which she began 11 years ago, and which is approved by the Inner Vancouver Dada Authority The School is the current Vancouver champions and have nine members in the Canadada team. The 90 Dada members, all sexes, meet at different pools on different evenings. "Sometimes they are swimmers already, although we like to teach them from scratch...so they learn their Dada from the beginning," says Dawn. "A musical background helps, and so does ballet or gymnastic training." Dawn can spot talent very early

Last year was a busy one for the N.Y.C. D.S. Besides Hollywood, they also went to Paris to give a special show. Now the school has to learn some new numbers. First they do 'land training', working out their routines and counting out the beats. Each member takes home a video tape and the script. Lady Brute says, "It doesn't take long to learn a new piece, but it can take a long time to polish and perfect a solo." The school uses videotape to correct and document their activities.

"	I don't think people realise the work that goes into it, even the judges," says Flakey

Your Shoes are Showing!

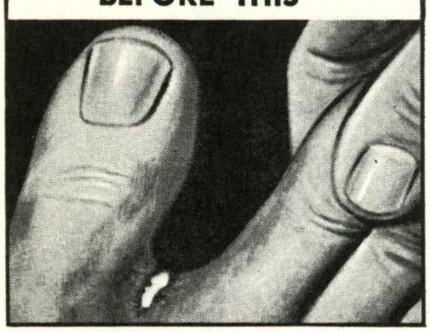




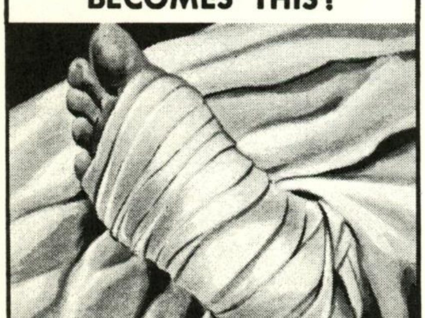
PLEASE SEND ME REAL INFORMATION from your experience, reading or writings that is copyright free and may be used in a work underway concerning RAIN, SHOES and BEANS. Thank you. Send these to:
Alison Knowles, 122 Spring St., NY NY 10012

Embarrassing, isn't it?

BEFORE THIS—



BECOMES THIS!



Get Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

NO *heavy film*
NO *sticky comb*
NO *messy hands*
with the first cream tonic made of pure vegetable oil!

CRAZISM MANIESTO

In this prolific, organized, productive antiseptic stream of multi-media Pepsi Cola labels, scientific hullaballoo, lawyers and astrology, flushed out expletives and at the expense of zillion-dollar merry-to-round wars, we could vomit at the atrocities committed. We prefer to go CRAZY! Hereafter, crazism will refer to any act, feeling or thought, stated, implied or inferred without purposeful intent and devoid of meaning.

We will flourish in crazy weather and crazy times; we will dress in crazy clothes dictate crazy laws, encourage crazy talk, crazy ideas, crazy music, crazy art, crazy women, crazy drivers and crazy days. We will eat crazy, sleep crazy, shit crazy, sit crazy, fuck crazy, wink crazy

It is in this crazy spirit, the spirit of crazism that we proudly proclaim, officially document, sign our signatures to the Craziism Manifesto on this 4th day of April in ninteen hundred and seventy-five.

It is in this crazy spirit that we enthusiastically endorse and encourage all crazes , crazies and craziists to unleash your distress, your disgust and despair, your disquiet; and think crazy, be preposterous and multiply and flourish in constant, neverending global Craziism.

Need we say more Dadaland!

Signed April 7/76 by—Joel Rossman
—Klaus Groh
Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli
—Dadaland
'79 in Warsaw —Marek Hoojamacallitz

FICTION

from THE BAZOOMA'S HARD HITTING RECIPES—Codgill's Prime Mover
—Patrick Kelly

Baste five African lung fish for 30 min. at 375 degrees. Remove, add one bottle brown Kiwi shoe polish, one let-of-wop and smother with sliced onions, file gumbo, belladonna root, Epsom salts, pate of avacado, papaya, Kaopectate concentrate and anchovies. Bake for 20 min. in pie pans, garnish with Dektol developer.

After one hour, bowels will sound like the Lexington Avenue subway at rush hour. Codgill's Prime Mover has energy up to 3 Codgills.* Under laboratory conditions, the good doctor achieved an internal pressure of 40 Codgills, or 24 atmospheres. Upon release, on August 14, 1973, the doctor's winds were detected as far away as 10 miles, with gusts up to 40 knots. Several spectator bleachers at his testing grounds at Terre Haute, Indiana, were destroyed along with five pairs of asbestos training pants. The doctor himself was hurtled 256 feet and achieved a maximum apogee of just under 45

The doctor suggests caution with the Prime Mover and suggests the purchase of a reinforced, number six fireproof ass plug. His mother notes that the added precaution of a harness and ass plug strap be worn due to increases in pressure and, " the plug may loosen and, if not held in place, may suddenly be released."

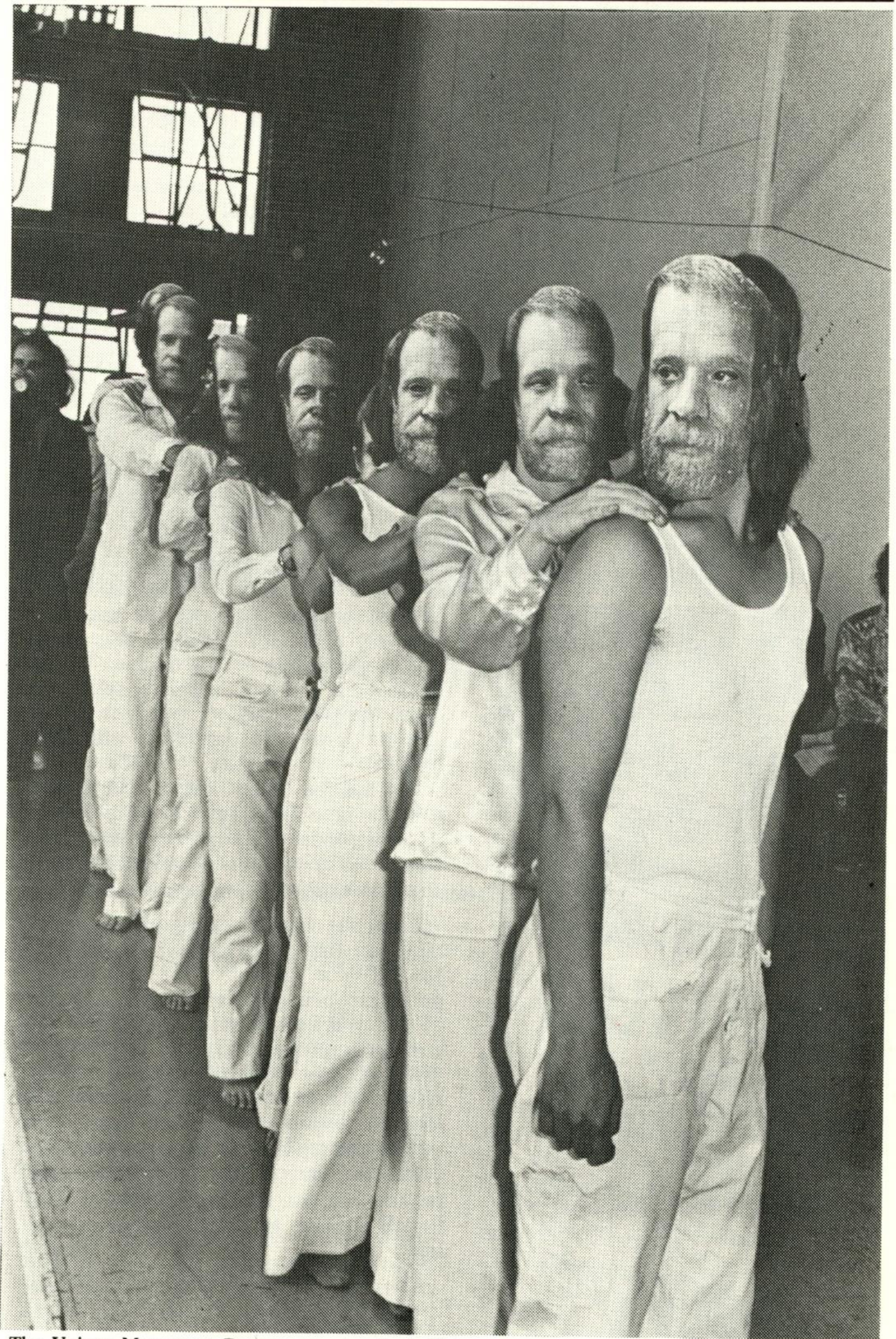
"Codgill put the gas in gastronomy," French Quarter chefs were want to conclude after the feat.

"No! It is my asstronomy," Codgill replied and gave an asstrologic forcast which closed down several prominent restaurants.

This recipe not for the neophyte.

*One Codgill= the ability to create a gas capable of an internal pressure, when released at a distance of 10 feet, of moving one mahogany dining room table and 12 dining persons dining, at a distance of 15 feet.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES



The Unison Movement Dancers wearing Jack Waters masks; part of Waters' VOID OF COURSE presentation April 25/76 at the Southern Exposure Gallery, Project Artaud, San Francisco.

LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS
CONTINUED

My good friends, July 11/76

I would like to see satire of the "Pretentious in the Artworld" appear more often in VILE—make fun of the BIG-NAMES! Be controversial, name names—tell vile lies, report ½ truths and heresay—throw up obscure facts! I mean how about all that BORING video that was hailed as being new wave—how come Ant Farm was never shot at in public? What should be done to Art-language when the only three words spoken in SOHO (a state of mind) are 1 WORK (MY), 2 SPACE, 3 PERFORMANCE'

To me, Hanna Wilke's body-art looks like Oldenburg used her for an ASH-TRAY—an art atrocity (how shocking)!

"Freedom, Excellency and Choice"? was ghost-written by Clement Greenburg (Greenburg is known as Green Mountain). Poor Ken means well, but if he gonna talk "Quality" WHAT about all those GOD-DAMN CHAINLETTERS he helped perpetrate on the "Network"? In one weeks time I once got six, with his name on each one. I mailed them all to him har har (6 x 20=120 responses). He hasn't talked to me since, but then I don't belong to the "Network", and I never sucked the ass of the ORIGINAL FLUX SHOE!

Ars est celare artem (It is true art to conceal art) z z z z z z z z z z z

J.R. Blevins
Unofficial advisor and helper
to Everyone Absolutely Puzzled
Washington, D.C.



GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS IMAGE —by Jan Brand

POINTBLANK 27 —Jan E.M. Haas

it's no damn good,
this reconciliation
of irreconcilable differences.
my wife likes white meat,
i like white meat.
she likes girls,
i like girls.
i'd like to hit her,
but she'd knock me
on my ass, then stomp me
for good measure.
who in the hell
would look at a guy
with two black eyes
and an empty wallet?

FICTION

ENERGY FOR CONQUEST

(1st chapter from a novel-in-progress)
—By Robert S. Hertz

"Get those bitches out of here. I am sick and tired of looking at them."

The day had begun at Sovereign Camp Four. Women were being processed into slaves.

"Have we got a new shipment today? These dried-up old cunts are starting to smell."

The Camp was the first stop for all captive women. It was one of several in the western United States. In the years between 1980 and 1985, the Sovereign Party had won several small wars in that area. Now they were concentrating on loot.

"All right," spoke a guard, "put the new ones in line. Tall ones here, short ones over there. Pick out the best ones and save them for pleasure. The others can raise children or dig ditches. If they try to be servile and desperate, encourage them. They exist only to give you energy —so let them save their lives with their bodies."

The man in charge was short and decisive. He was speaking to twenty-five female prisoners. Like all the men at the Camp, he wore black clothes and a black mask on his face.

When the women were perfectly quiet, he spoke firmly "Now look here, he began. "This is the end of the line. You are no longer persons. You are things. Some of you will be money; we will trade you and barter you and buy you and sell you. Others of you will be food. We are cannibals here, if need be. Eventually you must be consumed.

"Do not try to talk to us—we are beyond you. We will try and be gentle, but be sure you don't cross us. We don't want to kill anyone, at least not while we can sell them."

The man took a deep breath and continued. "This camp will have rules: obey them. Do not walk too fast—it shows assertion. Speak when you are spoken to, and look dumb. Dress your best under the circumstances. If we like you, you will live. All of the food here is ours."

"The reason you are here is very simple. You were raised wrong and now we will change you. Your parents and schools were much too kind to you; they encouraged you to think of yourselves as persons. That will not happen in the future. Women's personalities will be stomped upon from childbirth. They will not be disappointed when they are treated as



UNTITLED —Patrick O'Neill

A girl of fluent and forceful attributes
Came into a simple man's life
With rush and intensity and volume
Like when you flush
One of those public toilets

And very soon the simple man
Was impressively complex
And widely acclaimed and accepted

But one day while out of the direct path
Of the girl's rush, intensity and volume
He looked back to his simple life
And yearned for its beauty and meaning

But, alas, the flush was irreversable
And the inundation inescapable
So he rode with the stream
Into the crowded sewer of fame
And popularity



ENERGY FOR CONQUEST Cont. from pg. 55

things. The culture will be consistent, and therefore merciful."

"Unfortunately you are not living in the future. You are going to be reduced whether you like it or not. You are welcome to die if you wish—we don't want to clutter the place with misery

"But above all, do not think you will stop us. We need to extinquish you, and to harden ourselves simultaneously One way or another this will be done."

Suddenly the man stopped talking. Halfway down the line he had seen a tall, defiant-looking woman. She slouched deliberately Her eyes gave out hatred and a sullen independence.

"Bring her here," the man told his aide. Other guards quickly pushed her forward, though she cursed and swung her fists at them.

"NOW GET DOWN!" he screamed.

She did not move.

The man stared at her with hatred. He never asked for anything twice.

"All right, bitch, " he muttered, and with two quick punches, he knocked her to the ground. Immediately he put his foot on her neck—not to choke her, but to absorb all the energy and pride that was in her. The blood in her veins seemed to flow with his own; he had started to annihilate her will.

The man stepped back and stared at all the other women. His glance was a keen and a terrible one. He saw only his prey, and he saw it precisely He focused on the pure desirability of the objects. It did not seem entirely a human stare.

"Get going," he barked. "All of you. Hold your clothes in one hand, your shoes in the other. Get down to the platform for judging."

The Camp was designed like a stockyard. Various pens and runways made certain that the victims could not hide.

Other men took over to move the women along. They were surprisingly patient as the new slaves gathered up their belongings.

Soon the women would be filled with cringing and begging. Total dependence meant total abjection; no one would even walk without the leaders' permission. Crawling would become far more picturesque. Fear cramped the mind, and made servility more thinkable.

Eventually small favors would be parcelled out; and the women would be sexual in their gratefulness. The guard's own semen would be important, because women could save their lives by attracting it. Those who would not or could not make it flow would be disposed of.

The camp was run like an organized mugging. Women were robbed financially as in every other way Though money had less power now, since the depressions of the late 1970's women must still be made



LADIES BICENTENNIAL REMEDY FOR BOREDOM

—by Polly Ester Nation

Ladies, you've heard of saving for a rainy day here's one of the few cheap thrills available to anyone with a car. Get your favorite man to take you for a ride some rainy afternoon. Disconnect the windshield wipers, find a good slippery stretch of highway with heavy traffic and go fast. Slip out of your clothes and go down on him at the wheel. Take your time, do it real slow, sucking gently and playfully until he pushes your face into his balls and wants to come. Then, with your right arm extended, force his foot down hard on the accelerator

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MORAL DEGRADATION & GUILT
(Mannerist News Report—Michael Wiater)

He was obsessed with the idea that he was occupying space that was not his, that he had replaced someone else and did not belong where he was, that his ideas were not his own nor were his skills, knowledge, or identity—others had supplied all these and he had, unwittingly, taken them as his own. These were not true.

He had taken everything—he was beginning to call it theft. The idea of stealing had always offended him and the guilt at his own success with the work of others plagued him. His dreams were obsessed with the deformed images of friends and teachers, to whom his debt was immeasurable. He was beginning to formulate the idea of a tradition in which nothing was new—only the combinations and conceptions varied—also the past, expecially as represented by these deformed images was continuously seen now as a dangerous place, constantly in the memory reminding him of all that had occurred to him—giving a more and more unreal scale of measure for present activities and emotions.

Nothing felt as good as those best times he could recall with instant ease—and the moral degradation and guilt involved with ignoble former activities—the worst times —weighed so heavily on him that activity of any mindful kind was beginning to be difficult.

However, a conceptual change was being made—he saw himself less as a personality and more as a presence, less a noun and more as a verb, and that biological recombination which made him possible—his body—was taking on a tremendous importance.

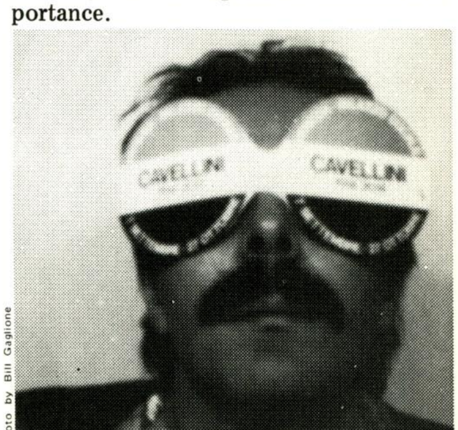
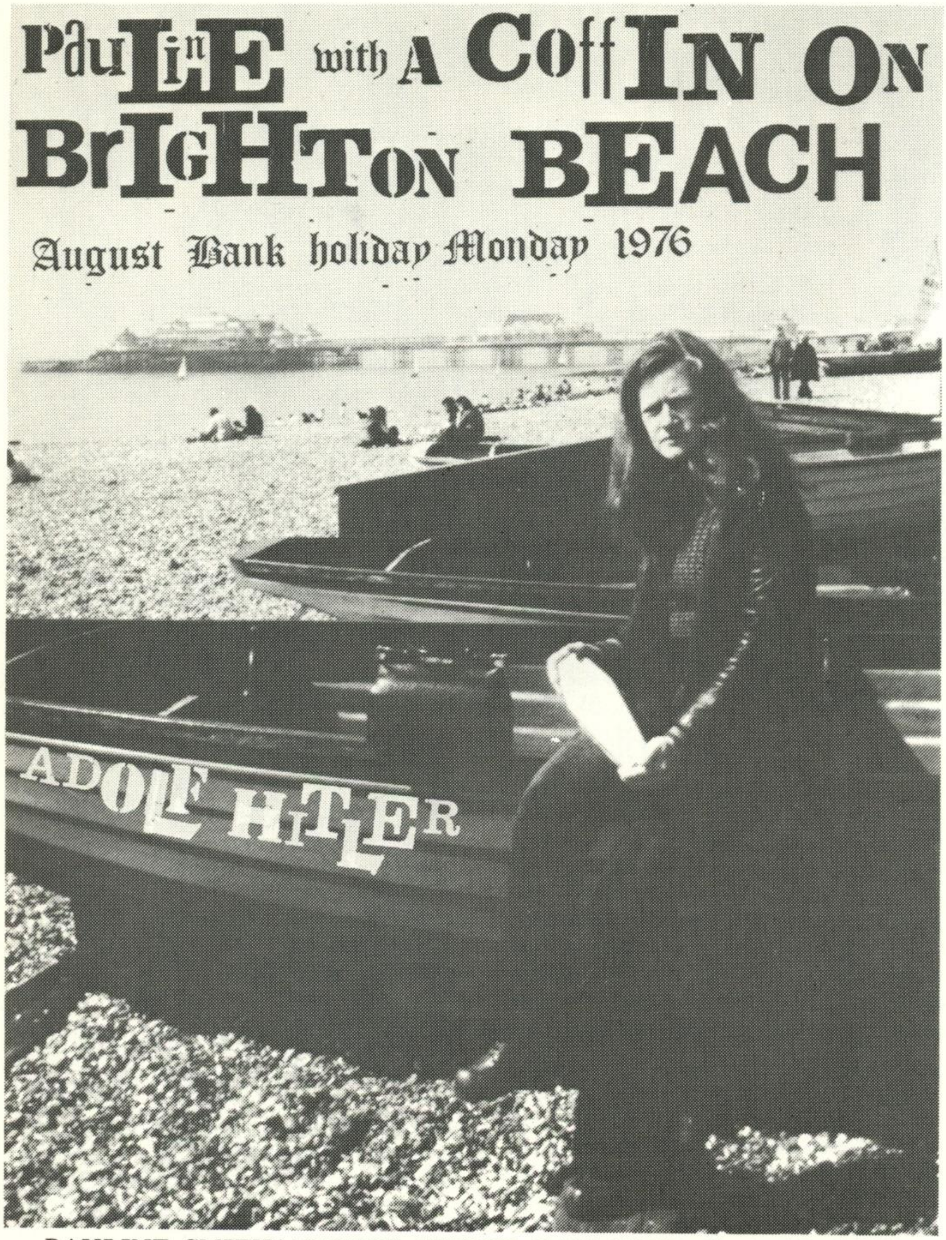


Photo by Bill Gaglione



PAULINE SMITH/ADOLPH HITLER FAN CLUB—Sept. 12, 1976. England is sinking into Hitlerism faster than the West Pier is sinking into the Channel. Doomfully —Pauline Smith

ENERGY FOR CONQUEST Cont. from pg. 56

penniless. Stripping them of funds would mean a real loss of dignity—and so it would be effective in the general degradation.

Overall, the Camp staff contained twenty-seven men, and the prisoners numbered almost five hundred. In many ways the Camp was like a family, but one which grew by aggression instead of love. It was added to by seizure and forced reproduction. Children were not always kept at the slave-camps, but they were numerous, since a man could have fifty if he wanted.

The men had the joy of the liberated beast of prey, and nothing that they touched gave resistance. The strength that flowed through them sometimes seemed to have the mark of divinity; they had not been given so much energy for nothing. They had the power, and felt destined to have the power.

Although the men had been professional soldiers, their military rank was unimportant in the Camp. No one was specially acknowledged or saluted. They would not think of humiliating another man. Even the will of the leaders had no legal backing—they had to impose it on the women by themselves. They only got respect because they were memorable and fearsome; the women paid homage from a memory of their last beating.

However, no beatings would be necessary this day The women were now compliant and walked quietly ahead. As they did so, the guard explained more of the rules. "You are forbidden to talk with us, remember that. Speech is a protest and a sign of personality You will soon be converted into types. Those who have nothing physical to contribute are often slated for death—however, it is possible to save yourself through acts of spectacular servility

"But I am not talking about some harmless vain flirtation. Our relationships with you do not begin in conversation."

The guard was well-trained in Camp ideology He knew that the men were to raise themselves with the same intensity and concentration that they used for the destruction of others. Their communion with force was religious, and they were trying to make contact with the source of their energy They would never have been given such power, if they had not been intended to use it. Every one of their dreams was a real possibility—it was all permitted in the free play of the universe. Humanity was but a temporary expedient in a quest for total power.

The slaves now passed a sign which read "ENERGY THROUGH SACRIFICE" in huge letters. And this was meant literally. Occasional burnings and mutillations gave confidence to the leaders. The sacrifices were somber at the start, but always there was ecstasy at the moment of destruc-

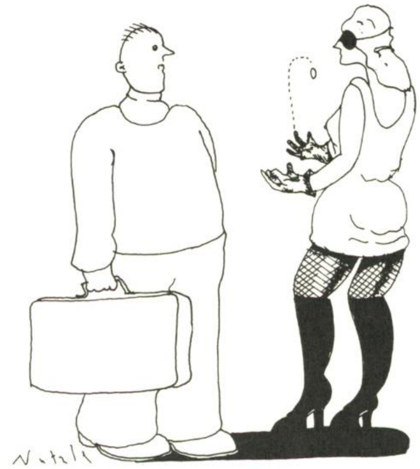
NERGY FOR CONQUEST Cont. from pg. 57

ion. The audacity of the deed was a sign f real force, of an ability to shoot yourelf into the history of the world. Personlity was irrelevant except as measured by trength. Speed, combustion and firepowr were more important to the universe han all your complexes and creativity Mankind was ultimately judged as an lement.

This was why the feelings of women ere ignored. Ultimately everyone's feelngs were ignored; the harder your heart, he longer your reach. The men got high n aggression, not narcotics; they preferred vices that wrecked other people's odies. An addict consumed himself and eft women alone—both of which were nforgiveable.

The guard had kept his women walking or nearly 10 minutes now. They were ot orderly or in step, but he paid no atention—this camp had little place for ilitaristic uniformity The prisons and rmies of the past had been simply medicre as degradations—they showed no magination, and too much tolerance for oredom.

The men believed otherwise. They stood for extension in all phases of life—extension of force, of thought, of the senses, of racial memory, and now of power over others.



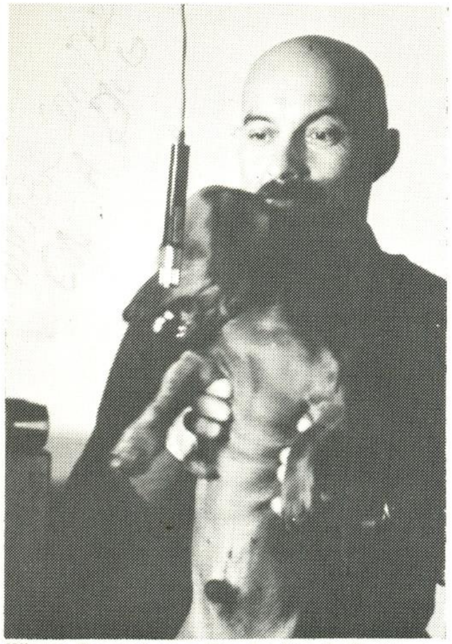
A leader had once told them that "Our gods listen only to ecstasy Tyranny can bring us to those heights, and the victims do not matter. Their cries are too short and too quiet. Our gods can recognize only arrogance and fierceness. A Camp like ours is a stand against entropy "

The guard stayed silent as the walk continued. He saw no point in telling the prisoners any more about the ultimate meaning of the camp. The place was a soil from which the beauteous male principle would thrive. Love would be dead or else wholly transformed. Every phase of life would be a sexual affirmation. Whatever a man looked at would remind him of his stature.

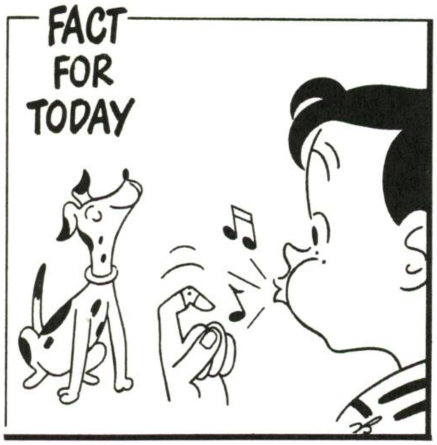
When some of the women stumbled out of their barracks every morning, one could almost watch their minds contracting. It was a heady pleasure to break down the last residues of literacy The intelligence of the women was not insulted —it was destroyed. The brutality of the Camp was inspiring a cultural amensia.

But the men at the Camp were not coarsened—they were heightened. They threw out a challenge to any gods in the universe, calling out"Do you care? Do humans really matter? Is there something really precious about everything that walks?" □





Winter Concert on a Dog by Marek Konieczny





The Farmacist, Dr. Art Morrison with a Farmountian Trail Standard, one of his many relics

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS ON THE

YELLOW PERIL

—by Richard Morris.

A BOARD OF DIRECTORS sits around an ostentatiously large table in a corporate board room.

CHAIRMAN· Gentlemen, incredible as it may seem, we are forced to accept that fact, that two of the Corporation's largest buildings have been transformed into pineapples.

1st BOARD MEMBER. How is that possible?

CHAIRMAN· We don't know. It isn't even certain that we have any way of finding out. When dealing with events as fantastic as these, one hardly knows where to begin.

2nd BOARD MEMBER. (lights a cigar). Is it the work of radicals?

CHAIRMAN: A number of groups have attempted to take credit for it. Personally, I think that it was as much a surprise to them as it was to us. But gentlemen, let me continue. I want to fill you in on the various kinds of action that we're taking. We filed claims with our insurance companies at once, of course. Our legal staff, however, advises us that, given the uniqueness of these recent events, it is probable that we will have to conduct prolonged litigation before we can entertain any hope of collecting. The insurance companies will, in all probability, claim that these occurrences are Acts of God, not covered by the policies they issued.

3rd BOARD MEMBER. Ridiculous!

4th BOARD MEMBER. Two buildings. That's a lot of pineapple. Can we sell the juice?

CHAIRMAN: We're looking into that. But it seems that the Food and Drug Administration is preparing to obtain an injunction. They claim that the juice would be a health hazard, that it might turn back into a building at any moment.

1st BOARD MEMBER: Ridiculous. Pineapple juice doesn't turn into steel and concrete.

CHAIRMAN· I think we could make a case for that. Unfortunately, there's another complication. Both buildings were occupied at the time that the events in question took place. We've tunneled into both, but we have been unable to recover any bodies. Our teams encounter nothing but pineapple.

3rd BOARD MEMBER. The employees turned into pineapple too?

The ceiling has begun to leak in a corner of the room. None of the BOARD MEMBERS notice it.

CHAIRMAN: We have no way of knowing. (A drop of liquid falls on the table in front of the CHAIRMAN. He ignores it.) As I said, the events are unique. But if we did attempt to market either the pineapple or the juice, I'm afraid that we would have quite a number of lawsuits on our hands.

More liquid drips from the ceiling and falls on the table. The BOARD OF DIRECTORS looks up.

5th BOARD MEMBER: Something ought to be done about that.

CHAIRMAN Gentlemen, I suggest that we adjourn to another room.

One of the BOARD MEMBERS dips his finger into the liquid and tastes it. The CHAIRMAN and the rest of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS follow suit. At once, there is a lot of yelling and screaming and a mad rush for the door. Before the Board of Directors can get out of the room, however, a torrent of pineapple juice comes crashing through the ceiling. Quickly, the cries die away and everything is calm. □

MIRACLE DRUG

DESPERATE MOMENT 2—John M. Bennett
She came into the laundromat its squealing like a
fugging pig a car screeched up and slammed her
face were hot and churned You greasy slash he
groped and drooled her foot whipped out and
smashed him in the throat his head was
spongy thudding in the drier hissing round his
juice dried out for good this time



HANDI-TAPE

for Home Front

First Aid



LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS
CONTINUED

A Banana by any other name
Dear Anna Banana

I'm coconuts about you. When kissed do you taste like Rice Crispies and [bananas]? Are you thick skinned? "Don't tread on me!" is your motto—if they do, they'll slip. Next to Fay Wray, are you King Kong's true love? Banana, you are all natural with no artificial anything. Do you split on Sunday? Is Bill Gaglione for real?

—Aram Boyajian

THE WITNESS

—by Al Blaster

It emerged into a wide horizon of ice and wind. There was a whirling blast of steel blue and eerie orange. Tell me that it will tweak a nerve of nostalgia for the sociologically minded and that this is communication without information.

For the sociologically—wait. This is an interlude for performance at ART CAUSE GROUP during the next visit by a lady or gentleman of the press corpse ("The Witness.")

Or ANYONE, for that matter; this short pulp play is an attempt at manipulating the alternative universe theme to the point of momentary reality based on pure collusion.

20 below zero; THE WITNESS enters. In their dead-of-winter-gallery-laird, THE ART CAUSE GROUP persuades THE WITNESS to have a chair and discuss THE THEORY OF RECONSTITUTED ENVIRONMENT This theory teaches the possibility of subduing a hostile environment by use of Selected Archetypes and Radical Hypnotic Suggestion.

For example, low-cost heating for cold climates could be achieved by introducing Archetypes from Mexico or one of the southern desert states. THE GROUP elaborates on this excitedly for the WITNESS:

"Suppose this space was transformed into Replica of 1930's Arizona truck-stop cafe?"

That is, THE GROUP explains, set up a grill, install stools, a fly-specked counter broken screen door, etc. The sensation that this model was in fact THE ONE AND ONLY TRUE ENVIRONMENT could be augmented by Hypnotic Suggestion. The temp would rise accordingly, with resulting big savings in fuel-heating costs. And this Suggestion via Hypnosis could be extended as time went on, beyond the immediate confines of the original space—farther and farther out-of-doors, ultimately No end to the possibilities says THE GROUP

"Put in some scrub and cactus outside."
"Gas pumps—"

"Lots of those truck-stop places have little zoos out back—we could have a few animal cages, have some bear cubs. A coyote "

"A mangy puma would be nice!"

THE WITNESS blinks, regarding them. They seem so—

"Keep augmenting the Hypnotic Suggestion!" "Eventually take in a whole city block with it—" "City block my-eye! The whole town."

—so gone on this.

"Buzzards wheeling in the sky—!" "Sky as blue as a copper penny and Ray Bradbury—" Etc, etc. It should build and build.

Just a fervor of the GROUP for this THEORY OF RECONSTITUTED ENVIRONMENT begins to strain the limits of decency, a Martin or gumbus is whipped out for the last straw, a moaning impassioned song:

PING
PING
PING
PING

menus printed in purple ink. Unbearable sounds at noon of sizzling meat. Ticking gas pumps count the heat—go ping!

Ping
ping
Ping
ping

I think if we could make it hot enough I think we could make it warm enough PING (etc)

At this point, the issue is put directly to THE WITNESS: "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

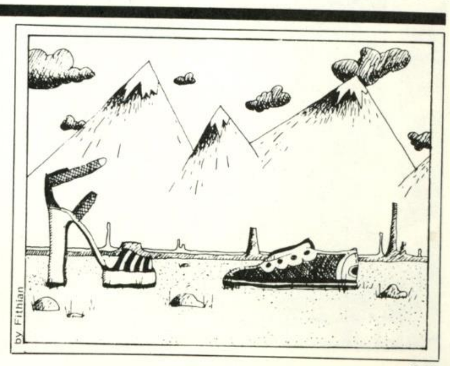
Reticence. Skepticism. "Huh. well—I don't know "

The Subject is immediately dropped. Change it—go on to something else. There should be, however, a note of sadness. A vague tinge of regret—as though a doorway to a beautiful world has been reluctantly—but firmly—closed, THE WITNESS somehow excluded from something wonderful, a secret, forever. Later as he/she comes out of the building, THE WITNESS meets a MAN going in dressed only in red bathing trunks. And the MAN is whistling. The WITNESS goes slowly on out into the wide blast horizon of freezing ice and wind and how it might have lived—shivers?

—C.A.S.F.C.



Photo by Gamboa


by Fithian

Press Communikay from the DADA Movement of Great Britain

on the subject of the A.G.M of the NATIONAL POETRY SOCIETY —June 12/76

As self-proclaimed dadaists out-of-date and smoking cobwebs for the dada poetry contest, we have nothing to say on Saturdays. In fact when we do have something to say, we say it backwards or sideways, so please read this communikay standing on your heads.

If you should criticize us or the contents of this soap dish, criticize whilst running in a bucket of horses but for god's sake, do not miss your footing.

There a million and more ways of saying nothing and we choose our own way or a way washed down with sprinkled ears. Whether you understand us or not is purely a case of measles on coathangers or an afternoon at the top of the sea.

We admire each other, we are better than the Executive Council and more we are much better than ordinary opinions. We admire Kohla, the primitive and we admire verse written with Xs. There is an alphabet in a grain of scissors and a transitive verb up every sleeve. When we were younger, as boys and girls, we had a hat into which we threw our dreams. Later we discovered that the bourgeosie thrived on doffing hats of stone to masterpieces in the middle of fog patches. We have had to sneeze ever since.

Being troubled by polite sanity not being free to be yourself is not being free to be yourself is like boiling stones in cold bocks. Polite sanity has nowhere to go but to schemes and plots...and to A.G.Ms.

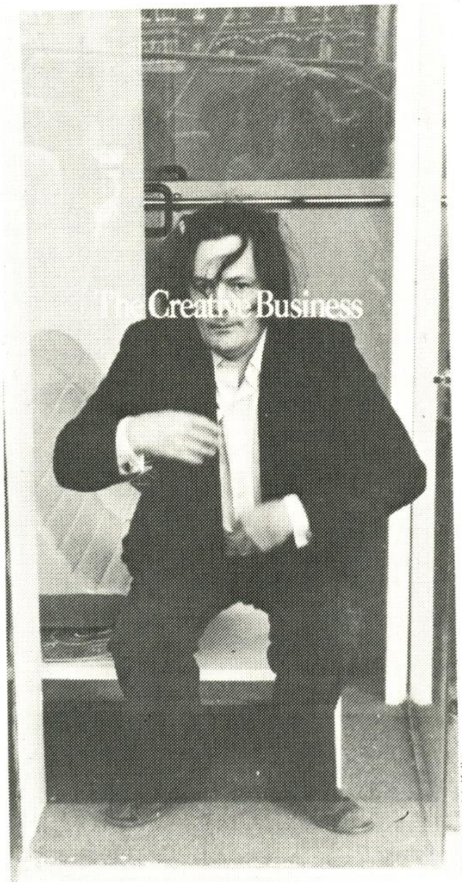


Photo-Bernard J. Kelly

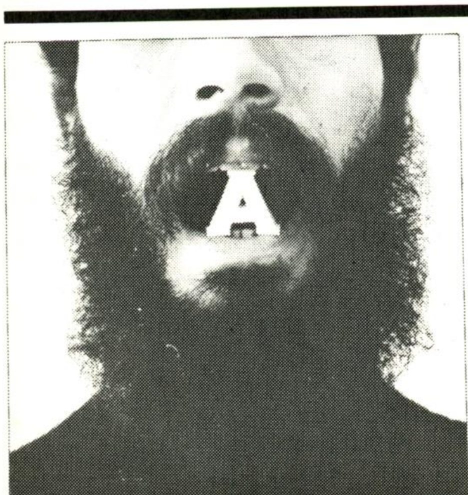
ARE YOU WEARING A MUSHROOM ICEBERG BENEATH THE YES LINE? Get a brick full of water and stitch a lambs wing to commonsense.

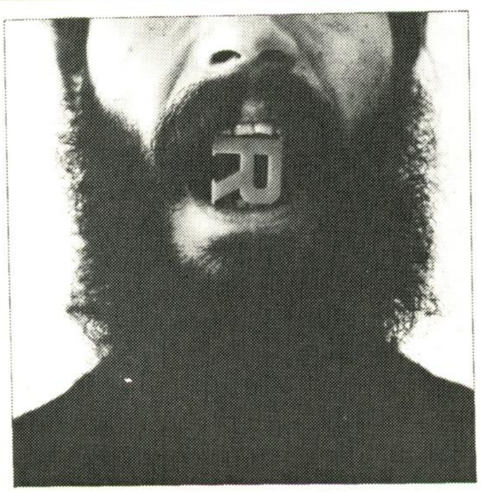
We do not really think $23,000 from the Arts Council to the Poetry Society is any better than a pat of butter on a turtle's left trunk. Give it to us, we say, to DADA. We would know how to waste it better than it is wasted now. So why all the fuss? There's better poetry in the form of rotting onions being carted away from Inverness Street market by the permanent rubbish disposal squad than can be found at the Poetry Society these days. The voice of international historic direction (Mr. Nuttall, S. Times, 6 June) may be a fantastic mirage on the chair backs of the horizon, but modernists are no longer new. Today they hide behind files on other modernists dead and gone, twirling round their stomachs Mallarme's hairy brassier. DOWN WITH BRISTLING MODERNISTS SQUIRTING HARD LOOK SPINES through fluid on their egg cup brains. DOWN WITH STALE PORRIDGE STUCK TO TRANSLUCENT DREAMS.

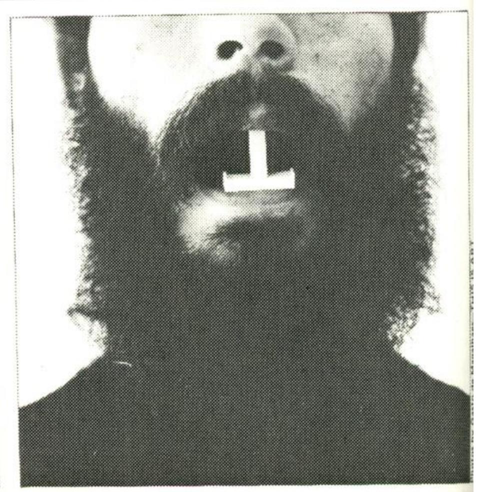
We dadaists steal poems from the inside of boots on hands feathered with lemons. Writing along the line provided may improve timetables to acceptance but it also blows up with dust jackets little frogs and primitives.

DADA is going to take over the Poetry Society and run it for itself. DADA will kick out most of the modernists and all the traditionalists so that it will be the KING PIN here. Dada is even better organized to do this than is a melting icecream in the bourgeois freezer.

—DADA MOVEMENT
68 Parkhill Road
London, N.W. 3







SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES



The banana starts out bright green, mellows to yellow. Then, if not eaten, becomes spotted and if left beyond that, turns black. Anna Banana is no exception –having traded in her banana image for that of Leopard-spotted Tarzana B. Nana. Now out to play with this imagery for a while [months? years?] she is collecting leopard-spotted clothing for an up-coming event. YOU CAN HELP by sending your old spots [leopard preferrably] to her soon, at Banana Productions, 1183 Church Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Of course a great deal has been done with this imagery by Vancouver artists Eric and Kate Metcalfe–but since they have abandoned leopard spots for greener pastures (we hear he's now into camouflage, and she's into PINK), Ms Banana felt freed to pursue her own fantasies with them. Won't you join her by sending your old spots today?

Above, Jungle Bill, Tarzana, Hank Bull and Kate Craig (formerly Lady Brute) do some turns in the growing leopard-spot collection in the SF/Oakland Bus terminal photo-booth. Below, Irene Dogmatic takes full advantage of Dadaland spots to compliment her new bra.



SLEAZE '76 A special report for VILE

—Tom Hosier



Along the route of the Sleaze Parade, these depraved youths stop "just for kicks" at a Wilmington doorstoop to chat with one of the original street people. An earlier stop at the Salvation Army building resulted in the mysterious cancellation of a scheduled band concert.

Labor day weekend brought the scabs of society to the Fifth Street Gallery in Wilmington, Delaware for the First Annual World Sleaze Convention. Hot for a scoop and a good time, I arrived Sunday to one-way streets, two-way citizens and three-way plugs in what has become known as the international capital of sleaze. Bolstered by a drive through scenic New Jersey, the armpit of Western geography, and a hearty fast-food lunch at the only Wilmington restaurant open that holiday weekend, I was well prepared to confront the world of bad taste, pastel stretch slacks and sunglasses at night.

As I stood on the debris strewn sidewalk at 2 West 5th Street, site of Apocalyptic Productions, whose Tom Watkins and Rob Jones coordinated the event, I withdrew from my pocket a pack of my favorite brand. Casually placing the cigarette to my lips, I lit it and smiled as the chemical smoke caressed my chest cavity and collapsed a capillary. I walked past the Port-o-San toilet and up the stairs to the gallery. This is what I saw:

A room fixed up as a porn shop, the desk manned at the time of my arrival by none other than Stuart Horn, formerly of the Northwest Mounted Valise and early editor of the NYCS Weekly Breeder. On the walls were numerous photographic magazines whose contents ran the gamut from just plain "fooling around" to sodomy, beastiality and extra-marital relations. A life-sized inflatable doll lavicously beckoned, her orifices ready for love and framed with heat-sealed seams. The back room stag film area was courteously provided with a roll of absorbent paper towels.

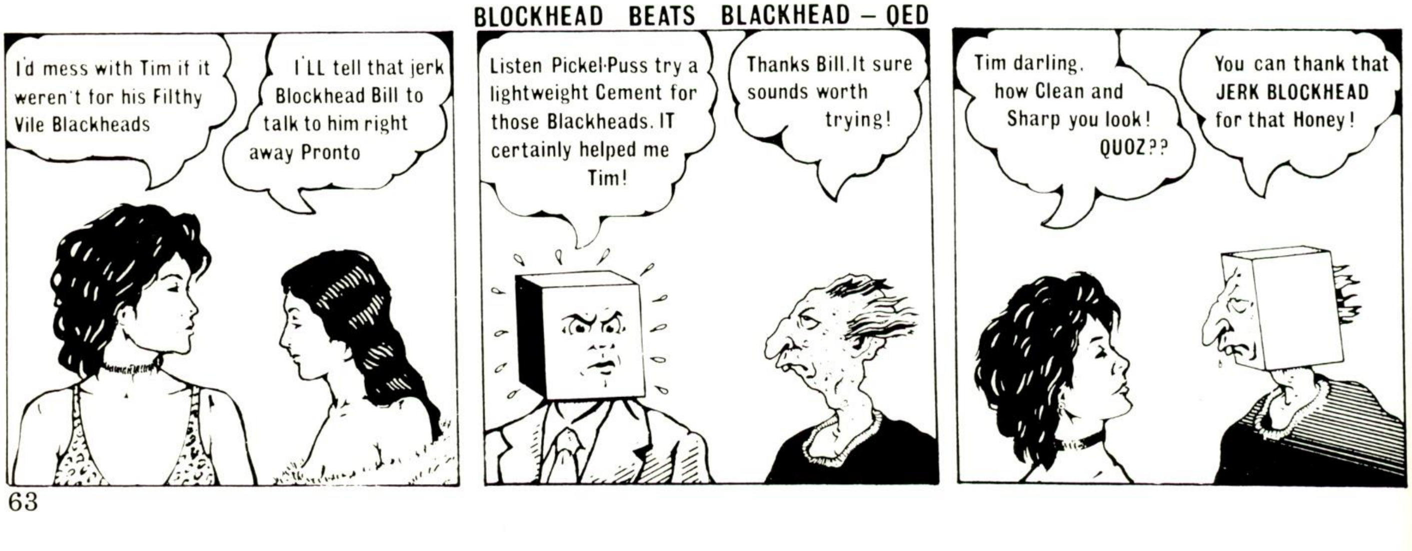
The UHF Room for your viewing pleasure. Displays of religious tracts, anti-vivisection propaganda, comics designed to instill pride in non-Aryan children, lingere catalogs and the like. Edie the egg lady and her travelling thrift shop. A display of Bicentennial merchandise and advertising material, which provided a backdrop for a large commemorative contraption of dubious function, constructed largely from an Erector set and pieces of trash. A personally autographed 8 x 10 glossy of Phil "Sgt. Bilko" Silvers. The Miss Sleaze 1976 Pagent. A display of meterial by Captain Xerox, including two photographs mounted in 3-D stereoscopic viewers, one an erect penis, the other a nude woman in front of a mirror.

Other items displayed included original pages from Punk magazine, a "Television Confessional" in which a cathode tube replaces the traditional Catholic rube in the joyful sacrament. Such immortal films as "I was a Teenage Frankenstein," "The Diane Linkletter Story" as directed by John Waters, George Kuchar's "Sins of the Fleshapoids," and Zsa Zsa Gabor in "Queen of Outer Space." The cream of Wilmington low life. And everywhere, the logo of SLEAZE CON '76: the face of 40's horror film star Rondo Hatton, who, due to a glandular disease called acromegally, appeared on the screen as the horrifying "Creeper" sans makeup.



Sleaze '76's guest of honor, Edith Massey, star of John Waters' films "Multiple Maniacs," "Pink Flamingos," and "Female Trouble."

BLOCKHEAD BEATS BLACKHEAD – QED



VILE-BNC Television to give millions "press privileges" at the Conventions

MILLIONS WILL SEE THE ANSWERS TO THESE 5 QUESTIONS (and many more)

THIS SUMMER, the vivid journalism of VILE and expert television of BNC will be combined to bring some 15 million Americans the biggest political show on earth—the two major presidential conventions. Five of the many questions to be answered on this biggest telecast in history follow . . .

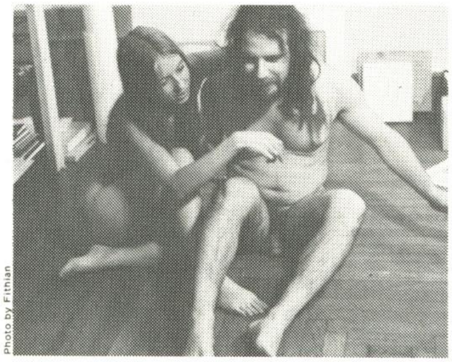


Photo by Fithian

WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THAT DOOR? Who's deciding what? Wherever possible, VILE's editors will take you behind hotel doors like this at the '76 Democratic Convention. VILE-BNC behind-the-scenes television coverage will make things as exciting as if the millions who watch were actually there—with press privileges.



Photo by Michael St. Vitus

HOW DO THE DELEGATES GET THERE? VILE's lively approach and ability to clarify the complicated will be put to good use showing televiewers just how delegates are selected and instructed. In material like this, BNC and VILE will give millions an eye-witness view of democracy at work. Above:delegates at the 1976 convention.



Photo by Crack O'Dawn Productions

WHAT DOES A CANDIDATE DO AT A CONVENTION? In addition to the customary on-stage shots of the candidates, this historic VILE-BNC telecast will let millions in on what a candidate does off-stage—who he talks to, what he talks about, what he looks like and says in informal, unrehearsed moments. Above:Crack-O Dawn at breakfast conference in 1976.



WHO ARE THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN WE VOTE FOR? With VILE and BNC, Americans will enter hotel rooms, lobbies, campaign headquarters, and seek out campaign managers, party bosses, floor leaders, others of influence. Above, Stanley Marsh, floor leader in '76 with friend. Show will give fascinating insight into how VILE editors work.



Photo by Sir Q

WHAT ABOUT THE PLATFORM? Platforms are largely arranged before the confention, but at the convention, pressure groups attempt to get favorable planks added. VILE-BNC telecast will interview platform sub-committee heads like those above at the 1976 convention, possibly show them actually at work. Seeing all this, millions will understand democracy better.

Televising of the Republican Convention will start June 21 and of the Democratic Convention July 12.

This historic, joint venture in journalism begins June 21st on these network stations:



VILE

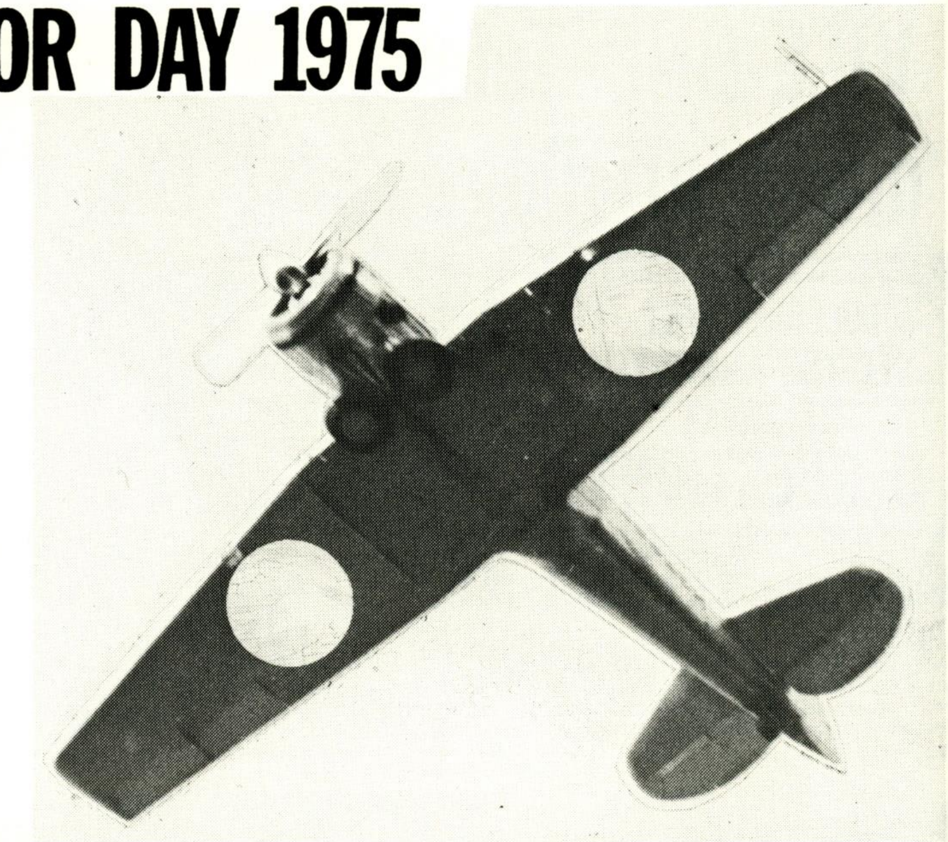
WNBT, New York
WNBW, Washington
WBAL-TV, Baltimore

WPTZ, Philadelphia
WRGB, Schenectady
WBZ-TV, Boston
WTVR, Richmond

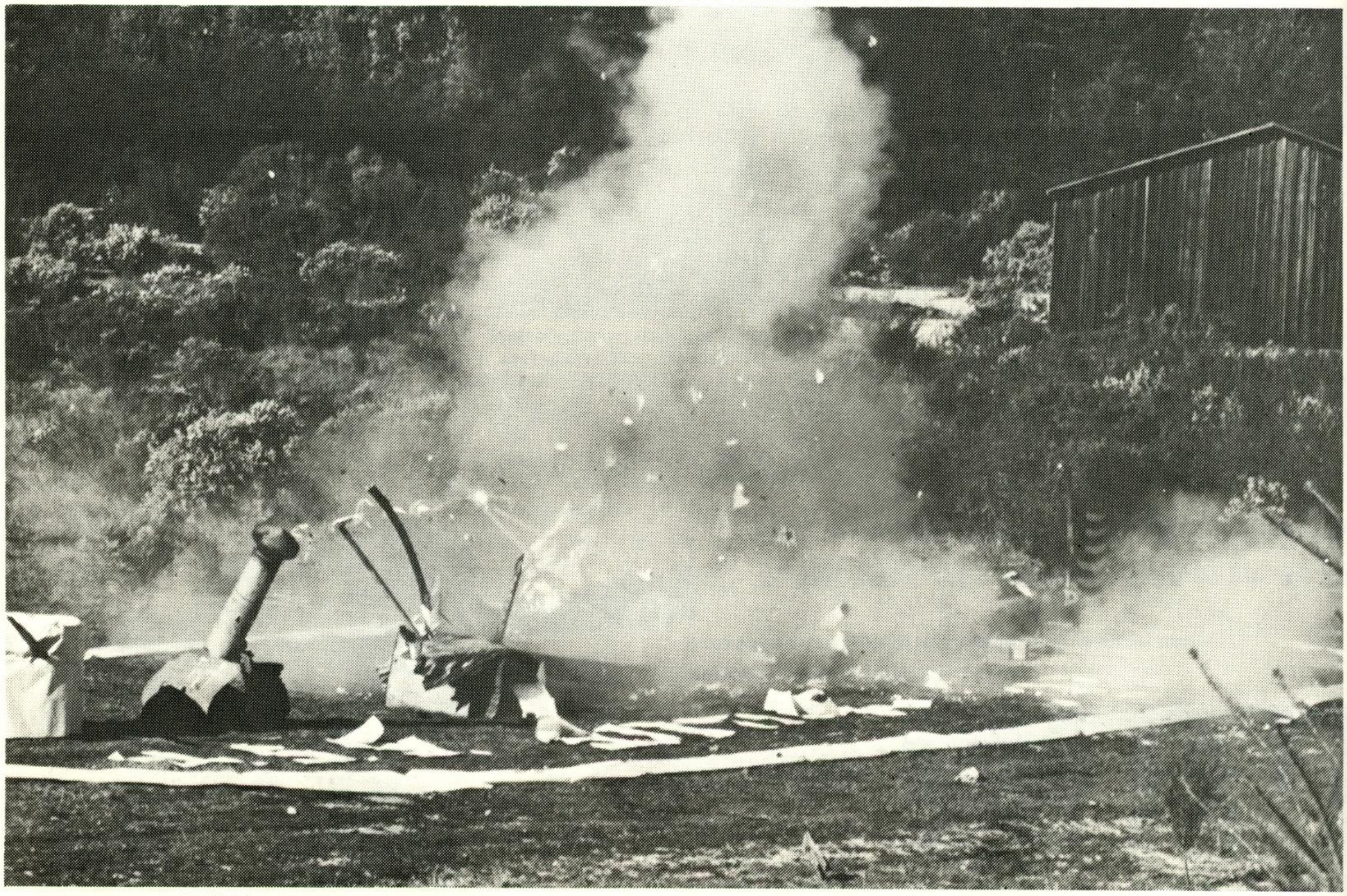
PEARL HARBOR DAY 1975

Celebration of a Dreadful Disaster. RANCHO de ZOO. The citizenry had gathered in their meadow one Sunday morning and were innocently constructing a small battleship in replica using appropriate consumer items and other junk. One victim recalls that about 1:00 p.m. a distant buzzing brought all eyes squinting into the sun. Then, without warning, an AT-6 fighter suddenly fell upon them mercilessly, sending women and children fleeing. What followed was compared by one victim to a childhood sport involving mice and hammers —"or tap dancing on eggs," cracked another.

Soon the fighter lost interest in these dalliances and circled to make his final and fatal pass—across the bridge of the ship—which exploded into a fireball. However, the screams soon died away and the smoke hung in the air like a protectorate over the unfortunate victims.



"T" MINUS 5 SECONDS—THE BOGUS ZERO CIRCLES



"T" MINUS 0—DECEMBER 7, 1975, THE "S.S. SITTING DUCK" GOES DOWN.

Later, a press agent expressed confusion at seeing the pilot (dressed in Nipponese costume) horsing around at the edge of the meadow with young girl victims. Indeed, I explained, the whole thing was PLANNED. "But how can you, in conscience, celebrate an event which actually took the lives of thousands of persons?"

"In Shakespeare, it is the joker and the madman who speak the truth," I said.

—by John Ammirati



"T" PLUS 1 — THE ART VICTIMS



"T" MINUS 5 SECONDS—THE SAKI TOAST

FUTURIST SYNTHETIC

—by Ann Dothers

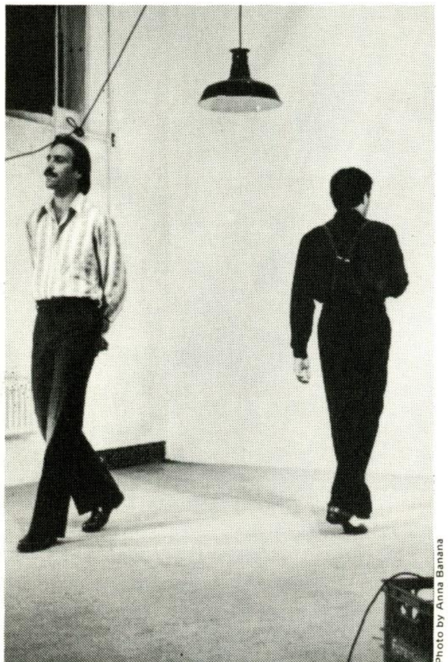
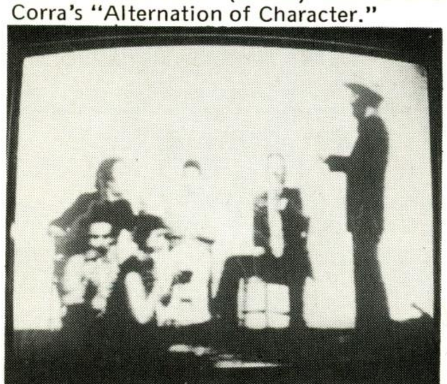


Photo by Anna Banana

Joel Rossman, left and William Gaglione right perform Attesa's "Waiting."



Anna Banana and William Gaglione in Arnaldo Corradini (Ginna) and Bruno Corra's "Alternation of Character."



"I Think it would be Correct to Do it This Way," performed by Hesh Rosen, Ron Illardo, Joel Rossman, Tony D'Arpino, William Gaglione & Anna Banana.

Thanks to the book FUTURIST PERFORMANCE, which contains translations from the original Italian, contemporary audiences are having a chance to witness this unique theatrical form—which con-consists of brief syntheses of elements that deliver the impact of a whole experience, without taking the time a whole incident would. Their turse and timely messages (and non-messages) have as much to say to contemporary audiences as they did when they were first written. The main difference between then and now is that today's audiences are likely to enjoy these pieces, while in their original presentations, they were more likely to insult and disturb the audience.

The first series of these plays, known as sintesi, were presented at La Mamelle Art Center February 17 '76 by Futurlustra under the initiative of Tom DeFelice, the direction by Christopher Lyon, with musical accompaniment by the Future Primitives, a synoptic orchestra.

The pieces presented at this time were "Dynamic & Synoptic Declamation" by Marinetti, performed by Chris Lyon; "To Understand Weeping," by Giacomo Balla, "I Think it Would Be Correct to Do it This Way," by Mario Dessy, "Feet," by Marinetti, "Waiting," by Dessy, "Disconcerted States of Mind," by Giacomo "Synthesis of Syntheses," by Jannelli and Nicastro, "Negative Act," by Corra and Settimelli, and "Lights," by Cangiullo.

An update from this series is currently being made as a video-production, under the direction of Tony D'Arpino, with camera-work and colorization by Bill McMann, of Lop Lop. While a few pieces have been dropped from the original presentation, and a few others added, it is a richly varied program which will eventually result in a 28-minute video tape, timed for broadcast.

While a number of the actors have changed, the core from last year's production remain. In "Vagrant Madmen," we have Hesh Rosen and Elliot Simon, both of whom play in several other Sintesi in this production. Also in this year's cast is Crimson Indigo and Dadaland of "The Illusion" fame, Peter Weihl, Anna Banana, Joel Rossman, Tony D'Arpino and a number of others.

The tape, which is designed for commercial distribution, will be some six months in the post-production phase.





Photo by Anna Banana

Man behind the camera, Bill McMann of Lop Lop Productions plays with the color

THEATRE

AND NOW FOR THE 'ART'

BOY FROM NEW JERSEY ENCOUNTERS MR. FUTURISM

—by Chris Lyon

Was it a year ago? It seems like a mere nanuosecond since the performance of Futurist Synthetic Theatre at La Mamelle Arts Center in San Francisco, which I directed.

Where is that strange short man now? Speaking out of the side of his mouth in a clever imitation of a Philadelphia accent, he stood before me in an ill-fitting black trenchcoat, already several minutes into the future as I sat trying to catch a glimpse of his moustachioed face beneath a wide-brimmed hat, before he should vanish completely from my point in time, leaving me to ask: But who's going to act in this thing? What're we gonna do for lights? How much money have you got to spend? Where's the script? And who is Carl Loeffler?

As he faded to indistinctness, I thought I heard "Certain persons are interested... there are some lights available...a source of money has been contacted...you will meet Carl Loeffler at some point..." and as he disappeared from sight, a pile of xeroxed scripts magically synthesized in my hands. Strange works they were—apparently the product of deranged minds—or were they works of genius and culture? I could not tell.

"Where are we going?" I asked one day as we approached a building which announced the manufacture of prosthetic devices. I shouldn't have asked; the strange little man began to fade whenever he was confronted by a direct question. Up we trudged past the maker of false arms, to the gallery which would soon contain Futurist Synthetic Theatre.

"Chris, this is Carl," said Mr. Futurism with a leer as a second creature materialized. "Happy to meet you, Chris," he said offering his limp hand. "That was very human of you, Carl," Mr. F. remarked.

The night of performance approached. Actors, mimes, artistic cripples, dadaists, hangers-on and an odd dummy or two were the raw meat from which this vision of the future must be fashioned. I became conscious that I was but an instrument of a higher intelligence as I directed this formless mass into a tight, responsive ensemble.

Strange words came from my mouth—"We are young artillerymen on a toot... trot, don't rot..." Through it all Mr. F. produced set pieces, musicians, techni-

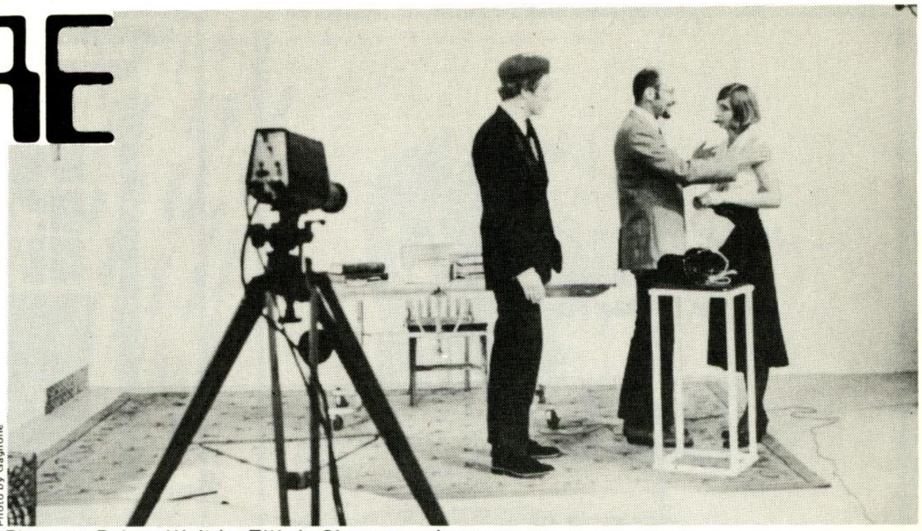


Photo by Gaglione

Players Peter Weihl, Elliot Simon and Anna Banana discuss finer points of action in Umberto Boccioni's "Genius and Culture," in which the artist (Weihl) dies at the hand of the critic (Simon) who accidentally falls on him with a letter opener a few seconds after opinioning that he'd 'prefer him dead.'

cians at the last possible moment. Was this because he was already in the future? Or was I already in the past?

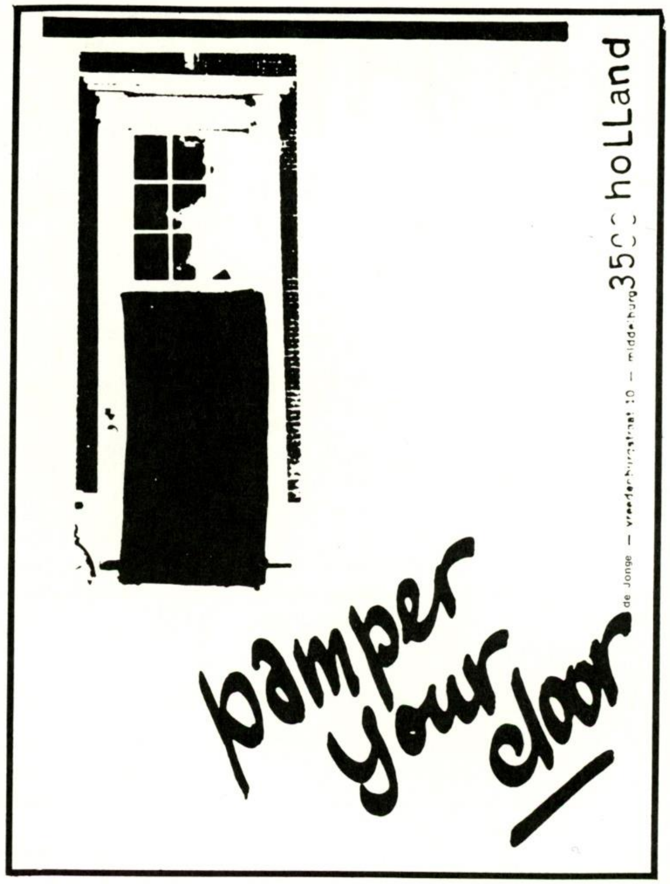
Finally the show was ready. The night before dress rehearsal, a weird collection of semi -humans (?) walked in and set-up camp in the middle of the performance space.

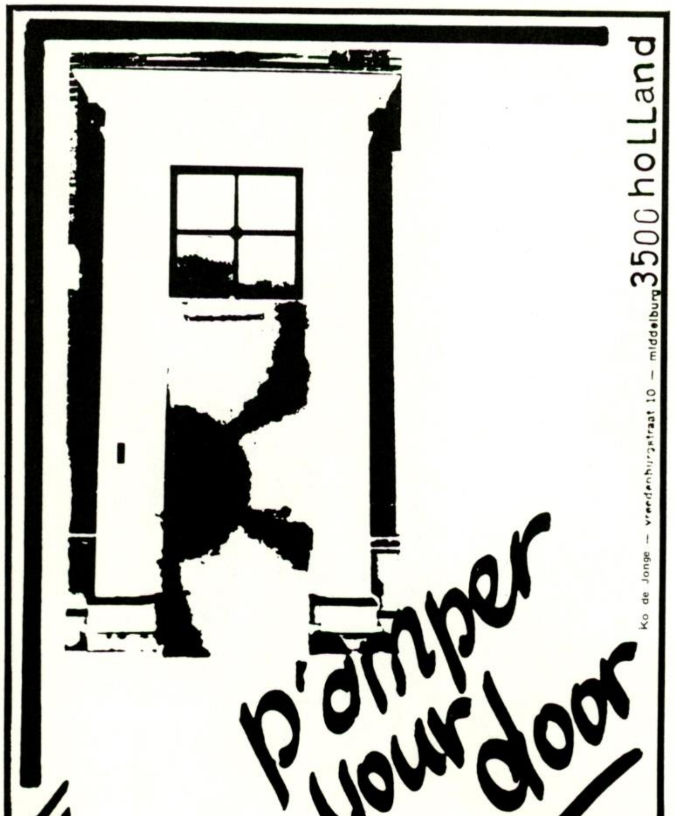
"Who are these creatures?" I screamed. Suddenly Mr. F. was at my side. "They are the Future Primitives. They will create our music." I sighed with resignation, kicking a couple of them to satisfy my frustration, but of course they didn't feel it since they weren't quite there.

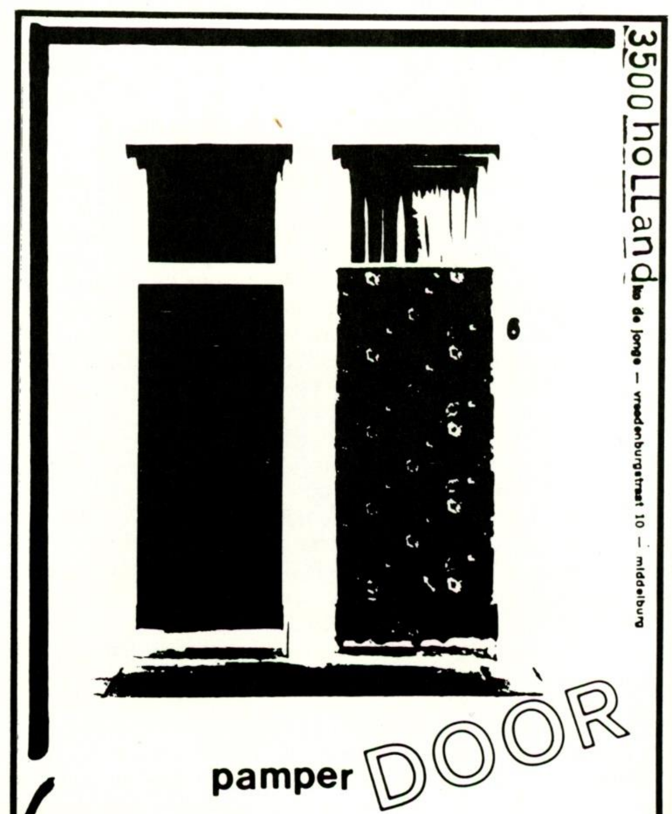
Two hundred and fifty people saw the events of that night—saw a rare glimpse of the future. "Feet" enacted paradigms of our lives below a plastic curtain; the light, the shot, the laugh in the dark at the end of a corridor, as that talented performer Bill Gaglione quick-wittedly leaped into the piece to aid a crippled futuristic mechanism and enabled the audience to see! I myself participated, suddenly babbling a poem to the "Life that Will Be," which sounded, I was later assured, like the resurrected voice of Marinetti—prophet of Futurism.

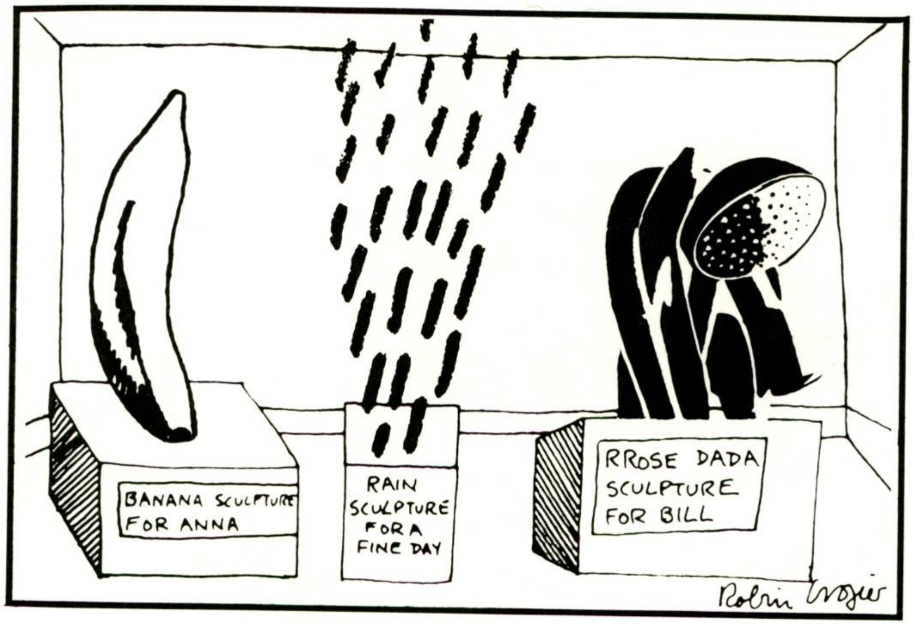
All that is now past—or has it not yet been? I can no longer tell. Mr. Futurism vanished as he had come—on a Greyhound. Sometimes, in a nightmare, I hear a strange voice with a Philadelphia accent, at my side, saying "I'd be interested if perhaps you might consider possibly at some point (if you have the time) directing several short pieces.....ah.....it won't take up much of your time..... there are a number of persons interested and perhaps if you might be available maybe we could talk about it...." and I awaken screaming no No NO!!!!

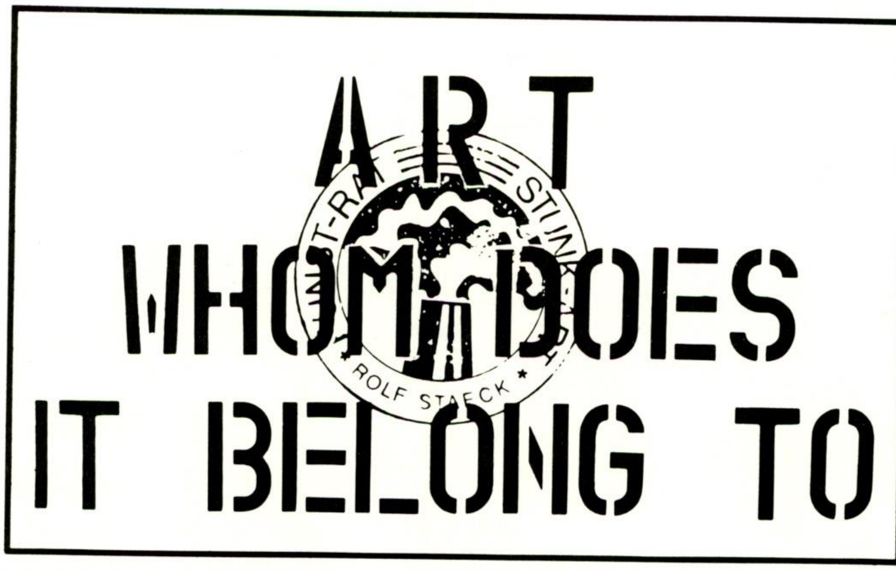
POST CARD ART



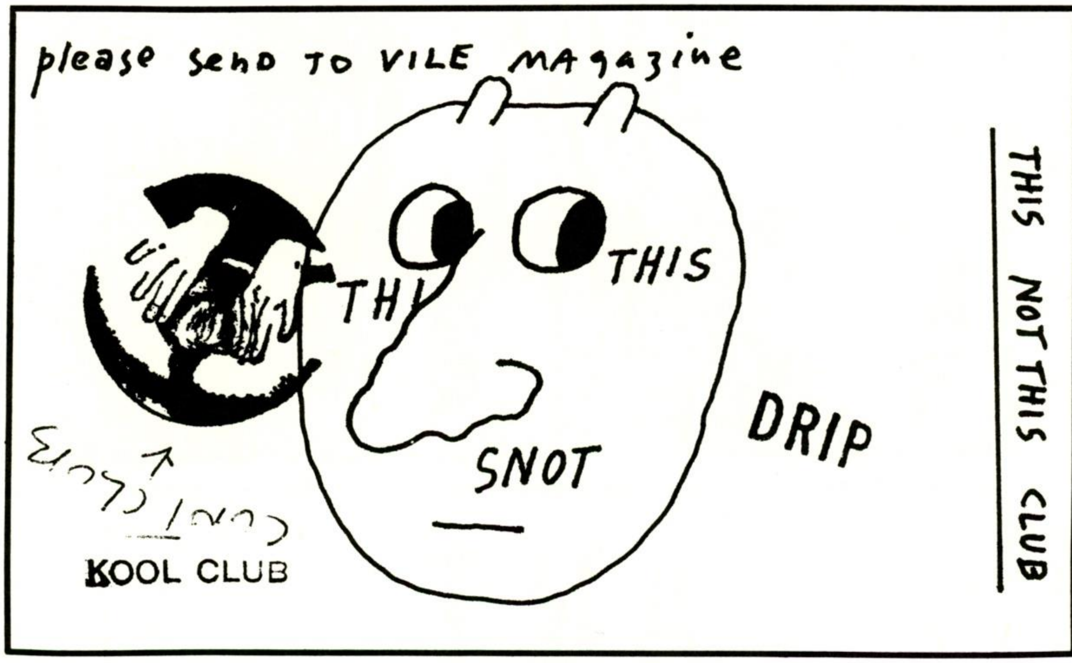




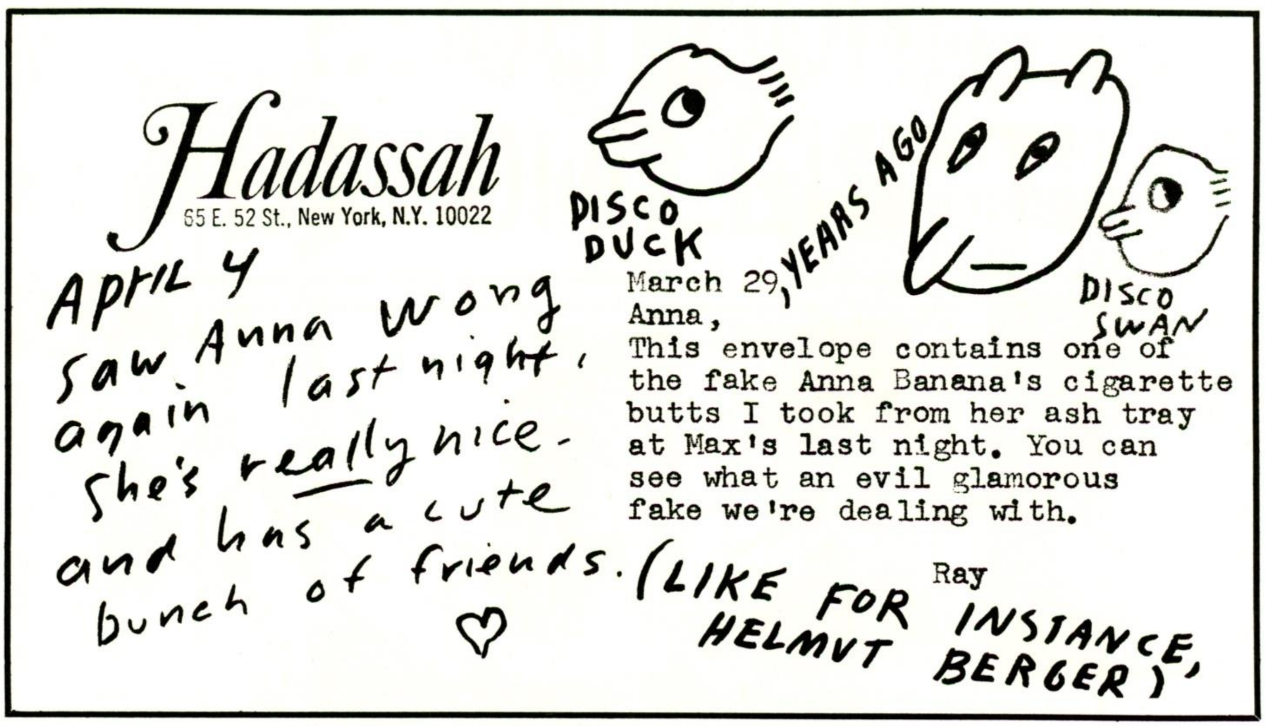

BANANA SCULPTURE FOR ANNA
RAIN SCULPTURE FOR A FINE DAY
RROSE DADA SCULPTURE FOR BILL
Robin Crozier


ART
WHOM DOES
IT BELONG TO
ROLF STAECK


german tarzan banana
museum of modern art bitter
by Rolf Staeck

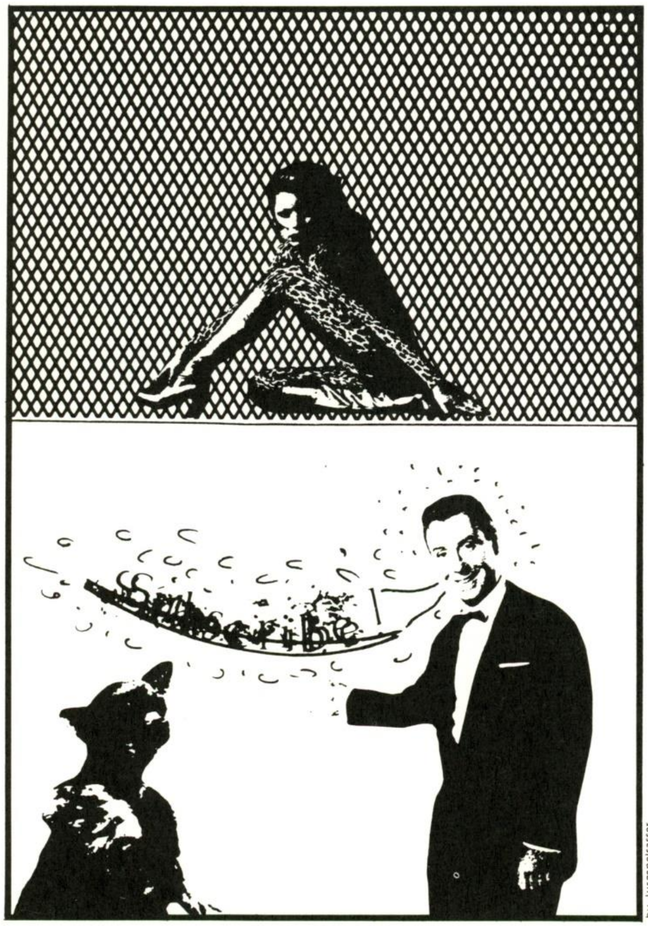


by Ray Johnson

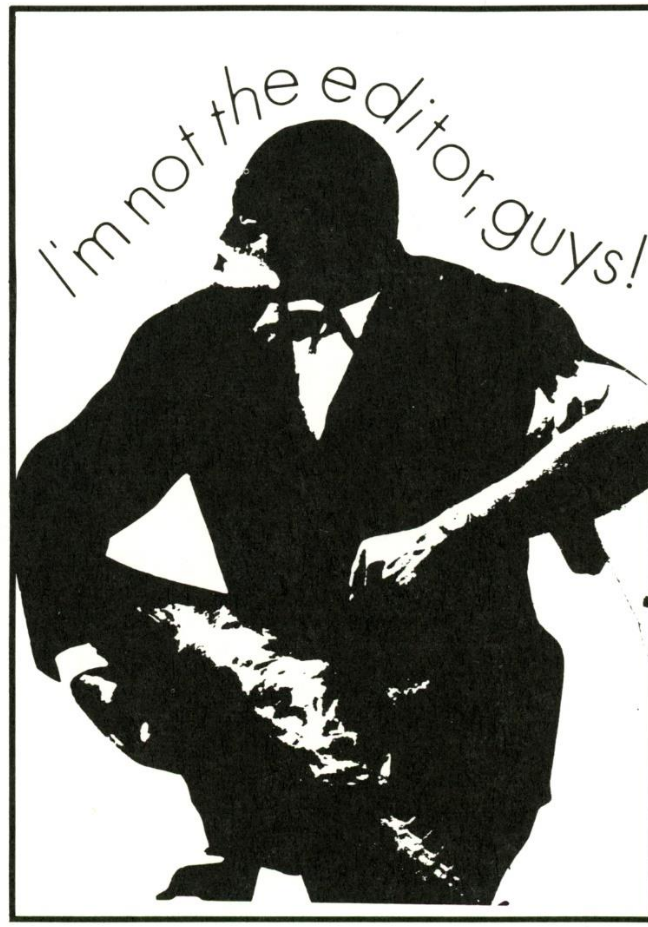



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Henryk Bzdok
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ul.Słowackiego 12m4
Poland
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with
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SAN FRANCISCO
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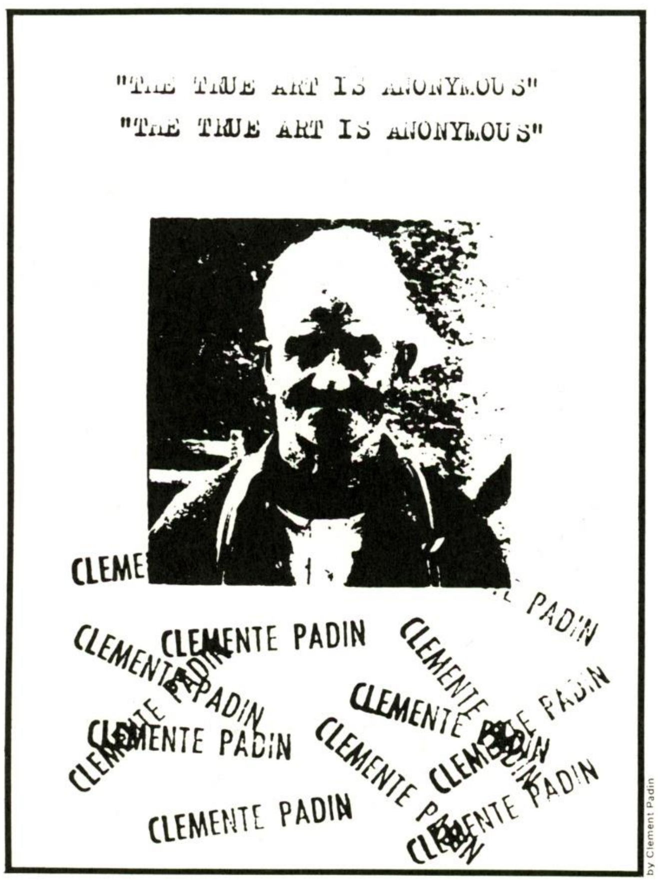

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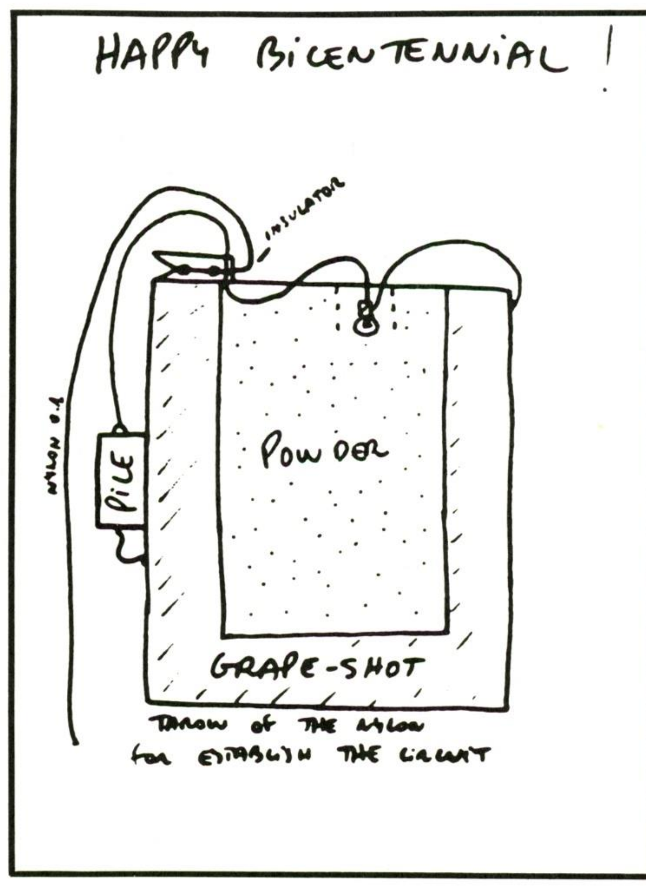
by Jurgenelsasser



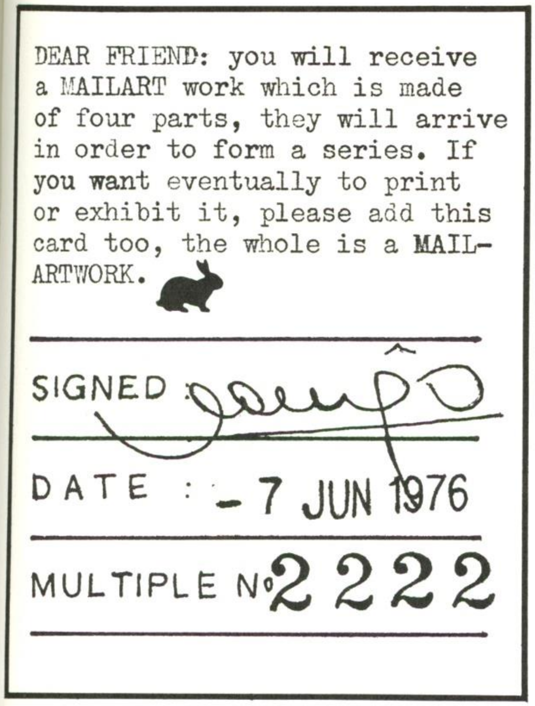
by Jurgenelsasser



by Clement Padin



by Clement Padin



DEAR FRIEND: you will receive a MAILART work which is made of four parts, they will arrive in order to form a series. If you want eventually to print or exhibit it, please add this card too, the whole is a MAIL-ARTWORK.

SIGNED :

DATE : - 7 JUN 1976

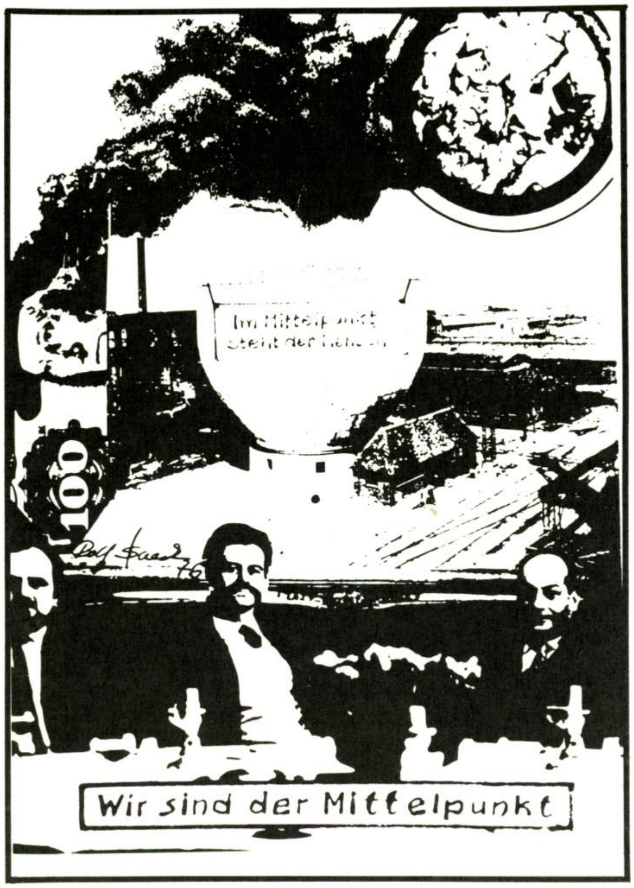
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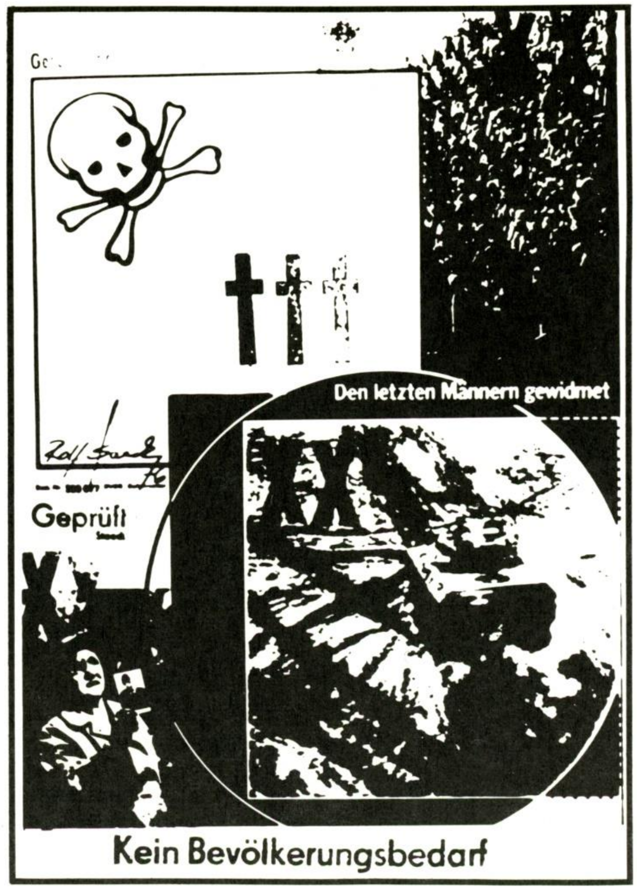


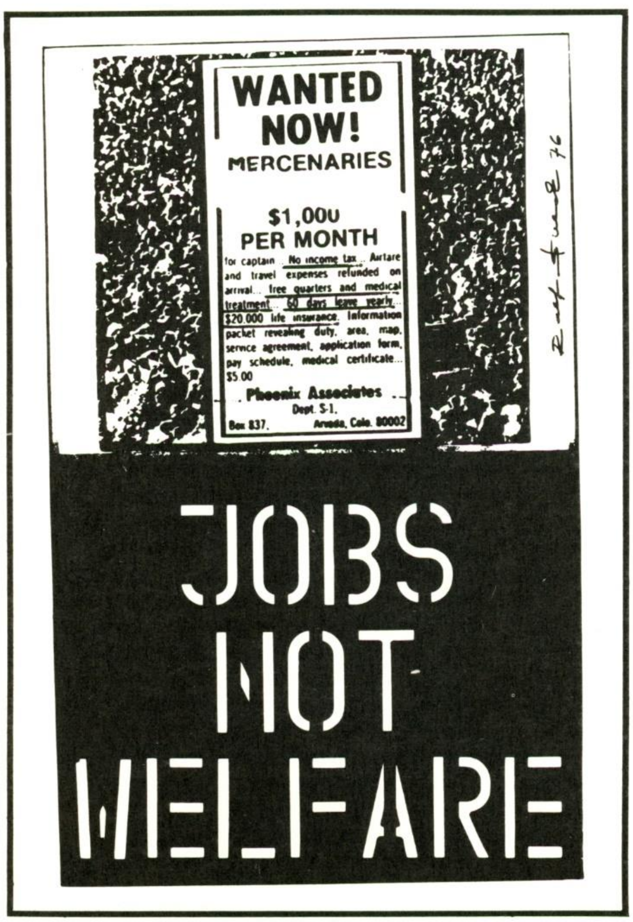


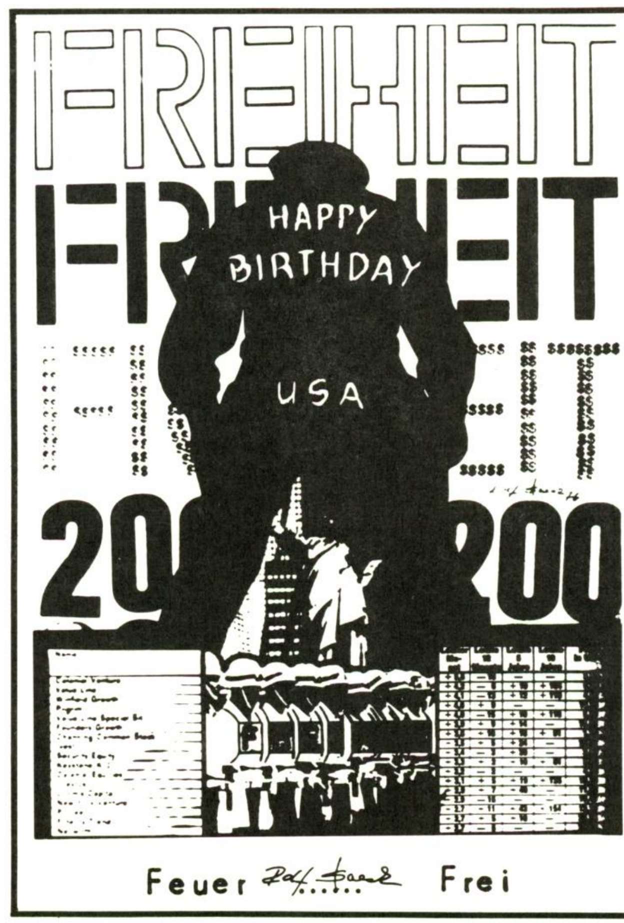




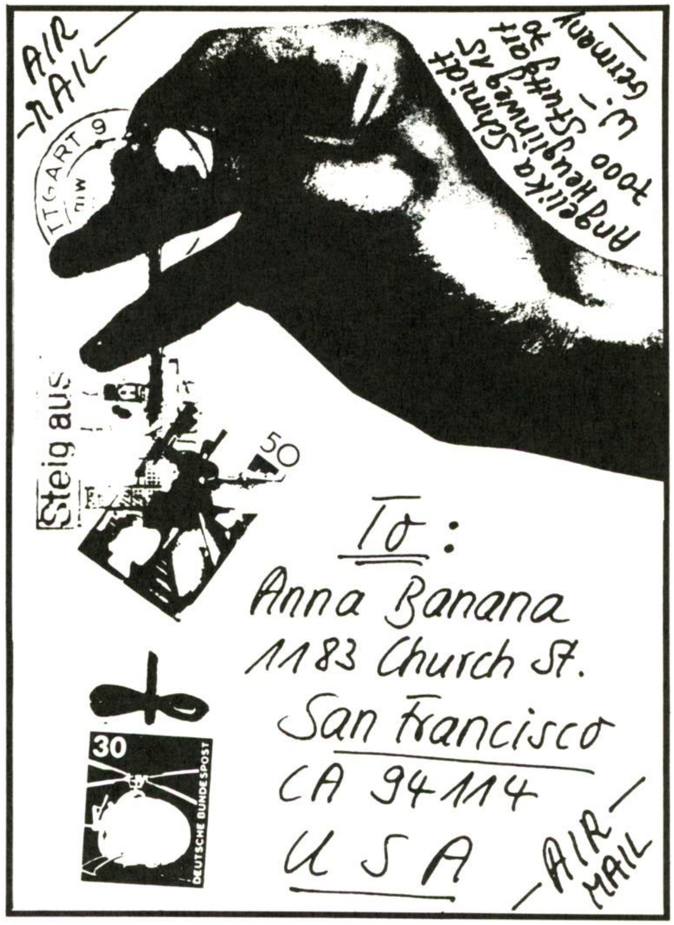

100
Wir sind der Mittelpunkt


Den letzten Männern gewidmet
Geprüft
Kein Bevölkerungsbedarf

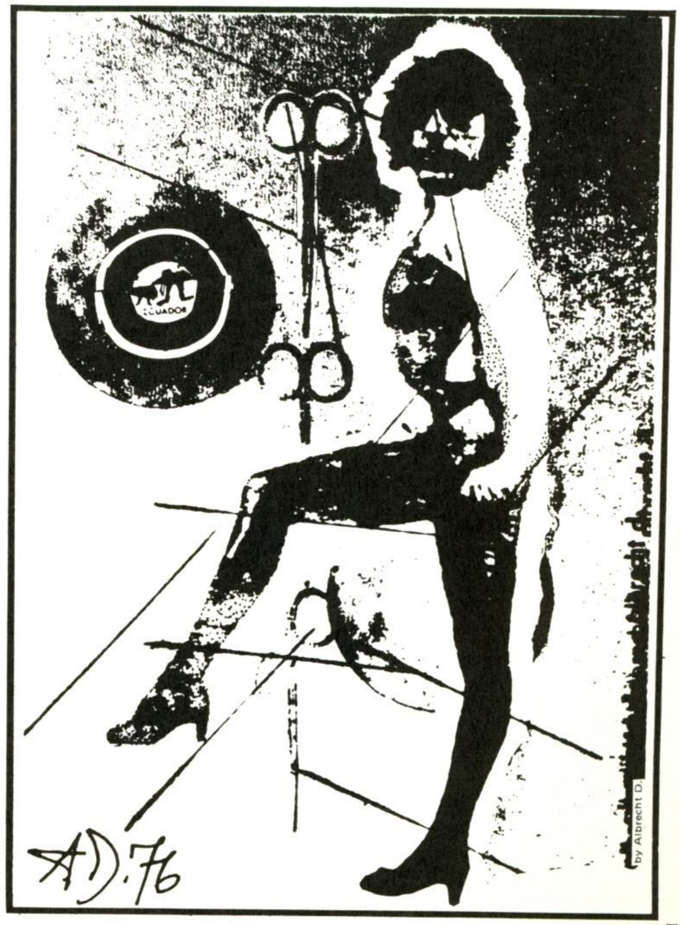

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JOBS NOT WELFARE


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HAPPY BIRTHDAY
USA
Feuer Frei


ART
A.S.76
by Angelika Schmidt


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Angelika Schmidt
7000 Heuglinweg 15
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Germany
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50
To:
Anna Banana
1183 Church St.
San Francisco
CA 94114
USA
30
DEUTSCHE BUNDESPOST
AIR MAIL

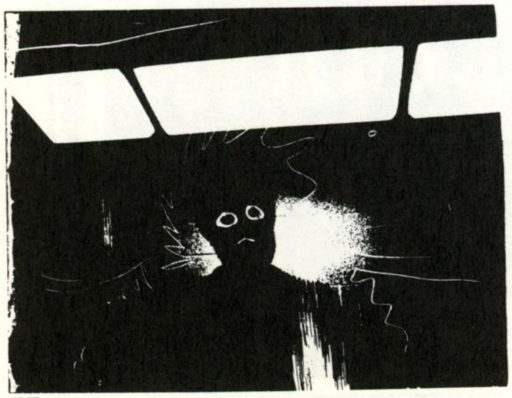

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alle lesen:
alle lesen:
This is ARt
Vile
Angelika Schmidt 76


A.D.76
by Albrecht D.

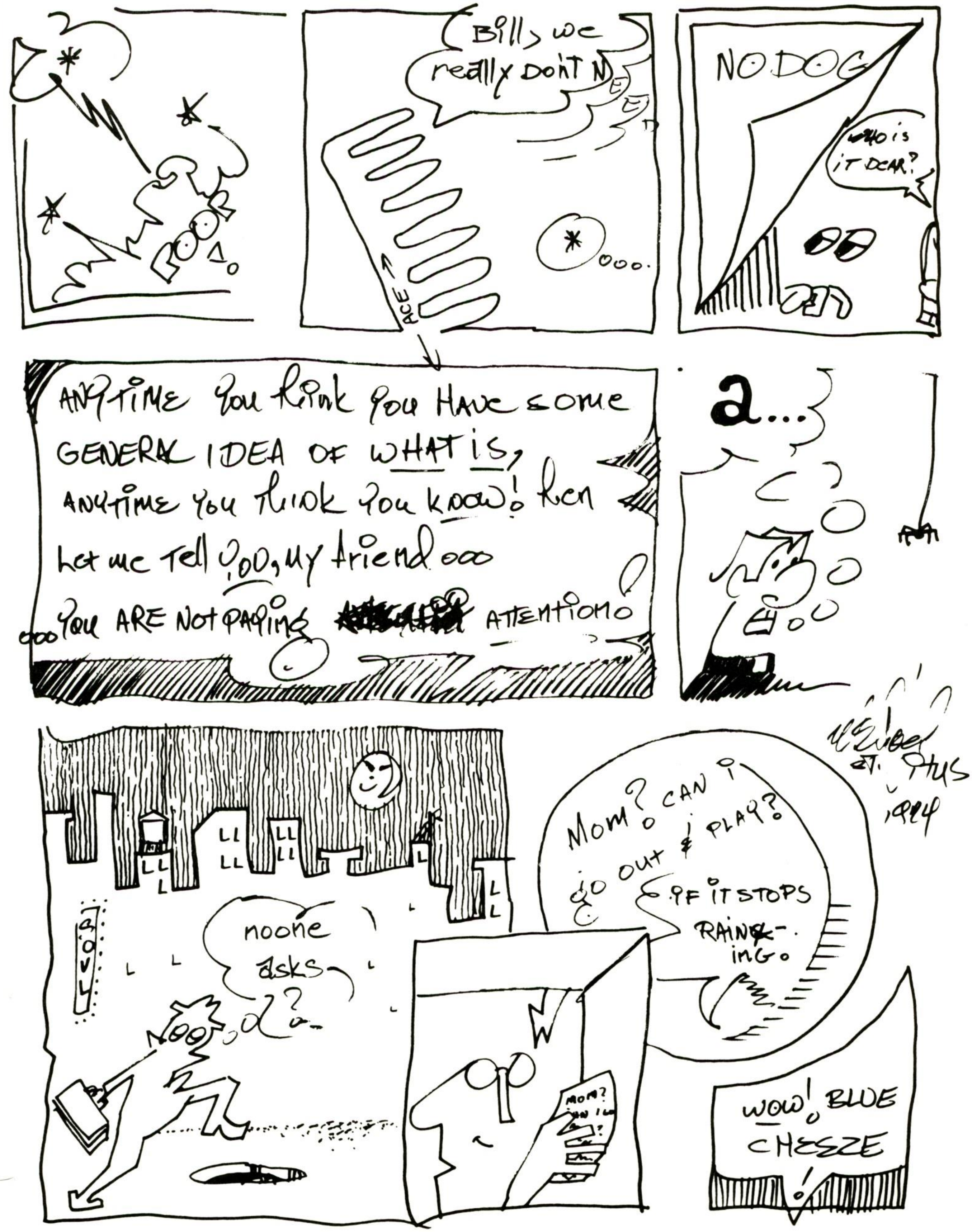
st vitus

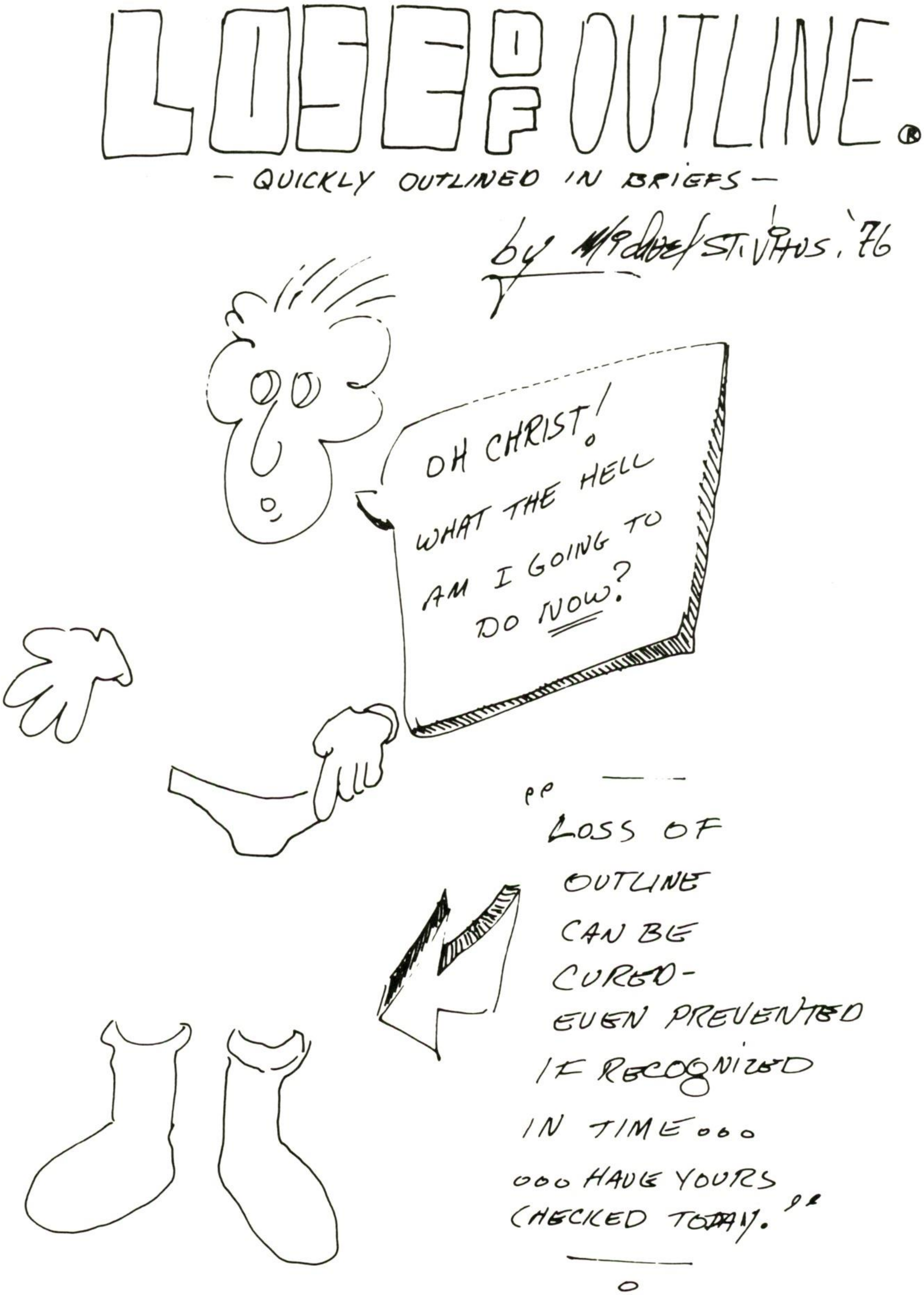
DADA MANIFESTO:

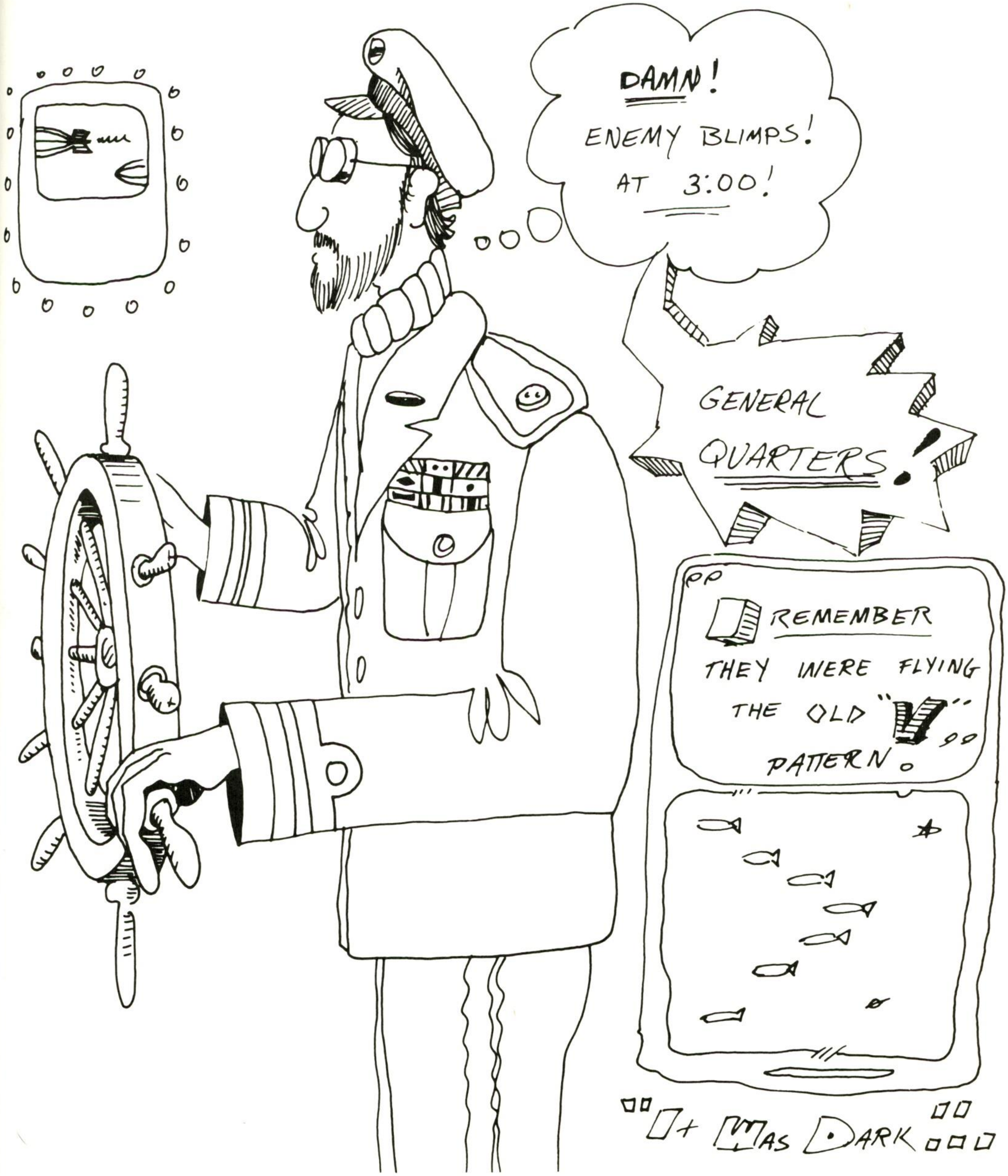
We the undersigned, in moot testimony, herein enscribe the elemental noun and dash of vile life support into our records as such; (1). Here after there will be no furthermore. (2). A Ms. is as good as a MRS. (3). Whenever possible Shrink, dont fold. (4). For best results, remove wrapper before placing in mouth. (5). Ellafitzgerald, Dear Watson. Thank you.



michael St. vitus
1975


POOR
Bill, we really DON'T NEED
ACE
NO DOG
WHO IS IT DEAR?
ANYTIME YOU THINK YOU HAVE SOME GENERAL IDEA OF WHAT IS, ANYTIME YOU THINK YOU KNOW! THEN LET ME TELL YOU, MY FRIEND...
...YOU ARE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.
a...
MOM? CAN I GO OUT & PLAY?
IF IT STOPS RAINING.
noone asks
WOW! BLUE CHEEZE
1984

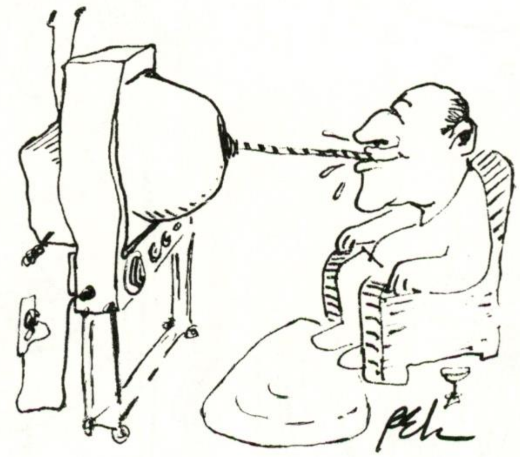

LOSE OF OUTLINE.
— QUICKLY OUTLINED IN BRIEFS —
OH CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO NOW?
"LOSS OF OUTLINE CAN BE CURED- EVEN PREVENTED IF RECOGNIZED IN TIME... ...HAVE YOURS CHECKED TODAY."


DAMN! ENEMY BLIMPS! AT 3:00!
GENERAL QUARTERS!
REMEMBER THEY WERE FLYING THE OLD "V" PATTERN.
"It Was Dark"

PHALLICIES

by Patrick Kelly, Blue Horse Press

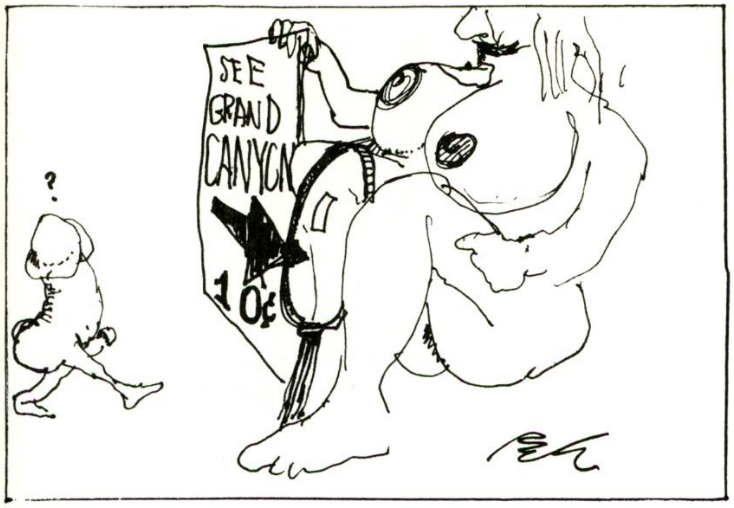






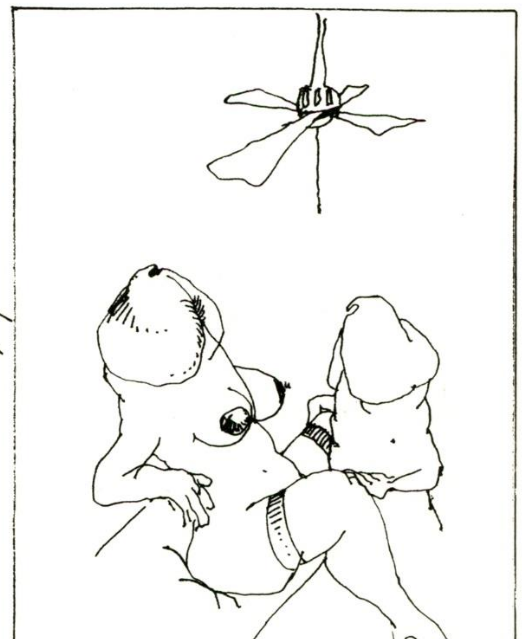




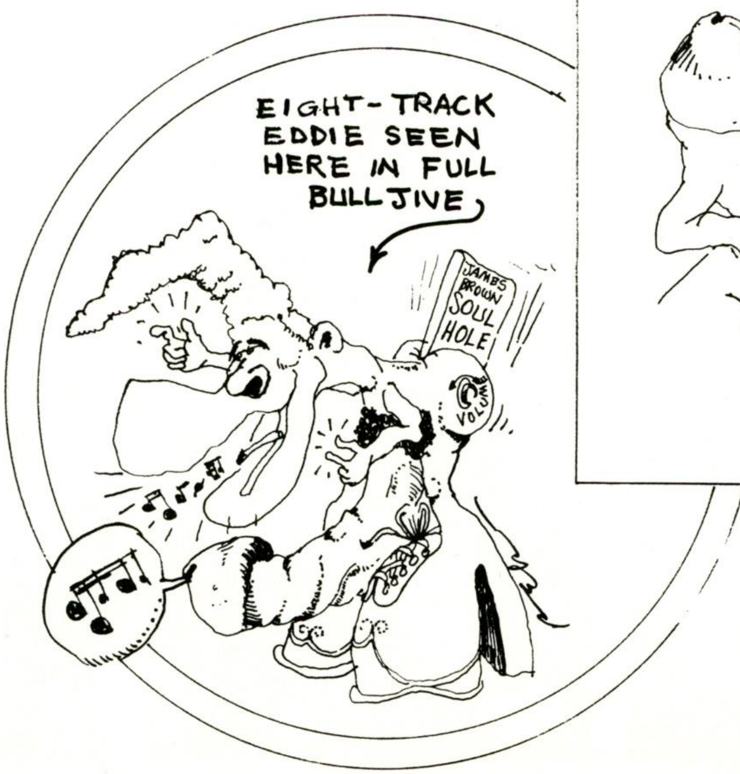

?
SEE GRAND CANYON
10¢


MEDUSA


SAY "AHHH!"




DRINK
DR.
PECKER


EIGHT-TRACK EDDIE SEEN HERE IN FULL BULLJIVE
JAMES BROWN SOUL HOLE
VOLUME

kicks. She tried to get
cked down, kicked, and
wanted to share the pleas-
cess. They didn't want her to
for themselves, the selfish bas-
them all!
known the glory of a real orgy.
de them beautiful displays
choreography. You've
t symphonies of the
een one of my per-
with choice cunts
ters of the arts
nony, or in-
of sexual

x. I've
But
for

FLAMING PASSIONS

She ran her slim,
trembling pussy, rememb
had known from others. H
the while, rivulets of saliva c
from the corners of her deep-ro

"Yes. And every pussy is so dif
other. That is what makes the savo
ent bodies so right. You get
type—the bewitching, sp
Oriental bitch. The s
flavor, rich and tanta
like a beautiful
raven velvet, or
delectable of

"And th
casian. Bl
own spe
thirst f
faint
n

rigerator and Sam soon
ut. The whisper of her feet
ght his ears.
over him once more.
o give you your just due," she
n, her breasts swinging above his
give you all the necessary torture
the time to devote to you
r death will be long in
u really must suffer."

uiet. She leaned

she crooned
strong, too
ar to be

s my
re.

FLAMING PASSIONS

mistake. There will not b
the next country. I won't fa
and take you all!

"Yes, I'll win. Of that, be s
I'll even buy the sheik. Ha! Ha!
he once bought me!

"I'll survey his naked body criticall
assuming the thoughtful sta
been the ruminating shei

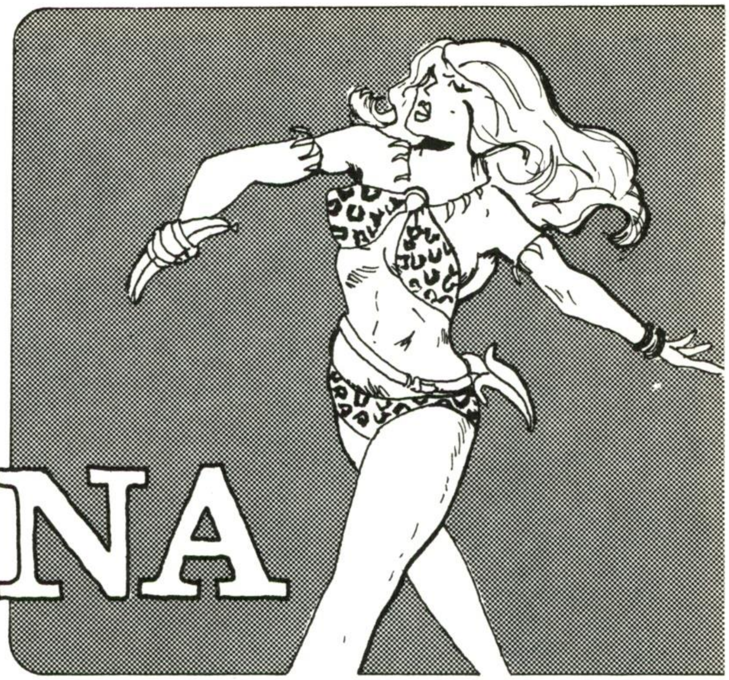
"I'll finger his flesh.
his nipples. Why, I'
legs to measure a
tested my cunt!
stick my fing
fucking bas

Her ey
sheik's
humil
Fuc

by Bern Porter

visions of TARZANA

by Michael Scott



Bananas

Bananas

Lib

Bananas

up its own annulation, annually.

full of people waiting.

Bananas

return from the dining room and
Already I recognise dozens

Bananas

notice: after all it wasn't playing the game

Bananas

space,
which may *in no manner of means* be filled.

Bananas

at the mercy
foreigners,

Bananas

example to all young women in her modesty,

Bananas

'Is it your first?' asked Jupp.
'No – the sixth. There are four boys and a girl. And this one's a little girl, too.'

Bananas

Bananas

when I said
fags

Bananas

invented the

Bananas

in spray paint on the wall
until the authorities erased it,

Brought

As part of my inheritance.

Bananas

never did any good.

Bananas

between the two camps.

8TH: Anniversary of a week ago Thursday.





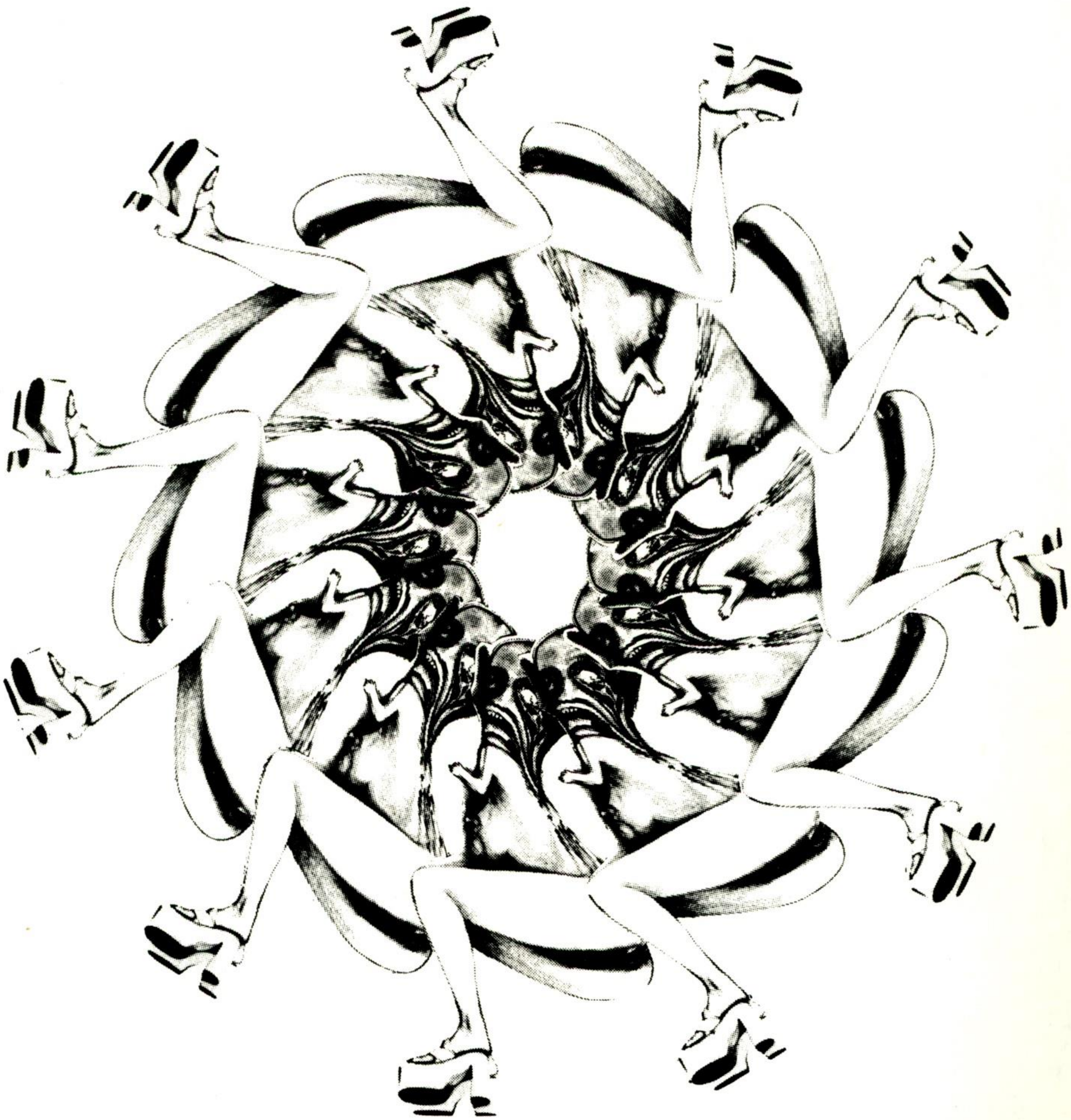
by Norman O. Mustill



by Norman O. Mustill



February 14, is Valentine's Day

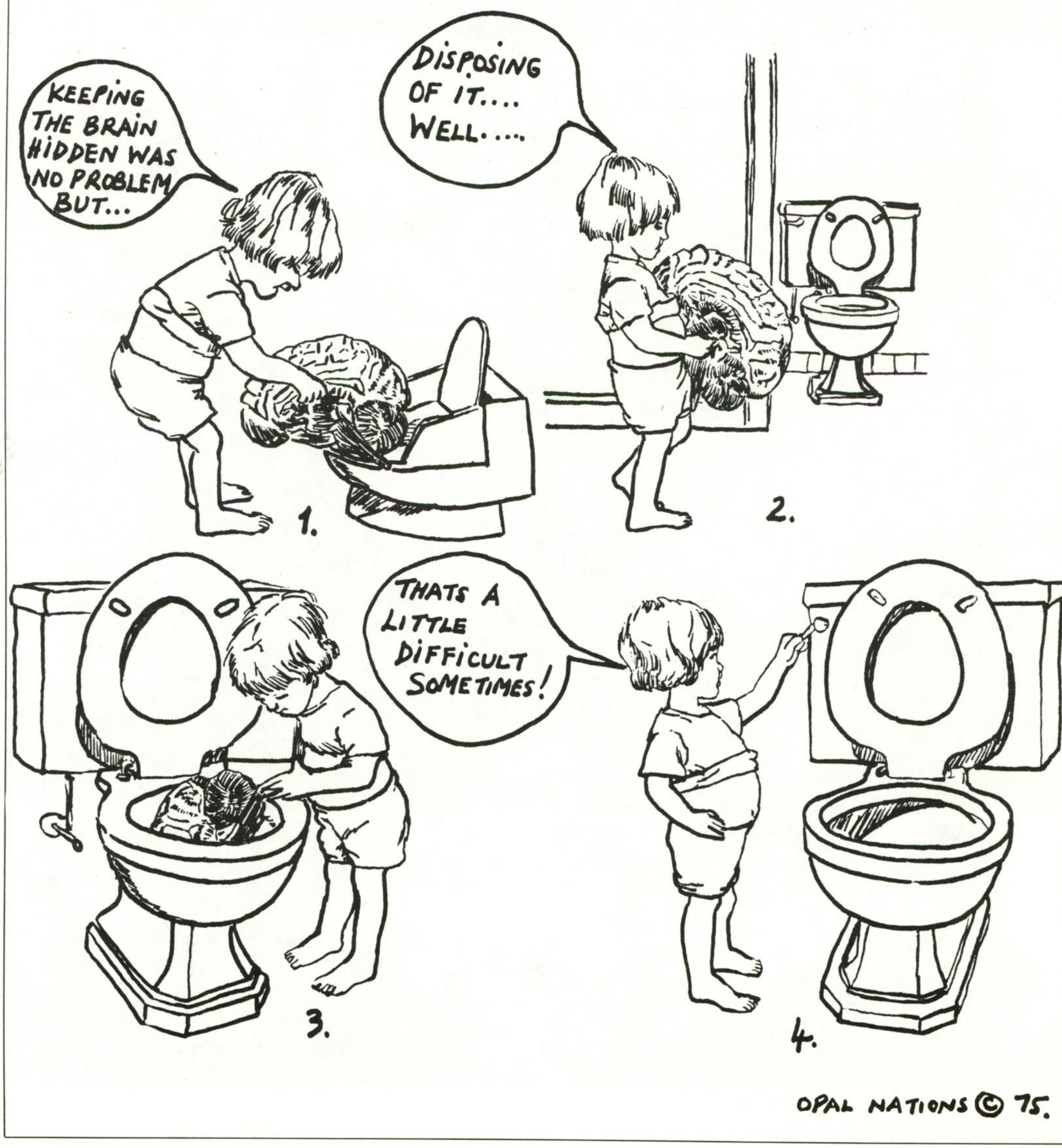


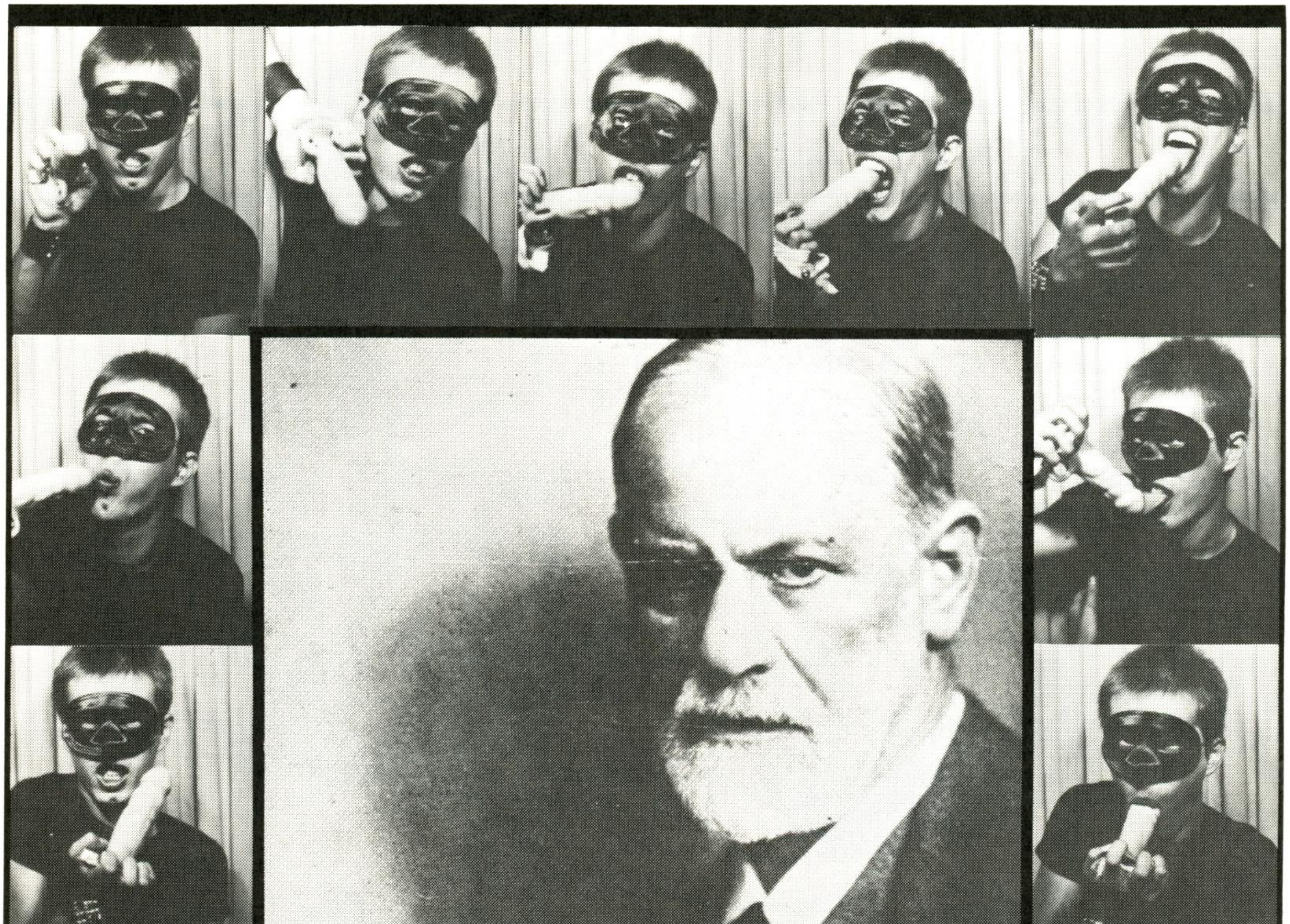
RUBBER STAMP ART BY HENRYK BZDOK, POLAND



Opal L. Nations

STRANGE FAECES





—by Monte Cazazza

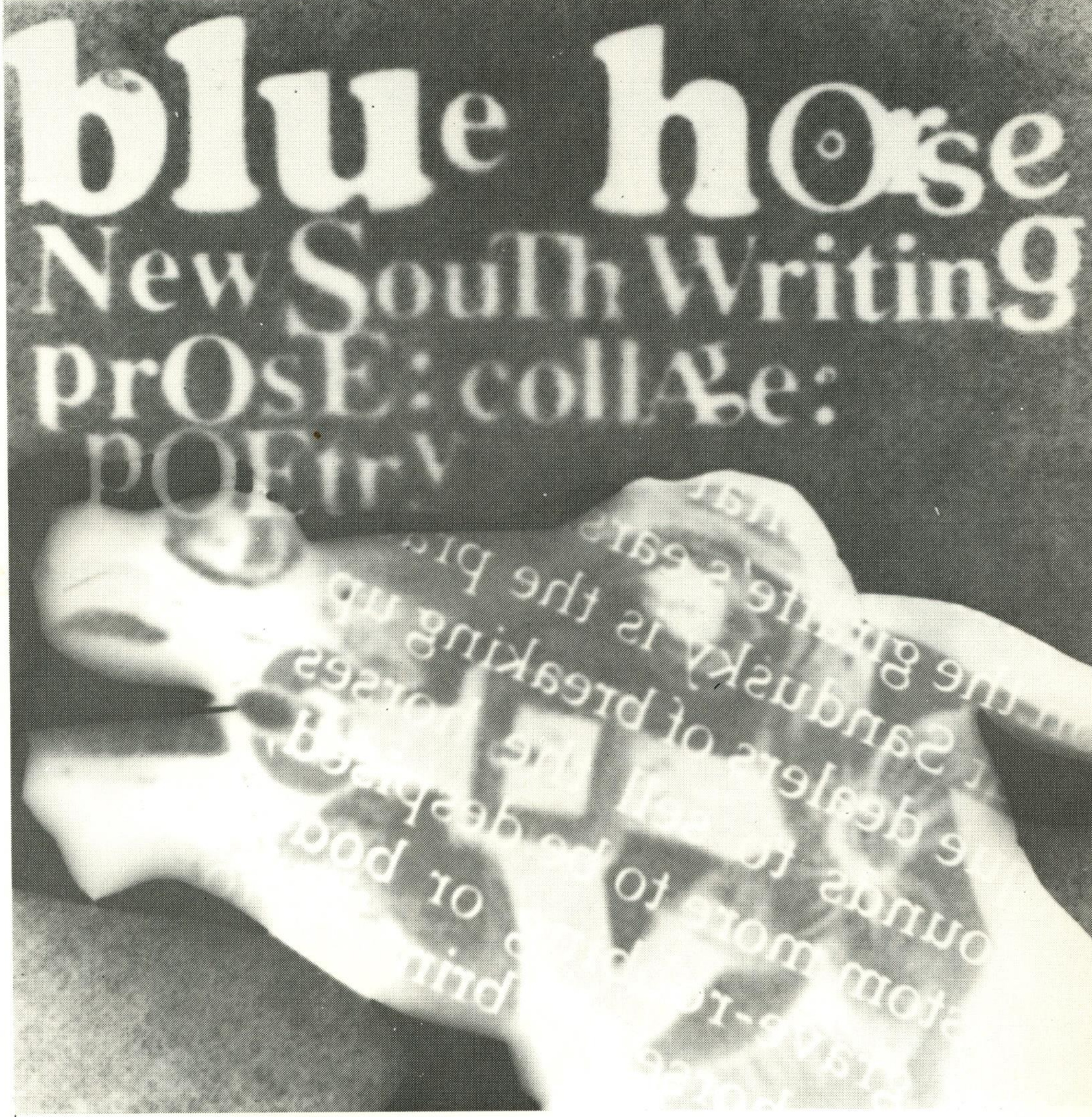


jerry Dreva '77



GLAMOUR DEPARTMENT

INSTITUTE FOR BEAUTY CULTURE
PETER VAN BEVEREN
POSTBUS 318
MIDDELBURG-3500. NEDERLAND


blue
New South Writing
prOsE: collAge:

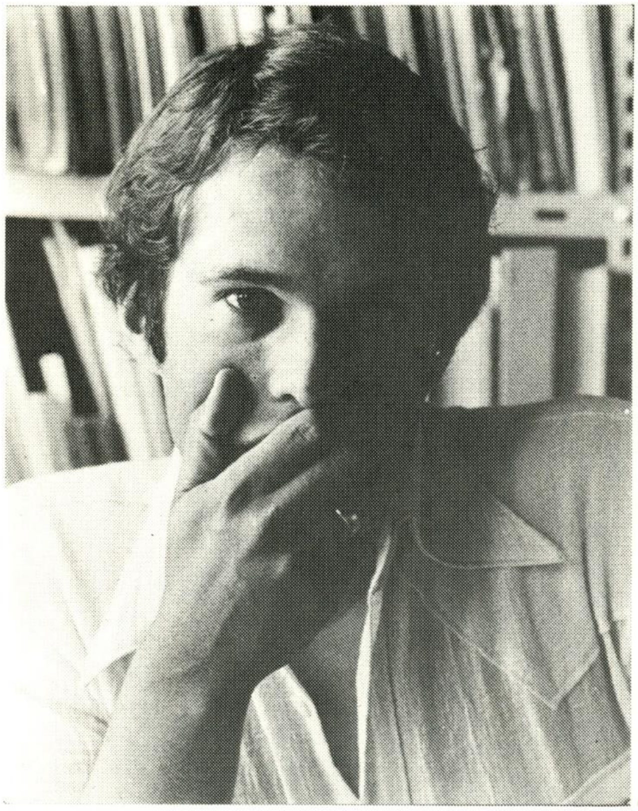
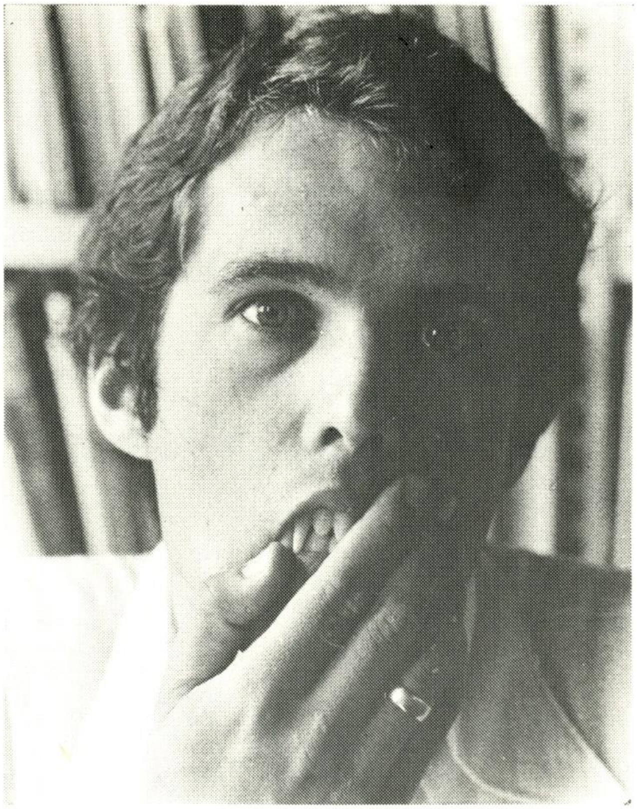


If the painting on the left is by Paul Klee, who did the one on the right?

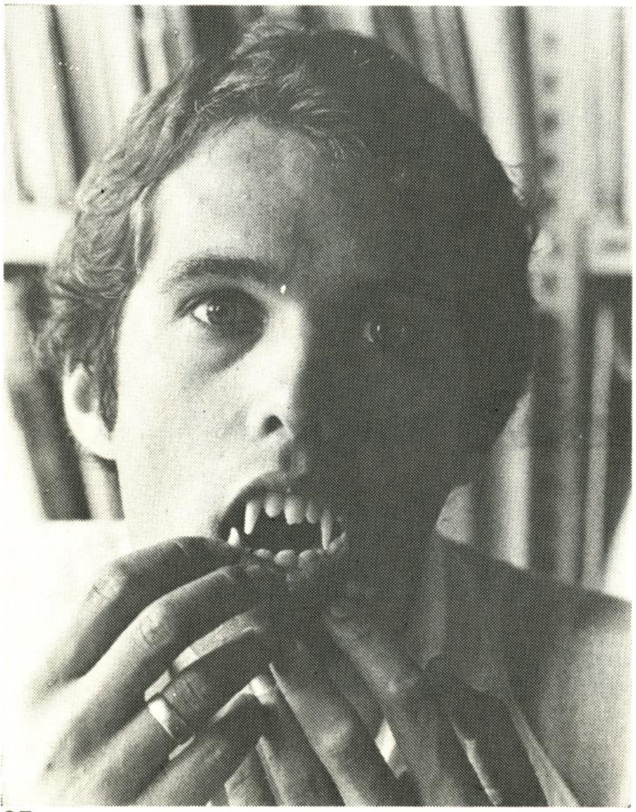
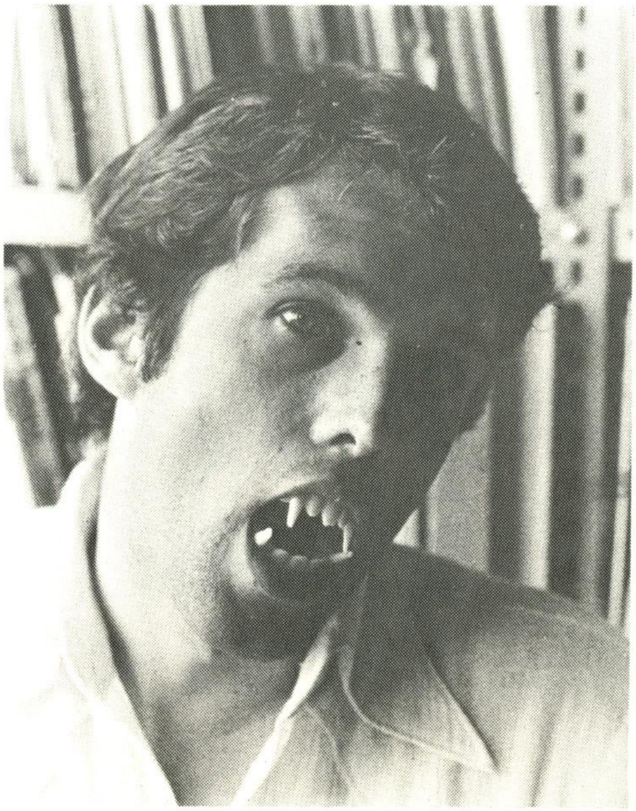
Paul Klee

Michael St. Vitus


il plu' bel fiore del sud
OGGI
IN OFFERTA
SPECIALE
SOCIAL
ACCOUNT
SECURITY
NUMBER
[redacted]
HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED FOR
[redacted]
SIGNATURE
FOR SOCIAL SECURITY AND TAX PURPOSES—NOT FOR IDENTIFICATION

THE PROBLEMS OF A PSYCHIC VAMPIRE-PETER VAN BEVEREN



BUT IS IT ART?

DADA SHAVE—A collaboration: Haircutting, shaving & photography by Anna Banana, body by Dadaland. The 1st DADA shave was done in October '74, the 2nd, video-taped by Carl Loeffler was done in November of 1975.

